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VISITS TO THE HARAM. BY MEERZA AHMED TUBEEB.

Translated from the Persian.

VISIT FOURTH.*

I WAS one day sitting in my Dewan Khoneh, (public room,) surrounded by a number of young men, to whom I daily taught physic, after the manner of Ahu Alle Ebu Senna, when, in the middle of an interesting discussion on the effect of water-melon juice in the cure of palsy, my servant, Ghoolam Reza, entered the room.

Ghoolam Reza was a simple creature, without guile, but I don't know how it happened that his face, though sufficiently good-humoured, always seemed prepared to announce something disagreeable. I imagine the other servants sent him to me with every message which they believed would irritate or annoy me, when it was necessary that such should be delivered, and that there thus arose in my mind some association between the sight of his message-bearing face (for it bore a peculiar expression on such occasions), and the irritation which usually followed his monotonous delivery of the matter which had been put into him at the further side of the court. Certain it is, though I could not say that Ghoolam Reza was a bad servant, or that he was disrespectful, or that there was any thing naturally offensive in his appearance, still his presence was painful to me, and I should have been glad at any time, during the many years he remained with me, to have found him guilty of some offence which would have justified me in putting his feet into the noose of the fulluk.†

Such being the state of my feelings toward Ghoolam Reza, and such my occupation at the moment, it was not without more emotion than I can venture to express, that I heard the slow regular clink-clank of his iron-heeled slippers on the brick-paved court, approaching the door of the apartment. He slowly raised the door-curtain, and though I eyed him (as I continued my discourse) with

a look of as much bitterness as I could command, he stood unmoved, with his hands folded before him, resting on the hilt of the khunjeer, (curved dagger,) which he wore in his waist-shawl, waiting with composure for some moment, when a pause in my lecture should enable him, without interrupting me, to empty himself of his message, and retire. Most men, in such circumstances, would have taken some interest in what they heard, and would have required a pause of considerable length, to enable them to reflect for what purpose they had entered the room; but, had Ghoolam Reza stood for a year listening to the most interesting discourse that ever was delivered, the most trifling message would at any one moment have been as near his lips as when he first crossed the threshold. I called for a Kalleoon, in hopes that he would himself go for it, but he called to another man that stood without, to bring it me, and seized this opportunity to inform me, that a person was waiting to see me. I asked who it was. He told me it was a man. I requested to be informed whether it was a gentleman or a servant. He said, he had not asked him the question. At this time I heard some one conversing with my people with a freedom of manner, and loudness of voice, which indicated that he considered himself of some consequence amongst servants, and I therefore imagined it was one of the higher domestics of the prime minister, Hajee Ibrahim, or of Meerza Sheffe, and concluding that I might get rid of him speedily, I desired that he might be ushered in.

He entered the room with an air of great freedom, and in a loud voice announced to me, that his master had sent him to bring me immediately. The young men were all present, and I felt the blood mount to my cheek with anger, at finding myself so unceremoniously treated before them. I commanded myself, however, and asked, "Who is your master?"—"The Khan," replied he. "What Khan?" demanded I.—"Do you not know the Khan?" said the fellow, with a look of mingled surprise and pity.—"I know a score of Khans," said I, "but cannot say whether or not I am acquainted with your master, till you are kind enough to tell me his name."

By this time the young men had begun to show symptoms of mirth at the absurdity of the man's manner, and though I was all glowing, I thought it best to join them in a hearty

* See Museum, vol. v. p. 337.

† The fulluk is a beam to which the feet of criminals are bound by a noose when they are undergoing the punishment of the bastinado.

laugh at his expense. He stood, however, half grinning, as if he thought he might perhaps have said something witty, and half suspicious that he was laughed at, till the young men began in a body to question him about the name of his master; and it was discovered, after a long and noisy cross-examination, that his lord was no other than the Shah's chief eunuch. The young men passed some jokes about on the respectability of the chief eunuch's domestics, and ended by serious complaints, and even abuse, of the master, who could employ such a wild beast from the jungle as his messenger, so that I was forced to interfere.

"Whatever the messenger may be," said I, "or whatever may be the terms of the message, I recommend to you, young men, never to quarrel with it when it comes from such a quarter. These eunuchs have the king's ear at all times, when there is no one by to contradict their statements. They are, in fact, a portion of the king's private society. A king, when he comes into public as ours does, to show himself, feels that he is all the while acting a part, and he knows that every one who approaches him is, to a certain extent, doing the same; he therefore looks for a hidden motive in every thing that is said to him, and holds himself on his guard against receiving any impression from what he hears, until it has been corroborated. But when he retires into his underroom, he returns to his private character and existence. He is surrounded by objects which stand in the same relation to him that others do to other men. He throws off his restraint of mind with his restraint of manner, and is willing to believe that those who approach him are speaking and acting in their natural characters; he is therefore more ready to receive impressions, and more ready to act upon them, than when in public. These eunuchs are eternally with him in the Haram, and have an habitual influence over his mind, as well directly, as through the women. He knows that they are entirely dependent upon him, and like every body else, is glad to persuade himself that those with whom he is confidential, are sincere. In short, they have a thousand advantages, and if you are wise, you will avoid all words with the chief eunuch, or even his servants, for the prime minister is hardly more dangerous. These gentry, too, have so much of women in their natures, that they cannot forgive even the appearance of a slight of any kind. They are as capricious as girls, and as vindictive as old women."

Having given my pupils this wholesome piece of advice, I took my leave of them to proceed to the Haram. The Khan's man led the way to the house of the Khan himself, where I was thrust into a private apartment to wait for further intelligence.

On looking round, I saw a number of combs and pincers for plucking hair, and small mirrors and little bags of shawl stuff, and boxes covered with embossed plates of silver, and antimony* bags and bottles, and shawl wristbands, and bits of gold and silver lace, and

* The Persian women blacken the edges of their eye-lids with a preparation of antimony,

spangles, and so forth, lying on the niches of the small neatly-carpeted room into which I had been shown. I could not imagine how all these indications of a female establishment could have found their way into the habitation of the eunuch, but imagined they might, perhaps, belong to some sister, or other female relation, and from my being shown what now appeared to be her room, I concluded, that this female, whoever she might be, was to become my patient.

I was calculating whether she was likely to be old or young, when I heard slippers on the stairs, and presently entered a young person in male attire, but in face and even in figure much more resembling a woman. There was much beauty in the countenance. The figure, if not good, was yet set off to the greatest advantage by a magnificent velvet dress in the Georgian fashion, trimmed round at every seam with the richest lace. The locks falling behind the ear were glossy black, and resembled those of a woman rather than of a man. The voice was feminine, without any of the husky shrillness common in the voices of eunuchs; and having made up my mind to having a woman for my patient, I could hardly persuade myself that I was not in the presence of a female in disguise.

My attention was so much engrossed by the figure before me, that I was, perhaps, not so prompt in rising as I ought to have been, and one of the servants thought it requisite to intimate to me, that the person who was then advancing was Aga Alee Akber, the Georgian eunuch, who was then in the highest favour with his Majesty. It may be believed that I rose somewhat hurriedly on receiving this intimation, and the Aga, who seemed to divine what had caused this sudden exertion to get on my legs, appeared rather to be gratified by that circumstance, than annoyed by my previous want of attention.

When the Aga had seated himself, I took my place directly opposite to him, and we commenced the usual interchange of polite inquiries. When those had passed, and I was preparing to break the silence which ensued, by some compliments to his person, he anticipated me, and began so pretty a speech in praise of my skill, that I conceived a favourable opinion of his intellect. In return, I praised his person, and showed him that I was not deficient in knowledge of the neatest compliments to beauty which can be found in the poets. He affected to think I treated him as a woman, in attaching so much importance to his external appearance; but I was not so much without perception as to permit the little adjustment of his curls, with which this remark was accompanied, to escape my notice; and I, accordingly, became more and more lavish of my praises, till he ceased to oppose them, by which time he was so well satisfied with me and with himself, that I believe there were few people who then stood higher in his favour than I did.

It is curious that a person so much accustomed to be complimented on his appearance

which is kept in a small bag, or in a bottle of china-ware. The effect is good, and the practice recommended to ladies with dark eyes, who are deficient in eye-lashes.

as the Aga had been, should have derived so much satisfaction from any praises which I could bestow, but I have observed, that a new manner of lauding beauty, and a certain address in employing it, may be made to have as good an effect as if a new charm were discovered, and to this I attributed the satisfaction which my remarks had afforded.

We were smoking our first kalleoon, and these reflections were passing over my mind, when we heard a considerable shuffling in the court below. It was the sound of many feet approaching, and presently we heard some orders given in a shrill voice, which seemed to be straining itself to assume something of manly hoarseness and strength. A clatter of slippers on the stairs announced the approach of some one, and Aga Allee Akber, whispering that it was the chief eunuch, slowly got up before that personage was yet visible. I followed his example, and having stood for half a minute, (during which time the great man was giving some directions on the stairs,) he at last entered, and advancing with a measured step of assumed dignity and importance, took his seat in the very corner of honour, the highest spot in the room.

He was a slender man, of rather low stature, with thin pale cheeks deeply wrinkled, though he could not be above thirty-five years of age. His nose was high and aquiline, and his eyes dark, small, and piercing, with so contracted a space between them that they almost seemed to be joined under the bridge of the nose, and gave to his countenance a cunning, and somewhat sinister expression. He was dressed with much care, but without display, and his long, lean, skinny fingers and curved nails, were very slightly dyed with hennah. He spoke slowly, with much attention to the choice of his words; made painful efforts to give manliness to the tones of his voice, and distorted his thin lips and withered beardless cheeks, in his endeavours to articulate with the most pointed accuracy and distinctness. His manner was studied at first, and formal and pompous, but after a few minutes he entered on conversation with much liveliness and politeness, and having recounted to Aga Allee Akber some occurrences of the haram, which I did not exactly comprehend, he turned to me and said,

"We have not met, I think, since the day on which you rescued the Armenian girl who had been condemned. You did a great work that day, Meerza. I should, myself, have used my best endeavours to save the poor girl, had not the evidence of her guilt appeared so full, and you know that it would be difficult for me to interest myself, under such circumstances, in behalf of an Armenian, lest I might be suspected of an undue leaning towards my own people. My object in sending for you now, Meerza, is to consult you regarding the health of the Aga here, in whom the king takes a great interest, and his Majesty has ordered that I should be present at the interview, and report to him, this evening, your opinion of the case. His majesty has the greatest anxiety on account of the Aga, and promises a handsome reward and many favours, if you succeed in fully re-establishing his constitution before his Majesty leaves Tehraa for the camp. I am much

occupied at present, and shall leave you to converse with your patient. I shall come back presently to hear the Meerza's decision, and you will not leave this, Meerza, till I return."

With this he rose and departed; but not content with the injunction he had laid upon me, he gave instructions to the servants at the foot of the stairs, which made me, in fact, a prisoner till he should find leisure to release me.

When the chief eunuch was fairly out of sight, we again seated ourselves, and being relieved from the restraint imposed by the presence of a superior, we drew closer together, with looks of greater familiarity. The Aga called in a more determined tone for another kalleoon, and we commenced a more free and confidential conversation.

"You have been ailing," said I to the Aga. "God forbid that you should continue to suffer from any indisposition which it may be in the power of medicine to remove."

"Yes," replied he; "I have long suffered from a pain in my heart; I have become a mere stick." Then seizing the loose part of his sleeve in his hand, he added, "You see how thin my arms are; I was formerly strong and fat, but now I have no strength, no appetite; I cannot eat above twice a day—formerly, I used to eat four times; my sleep is broken—and, if I taste water melon, or most,* or buttermilk, or, in short, any thing cooling, it makes me worse. Warm things agree with me better. Several people have advised me to drink wine, but it is sinful, and I would not do it. I do not know what you may choose to order. But I shall abide by your directions, whatever they may be. I am quite sure that nobody else can cure me. In short, I put myself entirely into your hands."

I felt his pulse in both wrists, examined his tongue, and having put a few questions regarding other matters, I pronounced it to be quite necessary that he should drink wine.

"How is that to be managed?" said he; "It is a difficult matter. Is it not possible to cure me by any other medicine? You know, Meerza, how people talk. They will say a thousand things. Certainly your orders must be attended to. If you think it is the only medicine that can be of use to me, of course, you know, it becomes a matter of necessity. What can I do? Life is precious, and the preservation of the body is enjoined in the book. It rests entirely with you, Meerza; whatever you determine must be right." Then addressing one of his servants, he said, "This has happened unfortunately. What a bad thing is illness! But you know how thin I have become: tell the Meerza how thin I am, compared with what I was."

The servant confirmed more than his master had ventured to assert, by the most solemn assurances, and even oaths; and when he had finished, the Aga turned to me, and demanded what I ordered. "Whatever you order shall be done; no one will venture to dispute its propriety. You can just say what you have already said, when the chief eunuch asks you about my illness. I shall mention it to the King. I am much concerned about it; but what can be

* Most, a preparation of milk.

done? The choice is not in my hands, but in yours, Meerza."—I assured him that nothing but wine could be of any use to him, and that when the chief eunuch came, I should satisfy him of the necessity of administering that valuable medicine.

This matter having been arranged very much to our mutual satisfaction, we discoursed of other things. I gave him some account of my travels, and he, in return, agreed to tell me his story. There is nothing more agreeable than to hear the history of these people, who have passed from hand to hand like any other saleable commodity. They are often acquainted with the most private actions, and even feelings, of those with whom they have lived. They are mere spectators, little interested in what is occurring, and feel no responsibility for the conduct or characters of those masters from whose hands they have passed. I was therefore much gratified when the Aga agreed to tell me his story, and I pressed him to proceed, but he made various excuses; and it was not till after I had been acquainted with him for a long time, that I was able to prevail with him to relate to me what follows.

*The Story of Aga Alee Akber.**

"I was born in Kakhét of Georgia, and my father was, I believe, a begzadeh (gentleman). I remember one day being sent for from a place where I was playing with the other boys of the village, and finding a strange man sitting smoking with my father at the door of the house. My mother was in tears, and there was some unusual bustle amongst the women. When I came to where they were, my father said to the man, 'That is the boy,' I was then allowed to return to play. At night, the stranger came again, and my father and he disputed a long time about money, and at last the stranger gave him money, and he counted it, and put it in a bag, and locked it up in his chest. Next morning, when I got up, I found my mother in great distress, and my father scolding and abusing her; and presently the strange man came, and my father took me by the hand and led me to the stranger, who gave me sugar to eat. We then went out of the house, and my father told me the stranger would give me a ride upon his horse, and he mounted and took me up before him, and rode away.

"When we had ridden a long time I was tired, and cried, and wished to get back to my mother; but the man told me we should soon reach his house, and that he would give me a horse for myself, and fine clothes, and plenty of sweetmeats; and though I cried to get home he did not pay any attention to what I said, but rode on. In the evening we came to

a village, and in the morning we again mounted, and rode on, and so for many days, till we came to Erivan.

"We remained a long time at Erivan, and many people came to the man's house to look at me, and some sent for me to their own houses. Every morning I was dressed out to the best advantage, and shown to those who wanted to buy me, but none of them could agree with the man about the price; some said I was too young, and some that I was too dear, and some that I did not understand their language. At length, there came one morning a man, who seemed to be a stranger. He asked for wine, and they got it, he and the man who had brought me, and they drank and bargained about me; and after much dispute, it was agreed that I should be sold for a gun mounted in silver, and a shawl and a horse. These things were delivered, and I was handed over to him who had bought me. That night I slept at his house, and next morning we set out. He put me on a mule which carried part of his baggage, and so we travelled to Ooroomeah, where I was sent into the Haram of Mahomed Kooly Khan, the chief of the Afshars of Ooroomeah, whose servant I found I had become.

"It was here my duty to attend upon the Khan's women, but more particularly on one of his sisters, who, not being yet married, resided in his family. She was most kind to me; and, for some years, I was very happy, till my mistress, on one occasion when returning from a visit to some friends at a distance, was taken prisoner by a party of Meekree Koords, who had long been at enmity with the Afshars. I was inconsolable for the loss, and when I found that she was actually married to Booda Khan, the chief of the Koords, I wished much to go to reside with her. But my master was much enraged at her having married his deadly enemy, (for there was blood between the families,) and he would not permit me to go to her, but ordered me to attend on one of his women, a Georgian like myself, who was then high in his favour.

"I was kindly treated by my country-woman for some years—too kindly for me and for us both. Those who were envious of her influence, found means to poison the Khan's ear, and excite in his mind doubts of her fidelity. I was the person fixed upon to be accused with her, and though my youth alone might have refuted the accusation, a plan was laid which succeeded but too well.

"She had ever been kind to me, and I loved her, and for her sake loved her child. He was continually in my arms, and often when at night he cried, she called to me to take him, for I could sometimes soothe him even when his mother failed. When she spoke to me, it was always in our native language, and she often spoke to me when no one else was by. From these things they sought to draw some signs of guilt, and that was easy, for when jealousy is once awakened, men seek for confirmation to justify revenge. They told the Khan that I visited his wife by night, and that if he chose to watch us that evening, he should himself be witness of the intercourse. He did watch, and saw me go to her bedside without

* The story of Aga Alee Akber, or at least so much of it as relates to the proceedings between the Afshar and Mekree tribes, is historically correct. About two years ago, I saw a gentleman who had met Booda Khan himself in Persia, from whom he received an account of the manner in which he had been blinded, corresponding, in almost all essential particulars, with the narrative of Meerza Ahmed.

having heard her call to me. This was enough—he rushed along the housetop to where she lay, I heard him coming, thundering execrations, and fled for fear of him, for his anger was terrible. The poor girl knew not what to think—she started naked to her feet, with her infant in her arms—he tore the child from her, and stabbed her to the heart. I heard her last faint scream, but I knew not what it was—it was all I heard of her. Next morning I saw her child in the arms of a slave. Her name was never again mentioned in my hearing save once—it was the day after her murder, when I was seized and mutilated, and made what I am now.

“But I have lived to see that night’s villainy revenged. There is not one of all the perpetrators of that deed alive but one. The knife and cord have done their work with all but him—and he is hourly praying for death, but it keeps far from his dungeon. I have seen much in that dwelling that I dare not tell, for fear of implicating those whom vengeance has not yet overtaken. But what is all that to me—I have suffered my own shame—from which of them have I seen kindness, that I should lament their misfortunes? which of them wept for me, that I should wail for them?”

The Aga paused for a few moments to recover himself, for he was strongly affected, and I was astonished to find feeling so deep under an exterior so gay, and in a person seemingly occupied with nothing but his appearance. After calling for another kalleon, he continued:—

“It is true I have suffered; but many are in the same situation with me, without the same comforts or consolation. I have sometimes tormenting feelings—I often hate the world, and curse the father who brought this evil upon me—I think of what I might have been—I envy the joys of others—I feel that there is a gulf between me and other men, which separates me from them in their feelings as well as in my own—I feel that even those who flatter me, despise me or pity me, and many who court my favour and protection, have in their hearts a contempt for my situation. But no matter. Perhaps there are misfortunes even greater than ours. While the Shah lives I am well, and should I lose him I shall pitch my tent near his grave, and spend the remainder of my life in religious duties at his tomb.

“You must excuse me, Meerza, for troubling you with my feelings. It was involuntary—I seldom dwell upon them. By appearing gay to others, I often succeed in making myself what I began by seeming, and to divert my own thoughts as well as yours from the channel into which I unintentionally led them, I shall go back again to Oroomeah, and relate to you some adventures in which I was myself engaged.

“After the night which I mentioned to you, as the commencement of my misfortunes, I was long confined to the house, and for some time it was thought that I was dying. One day, when I was yet in bed, I was much astonished to hear that the Khan intended to see me in my own room. I was fearful of some further violence, but I believe I should not

have been much distressed to have found that he had come to have me put to death. He came, however, and treated me with much kindness, and ordered many arrangements to be made for my comfort. When he was gone, I made inquiries of a negro slave, who sometimes came to my room, from whom I found, that, in consequence of a quarrel between his principal wives, the Khan had discovered the villainy which had been practised by them against her whom he had murdered, and against me—that he had given offence to the Meekree Koords, and that he had some idea of sending me in a present to his sister as a peace-offering, and was desirous to be on good terms with me before I went, that I might not make known his iniquities.

“As soon as I was able to go about, he treated me with marked attention, and had I not known him to be incapable of such a feeling, I should have believed, that having discovered his error, he was desirous to make me some amends.

“About this time several messengers passed between him and Boolah Khan, in rapid succession; and at last (shortly after a Koord had been despatched with answers to his chief,) horsemen were sent out in every direction, and the Khan announced his intention to set out next day on a hunting excursion. He directed that I should accompany him, and ordered his Jillowdar,* Abdoolah Beg, to give me a quiet and manageable horse.

“This sudden determination occasioned considerable confusion. The nules were at pasture at some distance—the tents were in the store-room, and many of their cords were missing—the tent pegs had been burnt by the Feroshest†—the racksaddles wanted repairs—many of the horses required shoeing—some of the servants had no boots, some were without overalls—many had pawned their arms at the wine shops; it was therefore determined, in a general meeting of the domestics, to put the Khan from his intention of setting out the next morning.

“The Jillowdar was selected to make the attack, and he approached his master with an air of confidence, which his long services had given him a sort of title to assume. ‘What do you want?’ said the Khan. ‘I want a great many things,’ said Abdoolah. ‘What are they?’ demanded his master. ‘I want,’ replied he, ‘blacksmiths to shoe the horses and mules; I want cloth to make nose-bags for them; I want cords for their halters; I want heel-ropes; the Feroshes want tent-cords and pegs.’—‘Why,’ interrupted his master, ‘do you not set about these things without troubling me?’ What are you good for, if you must come to pester me with everything?’—‘You want to set out to-morrow morning,’ said Abdoolah, ‘and there are a thousand things to do, but nobody to do them.

* A Jillowdar is a servant who has charge of horses, and whose duty it is to carry the saddle-cloth before his master’s horse in towns, and to ride in advance upon the road.

† A Ferosh is a menial servant, who sweeps the carpets in the house, and pitches the tent in the field.

Allee Mahamed is gone for the mules, with all the muleteers that were here—your peishkhidmuts* are gone to the bazaar to get things for the journey—the Feroshies are looking after the earpets and the tents, and I must get every thing ready by myself—all the people want some advance of wages—the Meerzas have gone to look after their own preparations, and there is no one to attend to us.—‘Every thing is difficulty to you,’ said the Khan, angrily; ‘cannot you send some of the boys to bring these people who are wanted?’—‘I may send the boys,’ rejoined the undaunted Jilowdar, ‘but God knows in what infernal places they may be; and, at all events, it will be night before they are collected.’—‘At what time, then, are the preparations for the journey to be made?’—‘It is impossible to get away in the morning; but towards evening I shall have every thing ready to start, as soon as you choose.’—‘Go about it then,’ cried the Khan, glad to get rid of him on any terms. But Abdoolah was not quite done.—‘Will you not give me an order for the amount of the wages,’ said he?—‘How much do they want,’ demanded the Khan?—‘It will be about a hundred tomanas. You can give me an order for that sum, and I shall make an account with the Meerza.’—‘Go,’ said the Khan, ‘and get every thing ready. You shall have the money to-morrow morning; and I shall set out before the sun goes down.’

“The Jilowdar made his bow, and hastened to the stable-yard, where the whole of the domestics were assembled. As soon as he was perceived, they collected round him; and after keeping them for some minutes in suspense, he at last announced that the Khan was not to set out until ‘to-morrow evening;’ and raising his voice, added, ‘if I see a single face amongst you here before to-morrow morning, his father shall be burnt, for the Khan believes you all to have been scattered over the town two hours ago. Now, therefore, off with you—run—vanish.’

“The whole party scampered off, nothing loth, and all attempt at preparation was suspended until the morrow.

“I have often thought of the Jilowdar’s success on this occasion, and lamented over the miserably dependent situation of the great—of those who imagine themselves to be absolute and all-powerful. But the truth is, Meerza, that nobody can be considered independent who wants any assistance from others; and therefore, of all men, the most dependent is the great man, who wants the assistance of hundreds—who can, in fact, do nothing for himself—who is always ignorant of what is going on in his own house, and while he fancies he is directing and commanding every thing and every body, never, by any accident, gets his own way in any thing.

“Next day the Khan made many inquiries regarding the progress of the preparations, and again avowed his determination to set out before sunset. Abdoolah Beg promised to keep

his word, and to acquaint his master when every thing was ready.

“In the evening, when the Khan was sitting down to eat, it was intimated that every thing was packed up, and that the people were waiting for orders to load. I was astonished at this message, for I knew that it must be false; but I shortly began to perceive the meaning of it. The Khan liked to drink as well as to eat, and this Abdoolah well knew. He, therefore, thought he might safely profess to have kept his word regarding the preparations, and lay whatever further delay might occur to the score of the Khan’s drunkenness. One hour passed, and still he did not come out; and then another, and it was dark, and the Khan was drunk. But the Jilowdar, on his own responsibility, (as he said) sent the baggage in advance, with an escort, and every thing was arranged for a start before day-break in the morning.

I remember I slept little, for there was a continual noise of mule and camel bells, and muleteers, and others; and I was rather relieved than disturbed by the summons to rise.

When I got up, I found the Khan already dressed, and seated on a small felt outside the gate, and giving very short and disagreeable answers to those of his domestics who had occasion to address him. He appeared occupied with his own thoughts, and allowed the remaining part of the baggage to move off without proposing to mount. There remained, therefore, only his mounted servants, who, holding their horses in a group, were smoking their pipes at a little distance. I had taken possession of the horse I was to ride, and had mounted him immediately, so that we were all waiting for the Khan. He took no notice of an intimation that every thing had been sent off; and it was not thought prudent to repeat it. He continued to sit for some time in deep thought, until, as if suddenly recollecting himself, he started to his feet, called for his horse, and mounted, without saying another word. The servants followed his example, and we set out, a party of about fifty persons.

“Abdoolah Beg, mounted on a large dun horse, which he usually rode, led the way—he was followed by two other Jilowdars, leading the Khan’s yeddicks (led horses). Then came the Khan; and I followed close on the flank of his horse. The rest of the people were in a dense body behind. The morning was dark and misty, and we had some difficulty in extricating ourselves from amongst the endless gardens which surround the town. We had ridden at least two hours before the day dawned, during the whole of which time the Khan had not spoken to any one; and when I reflected on what I had observed, and on some obscure expressions which I had heard drop from some of the people, and observed the Khan’s thoughtfulness, I began to suspect that there was something more than a hunting excursion in view.

“‘You are sleepy, Allee Akber,’ said he at length, observing that I was nodding in my saddle. ‘What will you do if you are out to-morrow night also?’—‘We may, perhaps,’ said I, ‘have something to keep us awake.’—‘How.’

* Peishkhidmut is a servant who attends at meals, brings the kalleoon, &c. from peish, before, and khidmut—service. One who serves in the presence of his master.

said the Khan hurriedly; 'What should we have to keep us awake?'—'I hope we shall have star-light,' said I, 'or conversation, or a song, or something.'—'Or suppose,' said he, 'in place of star-light, we should march by the light of Koord villages burning; and instead of conversation or a song, should be kept awake by the bleating of their flocks—Would that be bad?' At the same time looking over his shoulder to see who was within hearing.

"At this signal, the whole train of domestics vociferated their approbation, and each had his particular term of abuse for the Koords, whom one would have imagined, from their account, to have been, not only the most detestable, but also the most contemptible people upon earth.

"The gloom was now dispelled from the Khan's brow; the half-sleeping domestics roused themselves, and for the remainder of the march the elders amused their young comrades with accounts of the various chuppows (forays) they had made in the Meekree country, each giving himself a full share of credit for the success of each adventure; and the young warriors gave vent to their high spirit, in threats of destruction to their enemies, and in terms of the most ineffable contempt.

"We were now fast approaching the camp, where a large body of people was collected, and several parties of Afshars, headed by their petty chiefs, came out to welcome the head of their tribe. They accompanied us to the tents, which were already pitched for our reception, and having seen us fairly lodged, they took their leave.

"After having breakfasted, we all retired to rest, and in the afternoon persons were sent to the principal people to require their presence at the tent of the Khan.

"After some discussion, it was determined that we who were in camp should move in one body into the Meekree country, and that Ismael Khan, (a man esteemed in the tribe,) with a party of his own followers, who had not yet joined, should make a detour to the westward, and having alarmed the inhabitants of that part of the country, should retire upon his own frontier, without attempting any thing further,—that the principal disposable force of the Koords having thus been drawn off in that direction, we should, in all probability, find the villages in our route prepared to offer little resistance, and should have nothing to fear in our retreat, even should we be incumbered, as we hoped to be, by large flocks and a heavy booty.

"This matter having been arranged, Ismael Khan received orders to set out immediately that he might enter the Meekree country before morning, and it was determined that we should remain on our present ground until the next evening, that the enemy might have time to collect his forces towards the point threatened by Ismael Khan.

"Next day arrangements were made for moving, and though a strong party was left to defend the camp, I think the body of Afshar horse, which was selected to accompany us, could not have been less than a thousand, and there were besides about two hundred horse-

men mounted and armed by the Khan himself, whom he called his Ghoolams.*

"We left our camp about three hours before sunset, and about an hour after the sun had gone down, we dismounted by the side of a stream, said our evening prayers, and ate something. We then mounted, and had ridden for some hours, when a scout, who had been sent in advance, returned to say that he saw fires on a rising ground at no great distance, and from their number, believed that it was an extensive encampment of Koords.

"This was an unexpected event, for it had been supposed that there were no encampments between us and the villages, which were still distant; and as the flocks would, in all probability, be lying on the adjacent hills, it would be more difficult to sweep the country than if they had been collected in the villages, as it had been supposed we should have found them.

"A halt was called, and some old hands were sent out to ascertain the nature and extent of the encampment, and to endeavour to discover where the cattle lay, that no time might be lost in seeking for them after the attack was made. We waited in impatience and anxiety for their return, and some of the principal people having gathered round the Khan, the mode of proceeding, under a variety of possible and impossible circumstances, was debated. Before any thing had been decided, some of the scouts returned, and gratified every one by an assurance that the cattle and sheep were all collected about the tents, which were twenty in number, and pitched in so small a space, that they might easily be surrounded. That the Koords seemed to have had no intimation of the movement of the Afshars, as there was no appearance of a watch or vigilance of any kind.

"Every one now mounted, and we could already hear the dogs barking, when a shot was fired from the camp. Presently figures were seen hurriedly passing and repassing the fires. After a little, the voices of the Koords were distinctly heard, and it was obvious they had been alarmed, and were preparing either to retreat or defend themselves.

"Fearing that the cattle might be driven away, and every thing of value secreted, the Afshars could be restrained no longer, and the whole body putting itself in motion, the greater part was soon in full gallop for the Koordish camp, each taking the road that suited him best, and all shouting, with the full force of their lungs, and firing their pieces and their pistols, that the enemy might be sufficiently intimidated before they came in contact with them.

"I remained with the Khan in the rear of the attacking party, and a considerable body remained with us. As the Afshars approached the tents, they were received by a smart fire from the Koords which checked their impetuosity, and the foremost pulled up to allow their companions to join them. When a considerable body had collected, they commenced a rapid fire, which was answered with great

* Ghoolam—a soldier of the body guard. The word also signifies a slave.

spirit by the Koords, and the ground between the parties being broken and intersected, the horsemen were unable to charge their opponents. The Khan seeing his men thus at bay, ordered a party round to attack the Koords in the rear. The women and children who were making their escape with the cattle, finding themselves intercepted by this movement, set up a dreadful cry, and ran back to the tents they had just quitted. The men, abandoning the contest they had been maintaining, hurried to the assistance of their families who were attacked, and scattering amongst the tents, each to seek his own, were no longer able to offer an effectual resistance. Then they were all mixed up together, and we could distinguish nothing but the flashes of the musketry. A wild and tumultuous cry rose from the midst of that dark multitude, at times a scream of distress might be heard above the general uproar, and occasionally we could see two or three horsemen darting out in pursuit of some one who had escaped from the mass of confusion which rolled about the tents.

"By degrees the noise diminished, and now the voices of individuals might be heard, but still the shouts of the victors prevailed over the wailing of the vanquished, the wounded, and the dying; and, at intervals, a louder shout was raised as some poor wretch was dragged from the dark recesses of the tents, to be spared or slaughtered as might suit the caprice of that band of plunderers.

"As the resistance of the Koords diminished, the desire of our men for plunder seemed to increase; and when we drew near, we found the greater part occupied in collecting the cattle, or dragging out of the tents the property they had found, and which they were desirous to examine by the light of the fires. I dismounted, and went with some of the Khan's personal servants to look for plunder; but, though only a few minutes had elapsed since our men got to the tents, we found every one of them completely rifled; grain and flour were scattered about in the search for money which it was supposed might be concealed amongst them, and even the dead and wounded had been stripped. At every step we stumbled over a body, or were warned by the groans of some expiring wretch that we were approaching him or her—for men and women had suffered alike in that dark indiscriminate massacre. Even children had not escaped: I found a young girl lying near a tent, and as at first I could see no marks of violence upon her, I thought she might perhaps be feigning, in the hope of not being molested. I touched her, and found that she was warm, and I observed her more narrowly, but I could not discover that she breathed. It occurred to me that she must have swooned from fear, and I put my hand under her head to raise her, but my fingers slipped into a gaping gash, and grated on the edges of the broken skull. I was horror-struck, and hastened back to my horse to contemplate from a distance the scene in which I could no longer induce myself to take a part.

"The people continued to search for plunder till even the most worthless things had been picked up. A sort of council was then

held, when it was agreed that the cattle should be sent off under a sufficient escort, with some prisoners who had been taken, and that the Khan, with the main body, should pursue his course to the villages as had originally been intended. In about an hour, the cattle and prisoners were despatched towards our camp, and we took our departure in the opposite direction.

"After leaving the desolated camp of the Koords, we pursued our march through an open country, in which we perceived no traces of habitation or inhabitants; but the success of the first assay had so much elevated and excited the Afshars, that we were kept awake by continual recitals of the part which each had taken in the fray, and in calculating the probable amount of plunder which had already been taken, and of that much larger portion which we had not yet seen.

"Just as day dawned we entered a narrow ravine of great depth, shaded on both sides by lofty walnut trees and sycamores. The path led along one side midway between the top of the bank and the torrent, which was brawling down the rocky channel at its base. The morning was calm, but cool and refreshing—thousands of tulips, and narcissuses, and hyacinths, and the Imperial Lala Sermegeon, thickly set in the green sward, covered the ground, as with a beautiful carpet of many colours. The continual rolling of the stream rose on the ear, like the voice of a mighty multitude far off. The clouds, which had all night slept in the bosom of the valley, had risen to meet the dawn, and spreading their wings to the early breeze, were skimming over the tops of the hills, and one by one growing purple in the light of the morning. The first rays of the sun had edged with a line of liquid fire the outline of the eastern hills, and the distant mountains behind us showed their peaks still covered with snow, sparkling high above a mass of cloud which seemed to be a portion of the sky.

"The scene I had witnessed in the night, with a long gloomy train of thoughts which followed it, passed away like a dream which had changed, and I could have fancied that all around me was but a more delightful vision, which, like the more fearful, was to be chased by another; or to be swept away like the clouds before us, whenever the dawn of reality should break upon me.

"Though I had long been imprisoned within the walls of my master's dwelling, and had suffered pain and sorrow, and witnessed vice and crime enough to have deadened my heart, and frozen up the springs of every tender feeling in my bosom; yet I was young, and the visions of my own fair land, which rose to my mind, and all the remembrance of it which dwelt with me, was of something such as this—the trees, the vines, the flowers, the stream, the snowy hills, were all in both. My heart began to swell when first the likeness appeared before me, and though I had little cause to regret the home which had cast me from its bosom, still the image of my mother, ever kind and full of love, was there, and a deep, perhaps a childish sorrow, stole upon me.

"I was young when I entered the Haram of

the Khan—young, friendless, and hopeless, my native country was far off; I had been sold by my father, and there was no one to offer me protection. My whole mind was therefore bounded by the walls of the place in which I lived. All my hopes and fears were confined to the praise or blame I might receive from those whom I was serving. If the idea of home ever came into my mind, it was only as the remembrance of a place which I had seen, but which I should never see again, which was no longer any thing to me, with which I had no more any thing in common, a place which had no claim upon me, and to which I was bound by no ties. I had received kindness from the women in the Haram; and I had been not unhappy till the night when the Khan committed that murder which led to my own misfortune.

"My only feeling to the Khan had at all times been fear—unmixed, undiluted fear—I had seen him always fearful, sometimes terrible. He seemed to rule the destinies of all whom I had known for years; I had feared him too much to dare to hate him. The fear of him had checked even my inward thoughts, and the only feeling his deeds of horror moved in me was fear.

"But when I left the house and mixed in the host of those who were successful, when I felt myself one of those who were using power, not enduring it, my thoughts began to range more freely. The thought of home, and the wish to range free, and far from the force which I could not hope ever to be able to repel—the consciousness that I was not by nature fitted to rise above those amongst whom my lot was cast—that a world of violence was not a world for me to thrive in, and that I could not hope to see any other where I was—first awakened in me the idea of attempting my escape.

"I fled the thought when first it came; but again and again it rose within me, and made my heart flutter as it poured into my mind, filling it all. I strove to keep it down, but it gained upon me; and then the crimes I had witnessed, the injuries I had suffered, the slavery to which I was subjected, came to my aid, justified my thoughts, and fixed my purpose.

"My fear became less as my hatred grew. The possibility that I could take the life of any man, had never come into my mind, but now I had seen men without power, and menials like myself spilling the life-blood of men with scarce an effort. My pistol was in my girdle, and when I raised my head and saw before me him whom I had all my life looked upon with so much awe and dread, I felt that his life was even then in my hands, and that at any instant I could annihilate the whole fabric of his power. My head grew giddy with agitation, and a single angry word, a look of scorn, would at that moment have made me—I know not what—but something else than what I am. But, as a mountain-stream which runs a clear and slender rill, when storms are raging at its source comes tumbling down a troubled torrent, covering all traces of its natural bed, then passes by, and is again the same small, tiny brook; so these bold thoughts

of mine, excited for a moment, passed away, and left me to myself to be what I had been.

"While I was thus occupied, we were climbing slowly the regular ascent which led us through the ravine over the range of hills which we must pass; but the valley had quite changed from what it was when we first entered it. There was no water here, for we had risen above the springs which fed the torrent. There was no longer any verdure, not a tree nor a bush. All was brown rock and arid clay. The clouds were gone, the sun had risen high,—the air had lost its fragrance and its freshness, and the wearied horses, in a long scattered train, were winding up the hill with listless steps, or toiling up some more abrupt ascent, stopping at times to breathe, and kick the gad-flies from their flanks. The measured tinkling of the camel-bells, and the loud whooping of the muleteers, came up the hill from the deep shady glen below. The horsemen nodded on their saddles, and not a voice was raised amongst us till those who were in front called out, 'The village is in sight.'

"The word was passed along the broken line. The very horses seemed to know that something interesting was in prospect. The sleepers raised their heads to ask what had occurred, then pushed towards the front. As our men collected at the summit of the pass, each made some remark on the village which lay in the valley below, and, from the height at which we stood, seemed scarcely larger than a single dwelling.

"When those who had fallen behind joined us again, we commenced the descent, and as soon as we were discovered from the village, several shots were fired towards us, and there was much running to and fro, and some who were outside the walls retreated through the gateway, and many who were on the ramparts either hid themselves behind the parapet, or went down into the body of the place. Herds of cattle and flocks of sheep which had been grazing in the vicinity, were hurriedly driven in, and we could hear a drum beating the alarm.

"Our men pushed down the hill as rapidly as they could, and when we came to the level ground, about five hundred yards from the village, we were received by a general discharge of firelocks from the walls, which was returned by our people without the slightest effect, I believe, on either side. Some of the boldest of our party now rode their horses closer to the place, and after once or twice galloping them up and down, and firing their pieces, they returned to the main body much satisfied with the exploit. Others followed their example, and went even closer to the walls, wheeling their horses and galloping them about, and calling to the Koords to send out some of their jewans, (youths,) that they might have the pleasure of seeing their throats cut.

"After this manner many taunts were interchanged, till at length the gates opened, and, amidst loud cheers from the villagers, a body of about an hundred well-mounted Koords issued forth into the plain, and chased our gasconading heroes almost to their own line, then retired under protection of the walls,

whence they were again loudly cheered by their friends.

"After some delay, during which the Koords were ringing their horses, and performing many feats of horsemanship which extorted praises even from our people, and after much blustering and confusion, a body of about fifty picked men of the Afshars advanced about an hundred yards in front of the teep, (brigade,) and took up their ground directly fronting the Koordish horsemen. They kept up an irregular fire for some time, which was returned by their opponents, and the fifty men gradually grew to about two hundred, as some of those who had remained with the main body summoned courage enough to figure in the advance.

"Several single horsemen advanced from either side into the space between, and one or two skirmishes with individuals took place, which ended in nothing. At length a Koord rode so close up to the Afshars as to be able to make himself heard, and challenged any Afshar in the army to meet him on the plain. A young man, a relation of Mahomed Kooly Khan, desirous to distinguish himself, started from the ranks, and rode full career at his antagonist, shaking his spear over his head and shouting with all his force. The Koord retreated for a little way, and when the young man was approaching him at full speed, dexterously turned his horse rapidly round in a small circle, and gained the advantage of being the pursuer instead of the pursued. The young Khan tried to avoid him, but in attempting to turn his horse he checked his speed and allowed the Koord to close. We saw the young man drop his spear and draw his sword, but a cloud of dust covered both the combatants at that instant, and we could see no more of them. Three or four of our men pushed out to support their young master; but they had scarcely put themselves in motion when the horse of the young Khan emerged from the cloud of dust without his rider, and with his bridle broken came prancing and neighing towards our line. The Afshars raised a cry of lamentation, which was answered by loud shouts from the Koords—several parties advanced from both sides, and about twenty combatants of each tribe moved to engage; but the success of the first encounter had emboldened the Koords and dispirited the Afshars. They did not even stand the assault of the enemy, but retreated in confusion to their comrades. The whole body of the Koords, excited by the success of their party, charged the advance of the Afshars and drove them back on the main body in tumultuous confusion. Nothing could withstand the mad impetuosity of their attack—the Afshars gave way in every direction, and were slaughtered unresisting by the Koords. The Khan made an attempt with his Ghoolams whom he had kept as a reserve to check their progress, but these were already hesitating whether to support him or to fly—the moment when they might have been of use was lost, the attempt failed, and the flight became general.

"The village poured out its whole armed population upon us, and a strong party having occupied the road by which we had come, ef-

fectually cut off our retreat. The army spread over the country, each individual seeking his own safety—our baggage and followers fell into the hands of the enemy, and there was not any where to be seen a party of Afshars who seemed to have slackened their pace, or to have any idea of rallying round their chief, or attempting again to face the enemy—all were exclusively occupied in flying from the danger, and even when the Koords had pulled up, the Khan's endeavours to check his flying troops were equally ineffectual. A few were awed by his presence and remained with him; but on the first alarm that the Koords were coming, they broke away without waiting to ascertain whether it was true or false. All this time we were flying farther and farther into the Koordish territory, and the best that could be hoped was, that as evening was near, the scattered troops might gradually draw together, or succeed in effecting their escape by some mountain paths to their own country. The Khan was desirous to collect such a body of men as would enable him to protect the rear of the Afshars on their retreat, should they be pursued; and, by unwearyed exertion, about one hundred men were brought together about sunset, but hearing some shots fired at no great distance in their rear, they were again seized with a panic and they all fled. The Khan, finding himself again almost alone, began to think of his own safety, and one of his servants having offered to conduct him by unfrequented paths, which would not be encumbered by his flying tribe, he came to the resolution of pursuing his route to the most accessible point of his own country. To get into this road, it was necessary to strike still farther into the Mee-kree possessions, and just as it grew dark, we abandoned the army to its fate, and ourselves to the guidance of the man who had engaged to put us on the road. We reached the spot where we expected to find it—we wandered a long time looking for it—persons were sent out in every direction to seek for it—the guide insisted that we could not be many yards from it; but hours of search were fruitless, and we were forced to content ourselves with moving in a line which we believed to be parallel to its direction. We got entangled in ravines, and amongst bushes and rocks and stones, and were at last glad to dismount near some water, to which we were guided by the croaking of frogs, and to allow our horses to feed until morning on the grass which grew near it.

"We were now only about a dozen persons, and wearied as we all were, I believe that not one of us closed an eye during the several hours we remained at this spring. Few words were spoken, and I did not hear the Khan even open his lips. He gave his horse into the hand of Abdoollah Beg when he alighted, and moving to a few paces distant from where the servants were collected, he threw himself on the grass. No one ventured to speak to him. One man carried him a pipe several times during the night; he took it, smoked it, and returned it without saying a word—another offered him bread, he put it aside with his hand and said nothing. At length we could see some light in the east, and presently rose

the morning star. Then the true dawn of the morning broke, and we mounted. We searched for the road, but still we could discover no trace of it, and only when it was broad daylight did we discover that we had wandered far from our course, and that we had to cross a tract of rugged country before we could hope to find any accessible pass, by which we could cross the range of mountains that lay between us and our homes. We set out to make our way as well as we might, and after some hours of fatigue and harassing exertion, we at length found ourselves on a good road, which Abdoollah Beg remembered to have travelled. We followed it for some time at a moderate pace, for our horses were much exhausted, and being on a fair track, with our horses' heads homewards, we were not without some feelings of satisfaction, in spite of all we had endured.

"For my own part, I was scarcely sorry for what had happened, and feeling that if I did fall into the hands of the Koords, it would be but a change of masters, probably for the better, I had none of that painful anxiety, or remorse, or fear of future evil, which closed the lips, and kept unclosed the eyes, of all around me. As soon, therefore, as we were fairly on the road, my mind was at ease, and I became drowsy, and nodded along, to the imminent peril of my neck. Those who have not known what it is to struggle with overpowering sleep on horseback, can have no conception of the mental agony, and bodily torture which is sometimes endured in this situation. Your head is ever within a span of some post or pillar, every nod precipitates you into some dark and fathomless abyss. There is a hand of lead upon your chest, and if your horse stumbles, you awake amidst undefined perceptions of some awful occurrence, more appalling than the most formidable of real horrors. After passing some time in this state of distress and suffering, I was relieved by actually tumbling off my horse, and that without sustaining any injury beyond the shock which my mind received, and which extorted from me a scream loud enough to attract the attention of every one. I was, however, completely awakened, and rode on gaily to the head of the party.

"We now came to where the road divided into two branches, and it was necessary to decide which of the two was to be adopted. The one was the more direct, the more rugged, and the more likely to throw us into the way of the Meekree Koords, who were pasturing their flocks in that range. The other had the advantage of being smoother and more safe, but then it was much longer. A trifling circumstance decided the matter. One of the servants had taken the shorter road, not perceiving that there was another, and those who came up after him concluding that he was doing right, followed his example. The Khan, who had come to no decision, struck into the same path, and we were again on our way homewards.

"As we got amongst the hills, the sun became intensely hot; all around was calm, breathless, sultry stillness—every stone sparkled, and even the banks of brown clay glistened with luminous particles. The waving stream of

heated vapour rising from the ground was visible to the eye, and not a living thing could be seen save three or four dark vultures, whose broad shadows passed and repassed over us, as they sailed round and round their wide circles in the heavens, in an atmosphere too dazzling to be looked upon. The horses hung their heads almost to the ground, and crawled along, the riders were too much overcome with the heat to press them to a brisker pace, and too indolent and weary to hold much communication. We were moving along in this plight, with our caps pulled almost over our eyes to defend them from the sun, when we were roused by a loud shout at some little distance on the right, and presently we heard the report of a gun or pistol. It rolled among the rocks like distant thunder, and when we turned to the spot from which both seemed to have proceeded, we saw nothing but a small cloud of smoke, which was borne away in a little dense body by the light breeze, and might have seemed to be a thing of life rising and winging its way gently to the blue sky. The Khan turned half round upon his saddle and looked towards his followers, who were coming up at a brisk pace, having been roused by the shot from the state of lethargic oppression into which the heat had thrown them.

"Did you hear that shot?" said the Khan to Abdoollah Beg, his Jillowdar, who was the first to join him.

"Yes," said the Jillowdar, "and we shall hear more before this sun sets."—"Had they been numerous," said the Khan, "they would not have given us this intimation of their being near."—"It was but a signal," replied the domestic; "there is one of them behind every stone or bush on the hill."—"What is to be done then?" said Mahomed Kooly Khan, casting his eye along the side of the hill, without regarding the person whom he was addressing. "We cannot turn back," replied Abdoollah Beg; "we must mend our pace, and push on for the pass."—"Bismilla," said the Khan, goring with his stirrups the flanks of his jaded steed, which with difficulty struck into a limping trot over the loose stones; "Punna bur Khoda, this is foolish work," added he with affected levity. "Stop till we have seen the end of it, master," said the collected Abdoollah, nothing loth to augment his master's concern, that he might appear the more necessary and useful to him.

"This last remark put an end to the conversation; and we were pushing on for the pass with what speed we might, on steeds so sorely wearied, when the turban of a Koord was seen behind a mass of large stones and rocks on the hill, a little way in front. I was the person who saw it, and I called out to the Khan, "There is a Koord!" But no one else had seen him; and, though I was confident I could not have been mistaken, it was declared that I must have imagined it. They were all inclined to be merry at my expense, when they saw me hang back as we approached the spot. But when the Khan had got within about fifty yards of it, the discharge of half a dozen muskets but too well testified the accuracy of my statement. Two of the servants fell, and all the others, except Abdoollah Beg

and two Ghoolams, turned their horses' heads and fled. I stood motionless with astonishment. The Khan drew his sword, and calling to his men to follow, pressed his horse towards the point from which the fire had been directed. His people called to him for God's sake not to attempt it, but he still pressed on. A single shot, fired at the instant he commenced the ascent, brought himself and his horse to the ground. The Jilowdar rushed forward, and calling out, 'Aman! aman!' told the Koords they knew not what they had done; that they had killed Mahomed Kooly Khan. On receiving this intelligence, and seeing no prospect of further resistance, the Koords, to the number of nine, sallied from their concealment, and reached the fallen Khan just as he had disengaged himself from his horse, and started to his feet, with his sword still in his hand. His cap had fallen off, his shaven head and his face were covered with dust, and with blood from a deep wound on his temple. He saw the Koords in a body close upon him. He knew himself to be alone. He expected no mercy from those whom he had made it the business of his life to harass and to pillage. He might have retreated towards us, but he turned towards the enemy, and, as if anxious to have the end speedily accomplished, rushed amongst them, and cut down the leading man with the first blow of his sabre. The Koords fell back from this unexpected assault, and another turban was cleft before they recovered themselves. But in making a desperate effort to follow up his astonished antagonists, his foot slipped, and he fell upon his knee. A young Koord seized the opportunity, and struck him a tremendous blow on the head with his musket. The Khan rolled lifeless down, and the young man had drawn his knife to despatch him, when Abdoolah Beg called out, 'It is Mahomed Kooly Khan—you will have a thousand toman for his ransom!' The lad looked hastily up, and seeing Abdoolah to be a man likely to know the value of the prisoner, and to make good his promise, he arrested his uplifted hand, and loosing his sash from his waist, secured the hands of the unconscious Khan behind his back. The Jilowdar made terms for himself and the Ghoolams, and the Khan, having by degrees recovered from the effects of the blow, was placed on one of the servants' horses, with his hands still tied—a ceremony with which the Koords would not dispense in favour of any one, even of myself. The servants, who had fled on the first firing, came to join their master, and finding us all prisoners, at the same time fearing a greater evil in the event of their falling into other hands, they surrendered, and having been dismounted, and their hands tied, they proceeded, with much lamentation, towards Sowj Bolak.

"We presented a curious groupe. The Khan, instead of his cap, had a handkerchief tied round his head, and being still weak, was supported on horseback by Abdoolah Beg, who rode behind him on the same horse, which was led by a Koord. Several of the others were not only shackled, but were tied one to another, and marched in a string like so many mules. When we arrived at Sowj Bolak, we were detained for some time in the street, ex-

posed to the gaze of the women and children, the idle and the curious, and were forced to be most patient and mild, under the most galling taunts and bitter execrations. The Khan tried to hide himself, by pulling the handkerchief further over his face, and might have succeeded, for he was covered with dust; the blood from his wound had trickled down his cheek, and clotted over his beard, and his whole appearance and his situation favoured his wish to remain unknown. But his victors were too proud of their success, and too much elated by having taken such a prize, to allow their friends to be ignorant of the rank or identity of their captive, and we had not stood many minutes before it was known to all the gazing multitude that it was Mahomed Kooly Khan who had been taken. This information procured us some relief at his expense, for all eyes were directed towards him, and all the curiosity of the crowd seemed to be engrossed by his single person. All of them had heard of him as an object of terror, and the influence which his name had held over their minds showed itself even here. Their clamorous exultation was hushed into a murmuring whisper, and the children clung close to their mothers, as they asked which was the Khan, and seemed unable to comprehend how a man so powerful should be to their eyes so little different from those about him. At length we moved on, and when we were again in motion, the clamour and exultation, the taunts and gibings, were again cast from every mouth.

"We were conducted to an apartment in the small inner fort occupied by Boodah Khan, the chief of the Meekree Koords. Mahomed Kooly Khan was put into a separate chamber, and the others were collected into a stable, where they were guarded by a party of Koords, who did not yet think proper to unbind them. Abdoolah Beg alone had his hands at liberty; and though his companions urged him much and often to loose the cords which had stiffened and benumbed their arms, he only replied by desiring them to hold their tongues, and asked whether they wished to get him put to death, by proposing such a measure. At length a person of some consequence made his appearance, and we all with one accord supplicated him to interfere in our behalf; he said something in the Koordish tongue to his attendants, and smiling at their reply, ordered them to unbind us, which was done.

"After a time, an old man brought us some bread and cheese, and some water, and presently a large dowree (round dish) of pelau. There was some discussion amongst us about the propriety of eating of this smoking and most tempting part of our repast, for it was suggested that it might contain poison. Abdoolah Beg made no remark; but having washed his hands, buried his great fist deep into the rice, and having fished out a piece of mutton, set to work with much alacrity. All the warnings and entreaties of his friends were quite ineffectual, and not until he had undermined the fabric by boring into it from the side next to him, and extracted from it almost all the mutton it had contained, did he deign to give his reasons for thus setting at nought all the strong arguments which had been used to show

that he was now little better than a dead man. After the keen edge of his appetite had been blunted by about a fourth part of the rice, and three-fourths of the mutton, he found time between the mouthfuls, while with more deliberation he kneaded the rice in his hand, to state, that if the Koords wished to take our lives there was no occasion to resort to poison, and that, for his further certification, he had been assured by the old man who brought it, that it was sent to the Afshars by the Khanum (lady), who pitied their situation, and would endeavour to make it as comfortable as possible. For his own part, he thought she was keeping her promise, but those who doubted her attachment to her tribe might avoid the pelau, as he conceived there was no obligation on any one to take what he did not like.

"Many were the curses lavished on the Jil-lowlar for having concealed the information he had obtained, and most of us profited (as far as Abdoollah's exertions had left us the means) by this most grateful intelligence.

"Abdoollah, who had been very quiet before his repast, and apparently indifferent to his own comfort and that of those about him, having now recovered wonderfully, longed for a pipe; and by the aid of much flattering and a few words of Koordish which he had picked up in his travels, succeeded in procuring the che-book of one of our guard; then pulling from a corner a horsecloth which he had discovered, he spread it on the ground, and setting himself down upon it, after a few whiffs began to think it very hard that we were so scurvily treated; and before he had finished his pipe, had exhausted his abundant store of abuse on the Koords, and every thing belonging to them. Even the Khanum had been spoiled by her residence amongst them; for a boy of ten years old could have eaten all the mutton she had put in the pelau, and there was not as much roghan (clarified butter) in it as would grease his fingers. He had stretched himself at full length, while making this last observation, and in five minutes he was snoring.

"We were sitting talking of our misfortunes, and wondering how they would end, when the old man again made his appearance; and after eyeing us all carefully, told me that the Khanum had sent for me. I jumped up, and was following him to the door, when he stopped short, and asked me my name. I told him, and he then proceeded, leading me through a private passage to the underoon. When I came to the door, he told me to go into the room to the left, and wait till his mistress should come to me.

"I had sat there about five minutes, when a woman raised the door curtain, and as she stood still holding it up, I expected to see the Khanum enter; but, to my surprise and terror, a man of gigantic stature, in a Koordish dress, walked into the room, and striding up to the musnud (principal felt), set himself down without taking any notice of me. At length, looking steadfastly, but mildly, upon me, and perceiving, I suppose, some symptoms of uneasiness in my appearance, he bade me take comfort, said he presumed I was Aga Allee Akber, and added, that the Khanum took much interest in my welfare.

"He then desired me to relate to him how Mahomed Kooly Khan had come into his country, how he had been taken, and every thing that had happened since we left Ooroomea.

"When I gave an account of our attack on the Koordish tents, and of the fate of his people, a dark cloud gathered on his brow, and his countenance, which till then had appeared to me most mild, though manly, became the most terrible I had ever beheld. I stopped in my narrative, and thought I saw the doom of my master decided. He beckoned to me to go on, and when I gave him an account of our defeat, his face brightened; and when I told him how we had fled, and how the force had been dispersed, his eye glistened, and he exclaimed, 'I knew Khosroe Beg to be a brave man! but, by heavens, I did not hope for this from any one.' I then told him how we had been taken and brought to Sowj Bolak, and I thought he named my master without bitterness, when he asked me whether he was badly wounded.

"I could not help believing, that had we fallen into this man's hands after our first success, instead of after our defeat, Mahomed Kooly Khan's life would not have been worth many days. But now I hoped he might be released for a reasonable ransom, and I trusted to my acquaintance with the Khanum to make my situation comfortable.

"Next day, I was informed by the people of the underoon, where the Khanum had assigned me quarters, that an interview had taken place between the two Khans, and that after a good deal of altercation, Boodah Khan had been calmed, and that matters were likely to terminate amicably. The day following, Boodah Khan asked me if I was very impatient to get back to Ooroomea. I replied that I had no love for Ooroomea, nor for its people; I had suffered much there, and would be much better pleased to remain where I was. He said no more, but I found afterwards that he had spoken to the Afshar Khan about me, and that it had been arranged that I should remain some time at Sowj Bolak after my master returned home, which he was to do in a few days, having agreed to enter into a treaty of amity with the Meekree Koords, and to cede some small pastures as a ransom for himself and his people.

"Boodah Khan agreed to consider the Khan's sojourn with him in the light of a visit, which he would return shortly, and further arrangements to strengthen the league were to be entered on at Ooroomea.

"When the day came on which my master was to depart, he sent for me and said, 'Aga, you are to remain here with my sister, and that savage her husband, until he comes to Ooroomea. Have your ears open. You understand,' said he, looking archly.—I bowed, and smiled.—'I perceive,' said he, 'you are not without intelligence. You know how I reward those who render me a service. Who knows what you may rise to yet? You may have great expectations from me.'—I made a low obeisance, and took my leave.

"The Afshars were preparing to mount their horses, when I went to say, Khoda-hafiz (God be your protection). Abdoollah Beg had got his old dun, and his own saddle, and

was busied in adjusting it on the beast's back when I came up to him.—'You are going,' said I, 'to leave me alone here, Abdoolah Beg.'—'Ah!' said he, 'is this you, Aga? Curse these Koords, they have knocked my saddle all to pieces, and as for poor Jeiran, he is as thin as a charwader's yaboo (muleteer's pack-horse). He has not had a handful of barley from these merciless people since his evil stars led him amongst them. But, Aga, if they catch me on this side of the border again, I give them leave to cut my ears off. I must labour, and run all risks and bear my own misfortunes, and half those of my companions, and when any of them can get their own tails out of the trap, they care no more for Abdoolah. It is very well,' said the Jillovdar, still adjusting his saddle with sundry angry jerks and tugs, and occasional curses.—'it is very well—every one applies to me when they are in difficulty, and when they get comfortable quarters, and a belly-full, I may rot in a cow-house for aught that they care.—I felt the reproach, and that it was just. I had certainly neglected my companions since I had been in the underoon, not that I was indifferent to their situation, but I had never considered myself a person who could be actively useful to them, and I thought no more of interfering in their behalf, than I should have done of interfering in behalf of my master, but I felt that this was scarcely an admissible excuse, and thought that I could offer one much more acceptable, in the shape of a Bajoklee (Dutch ducat) which I had in my pocket.

'You have been very kind to me,' said I, 'and I wish I had it in my power to make any adequate return for your services; but what can I do? I can scarcely take care of myself. I am to be left here, and perhaps we may not soon meet again. I hope you will think kindly of me, and forgive any thing I have done amiss.'—With this I moved towards him, and would have put the money into his hand, but he chanced to pass from me at that moment, and not perceiving my intention, probably because he expected nothing from me, he replied.—'I have nothing to complain of in you, Aga; you have always behaved discreetly. You are a good boy, be of good cheer; I will speak to the Khan to get you from amongst these demons as soon as possible. Khoda-hafiz, do not be afraid, I shall arrange matters for you.'

'He mounted as he uttered his adieus, and rode off, leaving me standing with the bajoklee still in my hand. When he was out of sight, I put it back again into my pocket, and returned home. I thought I had done a clever thing, and began to imagine that I had played off the irritable Abdoolah with considerable address. It was a lesson by which I determined to profit; and since that day I have never offered money until I was certain my object could not be effected by smooth words, which go farther than is generally imagined.

'Having seated myself in the room which I inhabited, I felt a kind of loneliness and desolation in the remembrance that I was the only one of those who had come from Oromoona who now remained; that they had all returned to their homes, and to their friends; and

this led to a reflection still more painful, that I had no friends to whom it would make my heart glad to know that I was returning. The tears stole down my cheek, and I was unable to conceal my sorrow from the Khanum, who entered suddenly and found me weeping.

'She demanded the cause of my grief, and having no other excuse ready, I was obliged to tell her what was really the case, but I felt that it was a dangerous disclosure, and that she was not unlikely to be offended. It happened fortunately, however, that she had occasion for my services at the moment, and she took pains to soothe me, and even rallied me, playfully, on my weakness. It was her wish to prevent her husband from visiting her brother, whose character she knew too well, to think that he could ever forgive the humiliation he had endured from the Koords, and she thought that if I hinted suspicions of her brother's intentions, it might possibly induce Boodah Khan to suppose that I had heard something suspicious amongst the Afshars. I of course agreed to do as she bade me, and she went away well pleased. In the evening I was sent for, and the Khan spoke kindly to me. He had a tone of conversation, and a manner which was winning beyond any thing I had ever seen, and I became insensibly attached to him, and loved him.

'I was not without some real fears for his safety if he went to Oromoona, and when his journey was mentioned, I said, I wished he was well back from it. He smiled, and replied, that he was too old now to be made of use in my situation, and that he would be cautious not to give my master any cause to be jealous of him. Then added, that the days in which he could have any thing to fear were passed, and that no one was more convinced of the advantages of the new arrangements than my master.

'Thus the conversation ended, and the time passed quietly until the day fixed for our journey.

'We set out with a considerable number of attendants; and when we arrived within a few miles of Oromoona, we were met by a body of the principal inhabitants of the town, who were sent out to welcome the guest, and who conducted us, with many fine speeches on the pleasure they derived from the alliance, and the uniting of the two tribes, to the dwelling of their chief. There every thing had been arranged with as much ostentation as possible, and I had never seen the place look so magnificent. Mahomed Kooly Khan was all smiles and kindness, and even Abdoolah Beg took a pride in displaying the superior courtesy of the Afshars.

'Amongst the attendants of Boodah Khan was Ahmed Arab, an attached and faithful servant, who, with much apparent carelessness and gaiety of manner, united much shrewdness and penetration, and more judgment than usually falls to the share of persons in his situation. I had hinted my fears to Ahmed, and though he pretended to laugh at them, he sometimes appeared to me to be more thoughtful than usual; and on the evening of the second day, he was evidently concerned and agitated. I told him I perceived a change in

his manner, and he admitted it. He said I was as one of the Afshars, and a servant of Mahomed Kooly Khan's, otherwise he would have opened his mind to me. I assured him that my heart was with Boodah Khan, and that, in return for his kindness, I would lay down my life to serve him. 'Well,' said he, 'my master has been invited to an entertainment in the underoon, whither his people cannot accompany him, and I fear some evil may be intended. I have tried to dissuade him from it; but he is so strict an observer of the laws of hospitality, that he can suspect no one else; and Mahomed Kooly Khan has acquired so great an influence over him, that he believes every thing he is told by him. I wish you to attend in the Haram; and if any thing happens, to let me know immediately, that we may come to his rescue.' I promised to do so, and went directly to the inner apartments, that I might be sure to be there during the entertainment.

"The dinner was served with great magnificence, and a profusion of every delicacy was spread before the guests. Mahomed Kooly Khan paid Boodah Khan, the most marked attention, and delighted every one with the variety of his anecdotes, the extent of his information, and the depth of his judgment. His manners were so dignified, lively, and affable, and his compliments so delicate, his mention of himself so modest, and his professions of regard had so much appearance of sincerity, that Boodah Khan could not refrain from exclaiming, that had he known Mahomed Kooly Khan as well before as he did now, he would have made any sacrifice to obtain his friendship.

"Mahomed Kooly Khan at length called for the dancers. This was an appointed signal. The dancers did enter, and along with them a body of Afshars.

"A voice from the door of the apartment called out 'Khan, look to yourself.' Boodah Khan started to his feet, and in an instant was surrounded. His dagger was plucked from his girdle before he had time to draw it, and he was left unarmed amidst his enemies. Still he stood towering in the midst of them, and, like the lion surrounded by the huntsman's dogs, wherever he turned, his assailants fell back, but only to renew their attacks from behind. They gradually closed upon him, and hung on the skirts of his garments. Wherever his hand fell, an Afshar fell beneath it; but, hemmed in on every side, exhausted and unarmed, the host around him at length succeeded in hurling him to the ground.

"A wild shout of triumph announced his fall. I tried to reach the outer court, and alarm his people, but every door was closed and guarded. They bound him hand and foot, and scoffed at him, and mocked him: and amidst the din of voices, I heard the dreadful order given by Mahomed Kooly Khan himself to blind him.

"There was a moment's silence, a moment of cold horror, of chilled frenzy, in which the heated blood ran freezing to the heart.

"I heard one deep, heart-rending groan. One angry appeal to justice and to mercy, a half-unbraiding prayer to Heaven, was drowned by a repeated cry to blind him.

"Another shout was raised, another sound of many tongues. They threw themselves upon him, and with a dagger's point they dug his eye-balls from their sockets, and held them up to view with noisy exultation. They then unbound him, and left him to grope his way in darkness; but he rose not from the floor; he complained not; I only heard him say, 'My light is turned to darkness;' and when Mahomed Kooly Khan exulted over him, he turned himself to where the voice came from, and cried, 'May God darken the light of your soul as you have put out the light of my body.'

"There was something in his appearance, in his voice, and in the tone of bitter earnestness with which he uttered these words, which went to the heart of his oppressor. He bit his lip and would have spoken, but the words did not come. Boodah Khan still sat upon the floor, his sunken eyelids streaming blood. There was something terrible in the expression of his countenance; his mind no longer looked out upon those around him; his thoughts seemed to have retired deep within himself, and his soul to hold communion with other beings.

"After a time they carried him away, and chained him in a dungeon. I went to the house-top to calm myself, for I was too much agitated to go to rest. I was leaning over the wall of the fort, and thinking of the scene which I had witnessed, when I heard some one whisper my name from below. I answered, and found it to be Ahmed. The Koords, suspecting from the noise that their master was attacked, had attempted to get to his assistance, and finding that impracticable, had fled. He asked me whether their master was alive. I said he was, but blinded. Ahmed was silent, and I thought he wept. After a time he asked me whether he was to be murdered. I told him I knew not, but that he was chained in a cell. 'He must be saved,' said Ahmed; 'and you must do it. You said you loved him, and would die for him; you only can save him.' I asked him how:—He had already formed his plan. He said I must meet him at the same spot on the following night, when he would return with a party of Boodah Khan's followers, and rescue him or remain with him; and that I must conduct them to their master's place of confinement. That as soon as all was quiet within the fort, I was to drop a handkerchief over the wall, which they would consider a signal to make the attempt, and that I must watch until they arrived, and meet them on the terrace, that they might not find it necessary to wander about in search of me. He concluded by saying, that I knew Boodah Khan well enough to trust to his generosity for my reward, and that if I chose to leave Oromoona, I should find a welcome asylum at Sowj Bolak, where I should be treated as a friend, not as a slave. I readily agreed to his proposal, and he set out instantly to make his arrangements. I retired to rest, to think and dream of what my mind was filled with.

"The next day I remained in my room, and slept more than I had done during the night. At the appointed time I was on the terrace.

"I waited for the arrival of the party with

impatience and agitation. I kept my eye fixed on the spot from which I knew they must appear, and every cloud which passed over the face of the bright moon made me fancy that I saw some one mounting the wall. Every breeze that stirred the dried leaves in the court-yard, made me think I heard footsteps.

"I feared to draw my breath, lest I should lose a sound of intimation, and as my eyes grew watery and dim with straining, I scarcely dared to draw my hand over them, lest those I longed for should appear at that moment. At length a dog barked in the court, and, fearing that he might arouse some of the sleeping domestics, I turned towards him, and was endeavouring in whispers to attract his attention and to quiet him, when I heard something heavy ring on the pavement beneath.

"I turned to see what it might be, and saw emerging from the shade of the wall into the full moonlight, a man in armour. The terrace close to me was covered by his companions, who were preparing to follow him.

"Two or three only had descended, when the man who kept watch in the gateway came to ascertain from whence the sound proceeded. He demanded who was there, and receiving no reply, advanced to satisfy himself. The man in armour stepped back again into the shade. The keeper of the gate, seeing strangers, sought to give the alarm, but the first sound had scarcely escaped from him before that mailed hand had smote him on the breast, and he fell. After he had fallen I saw the stranger wipe his dagger on the dead man's clothes, and put it back to his girdle.

"I could have wished that this blood might have been spared. I knew the man who had been massacred, and I knew no ill of him. He had done me no wrong. He was a quiet and a faithful servant; but I had engaged too far, and had too much at stake to retract now.

"I descended, and came forward to where the party was collecting. The man in armour advanced to meet me. I felt a sort of chill come over me as this unknown person approached. I had seen him only a few moments, and in that time I had seen much to fear in him. His hand moved towards his girdle as he drew near towards me, and I found the necessity of making myself known.

"Where is Ahmed Arab?" demanded I.

"Is it you, Aga?" said Ahmed, (for it was he who had sheathed himself in mail,) with a smile of recognition as unconcerned, as if we had met on some ordinary occasion.

"I am glad you spoke," continued he, "for truly I did not recognise you, and thought it was as well to have no idlers prying about us at such a time."—"So you were on the point of putting me to death," said I. "I saw you feeling for your dagger."—"I don't know that I should have put you to death," replied Ahmed; "but I was not sure of you, and one's hand naturally moves to his girdle when he meets a stranger in the dark."—"You would have laid me beside the door-keeper, Ahmed."—"Ah!" demanded he, "did you see that? The fellow frightened me out of my wits; he was on the point of calling out and alarming the household. Did you ever hear of such a thing? How could I spare him? His blood be on his

own head. If he had held his tongue, as any body but an ass would have done in such circumstances, we should not have troubled him. But let us lose no time. Where is the Khan?"—"In the next court," replied I; "but the door between is open; there is the passage, and you will find Boodah Khan in the cell directly opposite."

"Ahmed beckoned to his men, and led on. I returned to the house-top, that I might witness their proceedings without joining in them. The door between the two courts was open; but the sound of footsteps approaching it induced the leaders of the party to step into the shade. I heard the sound of slippers coming. I knew that, whoever it was, must encounter Ahmed and his companions. I would have given much to have had it in my power to prevent what I felt assured would follow. I stopped and turned back to interpose. The fear of causing a discovery, and consequent failure, arrested me. I was conscious that I knew not how to effect what I wished, and that moment of indecision put it out of my power for ever. I heard a shrill short scream, and looking to the passage, I saw that same mailed hand, stretched into the moonlight, descend upon its victim. It was spectre-like, for nothing but the hand was visible. Next moment I heard a heavy plash far off, and it sounded dismally, echoing through the court. I knew what it was, for I knew that there was a deep well in that dark corner; and I knew it had been a tomb before now. I hurried along the house-tops, and watched them as they entered the court in which the Khan was confined. I heard some heavy groans and pious ejaculations. They heard them too, and hurried to the cell from which they proceeded. The door was guarded by two men. I saw them lying asleep. They never rose. The door of the cell was forced; and I heard the voice of Boodah Khan demanding who was there; and with curses and upbraidings calling to the intruders to put an end to a life, which they had left him only that his punishment might be the greater. The voice of Ahmed answered him in whispers, which I could not distinctly hear. I heard the clanking of iron, then I heard the Khan call for his sword; and then I heard him break out in lamentations and in curses. They led him forth. He raised his head and turned his face to Heaven, and asked if it was day. Ahmed told him it was not day, but moonlight. "There is no more day for me, Ahmed," replied the Khan, in a tone of deep melancholy, which told that his bold spirit was half subdued. "The moon and the stars light not my world now, Ahmed. It was a foolish question for me to ask if it was day. What is the sun to me now? He rises and sets for other men, but not for me. Let those who have closed their eyes, and can open them, ask if it is day. For me there remains nothing but an endless night, on which no moon rises. A night which is followed by no morning. Why," continued he, "have you exposed your lives to save mine, which now is useless to you and to myself? What can I do for you now? Why should you think of me? Go, go, and leave me here to die. What have I to live for? I should not know my own horse

if he were before me. The land in which I have spent my life would be to me as a country which I have never travelled. When my friends come round me, I must ask another who they are. But why should I speak of friends? What can I do now to make men my friends? Why should any one come to me?—"For the love of God?" said Ahmed, "let us hasten to leave this cursed place. Some one may be stirring. It is within an hour of morning. We may be discovered if we tarry longer. We are only twenty men, and the Afshars are hundreds."

"Oh God," cried Boodah Khan, "for an hour of the light I have lost for ever—for one short hour, kind Heaven! I feel that all my former deeds are but the acts of boys and children to what I could do now. One hour of light, and I should leave a deathless name, and take revenge so ample, that this cursed race should ever after learn to fear Heaven's wrath for cruelties like these."

"They led him through the passage and across the court. I joined them there, and kissed the Khan's hand. 'Who is that?' demanded he.—'It is Aga Allee Akber,' said some one, 'to whom we are indebted for this night's success. He has renounced the service of this detested tribe, and goes with us.'—'Why should he follow a fallen man?' said the Khan. 'Let him stay where he is. Let him serve the strong, and rise; for we are falling, and he will fall with us.'—'I will serve my old mistress,' said I; 'and I can lead you. I have nothing greater to offer, but I will not serve the Afshars. If I am useless, at least send me to my own country, that I may be far from Oroomea.'—'It is well,' said the Khan; 'we can do no less.'

"We moved along the house-top to where the ladder was placed, and one by one descended. The Khan's horse was speedily brought. He said something as he put his foot into the stirrup; I could not hear what it was, but I heard Ahmed reply, 'Please God, you shall hear of it before many days. We have five hundred men already collected.'—'God is great!' said the Khan, and mounted. He was led about a mile to where we found a man holding two horses. Ahmed and another mounted and set off with the Khan at full gallop. We proceeded another mile, and found horses waiting for us all, and a strong party to cover our retreat, in case of pursuit. This, however, proved unnecessary, and we all reached Sowj Bolak in safety on the next morning."

"Two days had elapsed after our arrival at Sowj Bolak, when a large body of Koords entered the place in triumph, bringing with them many prisoners, and much booty, cattle and goods, and money and jewels. From the house-top I saw them enter the town, and I asked where they had come from, but no one could tell me. At length a Koord came riding furiously to the gate of our dwelling. It was Ahmed who had returned with the choice men of Meekree from the plunder of Oroomea. Mahomed Kooly Khan had escaped their fury."

"His fort was too strong to be taken in an hour, and they were all on horseback, and dared not attempt it; but fire had been spread, and plunder had been taken, and blood enough had

been spilt in Oroomea. The inhabitants had fled from their burning dwellings, and the swords of the Koords had smote them in their flight."

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From the Retrospective Review.

FRENCH ROMANCES. *Roman Comique de Scarron.*

"THE last new Novel" we cannot discuss; and heaven forbid that we should ever lose our prudence, and our regard for our editorial tranquillity, so far as to criticise the last new French novel. Leadenhall has boasted, still boasts, but in these days of refinement ought not to boast of the fecundity of her Pallas; with her no proper blue-eyed maid, but a naughty wench, teeming with a never ending progeny of bad print and worse paper. The Minerva press, however, is modest and barren, if put by the side of the sister machine at Paris; which beginning with M. Barba,* and the countless copies of the countless tales of Pigault le Brun, and ending with the dispensers of the fine writing of D'Arlincourt, pours forth from heads of writers, translators, and adapters, a deluge of ingenious lying, such as the world never saw before.—It is physically impossible, we speak seriously, it is physically impossible to say which is the "last new Novel" at Paris.—*Ipsiboe*; be sure, before you decide, that Madame de Montmorin has not flown again in the face of the public on the wings of a score tales of Auguste Lafontaine, from Leipsic. Be sure that Madame de Souza, or M. Picard, does not threaten to stifle you with a *Roman de longue haleine*, a serious one too, to teach you the virtue of weariness. Be sure that some ingenious gentleman of the Chateau has not just lauded the Bourbons, by turning a little tale of 12 vols. upon the vices of Napoleon, in which that *homme borne*, as he is pleasantly called, is made to play a sadly imbecile part, to the infinite amusement of all the Marquis de Carabas of the court and chambers: Madame de Stael is no more; M. de Chateaubriand has forgotten his fantastic fables of savage life in writing political pamphlets; and Benjamin Constant has forgotten not only his novels, but even his politics, in whining, in a bastard tone, some of the accents of Lepaux. Still neither death, nor desertion, thins the writing phalanx. Are the books of these innumerable writers read, and how? Behold a question which we would not venture to solve. The geometrical friend of the *Homme aux quarante ecus* could alone assist with effect at such a discussion.

This excessive fecundity in letter-press might be supposed to indicate a proportional barrenness of idea. The French novels, however, seldom, like ours, sink below a certain level of respectable mediocrity, and, in many instances, rise to a pitch of excellence rarely reached in this country. For many reasons they are not much read on this side

* We have just learned that the French government has deprived this gentleman of his *brevet*; so that he is no longer a bibliopole.

of the Channel, and it would be no difficult task to point out writers of the greatest celebrity in France, whose names have never been heard in this country. And of those with whom English readers are acquainted, few are here properly appreciated. We will mention the name of one in particular. Though many of his works are translated, how few know any thing of the real merits of Pigault le Brun. For ludicrous incident Pigault le Brun is perfectly unrivalled, we believe, in the whole round of novelists; whilst he frequently emits sparkles of wit that strongly remind us of the spirit of *Candide*. The naivete and singleheartedness of Brandt, his perfect freedom from delicacy in deed, and, at the same time, his immovable affections; the stupid indifference of the Baron (somewhat of a copy of Commodore Truncheon) contrasted with the refinement of the Countess, and the feminine archness of Cretelle, make the first volume of the *Barons de Felsheim* one of the most amusing books in the world. The latter part of this novel, as is the case with all the others by the same writer, except *L'Homme à projets*, is rather dull, though, strange to say, it has given birth to sundry mawkish operas and dramas. It is unfortunate that Pigault le Brun has given too loose a rein to his passion for promulgating notions upon certain subjects, which are not in accordance with prevailing opinions. This unfortunate heterodoxy has sealed his infinite wit to many who will not seek it in a mixture of unseasonable levity, and M. Franchet has thought this distaste sufficiently prevalent to back him in prohibiting the publication of too many of his works. Pigault le Brun, like too many others, has written himself out. *Il compilait, compilait, compilait*. Wit is not an article that can be dispensed at will; it must be reserved for few and distant occasions.

Take some historical facts, and put them together without regard to dates or probability; have an impertinent *imbécile* for a hero *à nom mine*; put in a savage knight, a high-flown woman, and an idiot, a beggar, or a madman, to make the duller parts more piquant by the contrast of a good bore; make your characters all speak in a forced style, a kind of slang; paint a mountain, a cataract, or a sky; do all with a show of learning, but without wit or humour; and you may chance have your book mistaken for a production from the north of the Tweed. Take a common sort of personage; fill him entirely with one passion, such as hate or curiosity; or expose him to be acted upon by a series of events so arranged as to appear unnatural, or make use of an unnatural power like ventriloquism or self-combustion, or of a loathly and horrible superstition; write earnestly, but in a tone of exaggeration, with no regard to verisimilitude, and you may be mistaken for the author of *Mandreville*, *Edgar Huntley*, or *Melmoth*. These are the recipes by which the different classes of our contemporary novelists compound their books. There are some who make use of all the ingredients, and, by that means, produce works of a mixed character; but the traits of this mulatto progeny may be distinctly traced up to the different parent stocks. They have all one distinc-

tive mark; a total absence of wit and humour, either of character or incident. Quaintness of speech and extravagance in action supply their place. The ridicule of these false generalities, which pass so gravely and currently, like the subject of *Candide*, is but rarely to be met. Imitations of Voltaire there have been a few; but with doubtful success. Those that have most succeeded are *Melincourt*, and the other productions of the same author. We know not how to account for this universal dearth of wit in English Romance literature; for we discover nothing in the popular taste which should lead our writers to eschew it. We speak of it as one of those moral phenomena which, like the total want of poetical genius from the time of Gray down to Cowper, have causes too mysteriously concealed for the acuteness of a Retrospective Reviewer. We need not confine this assertion to romances. Plays, poetry, oratory, have all the same "flat, stale cast." Smartness, imagination, and judgment are plenty. The last embers of English wit, and they but faintly burning, were extinguished with Sheridan.

The literature of French fiction has, with the exception of its character of wit, become very assimilated to our own in all its features. The same scenes, the same passions, the same interests, the same or nearly the same, morality are to be found in both; but, we think, of a better kind on the side of our neighbours. There is a strong tone of vulgar pretension, vulgar sentiment, vulgar philosophy, and vulgar piety pervading many of our leading novels. Those of Miss Porter, Miss Edgeworth, and Mr. Godwin, are, perhaps, the most strongly marked with various of these qualities. With them the French cannot be justly charged.

There was, however, an era when the romantic literatures of the countries were as strongly distinguished from each other as they are now closely assimilated. Why they are become alike it is not our present business to inquire. We only propose to speak of their condition at the time to which we refer. It has been supposed that each people has a mode and taste of its own; a species of literary idiosyncrasy. Thus the lighter observers refer us to German literature, or Spanish literature, as systems belonging solely to those particular countries, originated by those countries, and having, in fact, their "being, end, and aim" exclusively within them. It has always appeared to us that the taste of each country may be traced without difficulty to some foreign source; from which it has been derived by means of superior ascendancy in politics. Political power not only claims the obedience of the citizen, or of the inferior state in the ordinary political services, but it also vindicates the submission of taste and opinion. Who are the creators of tastes, feelings, and habits of the mass of the people? The governing aristocracy. Who dictate the poetry, the music, and the painting, but they who pension the workmen? Who create the religious feeling, but they who ordain and sustain the ministers? Who prescribe the rules of common, current morality, but they who are regarded as the head and front of society? If these creators and dispensers of

taste and sentiment be themselves under authority, we have only to use the same reasoning to show that the power they exercised, when uninfluenced, will be exercised in obedience to the will of the influencing authority. Have the aristocracy a foreign fashion to follow? It is most probable they have. Would you search the reason? See whether the foreign country inflicting the fashion has not some political ascendancy. Let us see how this reasoning applies towards accounting for the state of the literature of English and French fiction at the era we have referred to.

The source which supplied Europe with romantic literature was Italy; which poured the works of her tale-writers and poets into England, France, and all the rest of Europe, with the exception of Spain. Chaucer appears to have been familiarly acquainted with Petrarch and Boccaccio. Italy, in other words Rome, was the mistress of those countries. She influenced their politics and their creed, formed their morals and their habits, and created their tastes. From Chaucer's era, down to the Restoration, we have, with a few exceptions in a different style, romances either borrowed or imitated from the Italian; whilst our plays consisted of dramatic adaptations of the tales of Boccaccio, in some cases so faithfully rendered, as to be little more than versifications of the original text. Sir Philip Sydney wrote the *Arcadia* after the model of Sannazaro; and the whole list of poets, Milton inclusive, were close imitators from the same school down to the same period.

Romance literature had assumed very different features in Spain, which, however, up to the time of the prodigious ascendancy which that country reached under Ferdinand and Charles the Vth., had followed nearly the same courses. But during the continuation of that ascendancy, Spain, following the example of all ascendant countries, inflicted her own tastes and feelings upon all those countries which were submitted in any degree to her. The romantic literature, which she had not received from Italy, and which, owing to the stirring Spanish spirit of the time that scorned every thing which had not its ostensible origin within the limits of the Peninsula, soon pushed the Italian taste off the boards, was compounded from the chivalrous legends of that "renowned, romantic land," and the tales of the extinguished Moors—the Zegrís and Abencerrages. The first gave the heroism; the latter the love and the spirit of intrigue. The hero of Cervantes is made upon the article of chivalry, which formed the exclusive subject of certain tales, that had intoxicated the Duke of Lerma, and others of the Spanish nobility, and which it was the object of that celebrated novel to hold up to ridicule. But the episodes of that performance are of the mixed character; full of heroism, love, and intrigue, and answering, in every respect, to the parentage which we have provided for them. In calling for the political subordination of France, Spain also invited a subordination of her taste in matters of literature. During more than the first half of the sixteenth century, and before the Spanish ascendancy was established, or, rather, was sup-

posed by the French to be established (for, in fact, it never existed) the species of fiction most in vogue in France were those tales of monstrous invention, which it was partly the intention of Rabelais to ridicule. These gave way on the coming in of the Spanish taste; till, at the beginning of the 17th century, we find French poetry, dramas, and romances, all strongly infected with the foreign manner. It was shortly after this period that the first of that class of Romances called *heroic*, and contemptuously by our own writers *French romances*, was written by Gomberville—*Polexandre*. This was followed by the *Cleopatre* of Calprenède, in 12 vols. octavo, and by the *Illustre Bassa*, *Le Grand Cyrus*, and others of Mdle. Scuderi. With French perriwigs and plays the restored Stuarts tried to bring French novels into vogue in England, but they never succeeded with the taste of the people; who, though they had cast off the pope and the devil, hated the French, and loved Shakspeare's Italian dramas too mortally, to take kindly either to *Parthenissa*, or the shorter *Oroonoko* of Aphra Behn. This was the period we alluded to in stating that there was a time when English and French Romance literature were antipodically opposed to each other. Why, or how, they have since become alike, we shall not now inquire.

La Harpe, with his usual flippant coxcombry which reminds us so strongly of many of the discursive light writers of the present day, says, that he never could read the *Cyrus*. This is worse than Rhadamanthus, who, according to Lord Coke, at least heareth after he punisheth. We should have been bold to hint that a writer, who proposed to publish a *course of literature*, and especially one like the *Lycee*, which is little more than a course of French literature, should be the last person in the world to indulge in this gaping contempt of a novel which, for a full century, had a greater celebrity than any romance published in his language, with the exceptions of *Telemaque*, *Candide*, and *Julie*. La Harpe ought to have read the whole of that class of novels. He ought to have known, in spite of the wit of Molière and Boileau, that all that large class of French tragedies, containing love intrigues, from the *Cid* down to *Tancrède*, the taste for which Voltaire thought of such importance as to call for incessant reprobation, may be distinctly traced to the influence of the heroic novels. The long, wiredrawn conversations, the intricate intrigues, the absence of individuality of character, the metaphysical, unimpassioned discourses upon love, the exaggerated honour, the chivalrous gallantry, and timid courage of the characters of Corneille, are obvious imitations from the novels; one of the writers of which made his power over the public taste profoundly felt by that great dramatist. The same mistakes, as to the manners of different countries and ages; the attributing of the exaggerated breeding of Louis the Fourteenth and his courtiers to characters of antiquity; the making Brutus talk refinedly, and Alcibiades discourse *en petit maître*; the same error that made Addison make Juba too genteel, and Voltaire throw somewhat of a French manner around Zaire and Orosman;

these may be all found in Scuderi. Boileau's prescription for forming the novel, will serve quite as well for constructing the play.

"Gardez donc de donner, ainsi que dans *Clelie*,
L'air et l'esprit Français à l'antique Italie;
Et sous des noms Romains faisant votre portrait,
Peindre Caton galant, et Brutus dameret."

The main mistake in these novels, after all, was their length. *Clelie* consisted of 10 vols. octavo, of nearly 800 pages each; *Cleopatre* of 12 vols. of the same bulk! These *ballots de papier*, as a wit has termed them, call for too much patience. Even Richardson, with all his tenderness and beauty, is found, in these degenerate days, too heavy an infliction upon our attention, now that we are habituated to thin, widely-sown, four-duodecimo-volume parcels of fiction, which may be spelt through by the most unskilled wight at his alphabet, in a few hours. But reduce these lengthy performances to a single octavo, as did Madame La Fayette, and they will be read, admired, and called pictures of nature and real passion.

Our schoolboy recollections will enable us to recall the same defects in a celebrated romance, the prosaic dullness and inconsistencies of which, with all deference to its admirers, are by no means redeemed by calling it an epic. That there may be more skill in the management of the episodes, owing, perhaps, to the author having plunged in *medias res*, according to the established rules for the epopeia, that the story is continuous, that the style is beyond example elegant and simple, and the learning great; these may be all true. But they do not conceal the great faults, which it has in common with the heroic romances. Telemaque is a French gallant, and Calypso and her nymphs a well-bred set of court ladies. All is refined and polite; the dialogues, manners, and sentiments altogether modern, and different from the savage simplicity of the *Odyssey*, the professed archetype of the tale. The same defects may be charged upon the *Cyrus* of Ramsay, and the *Cent Nouvelles Nouvelles* of Madame Gomez, which had a prodigious reputation long after Boileau had contrived to drive Scuderi from public favour. The long, wiredrawn, metaphysical, and phrase-cutting conversations may be traced, though faintly, in parts of the *Julie* and *Emile* of Rousseau, who confessed that his father and himself were accustomed, in his childhood, to spend the night in a diligent perusal of the heroic romances.

If works of fiction be valuable or interesting as representations of manners or peculiar habits, the heroic romances may so far claim title to be read. It is said, that Calprenede and Mademoiselle Scuderi formed the taste for *galanterie* by their works. This appears to us to be going somewhat beyond the mark. The idea of the novels was borrowed in principle from the habits that actually existed amongst the upper classes of France; all that their authors did was to inflame such habits, and to induce them to be practised in a more exaggerated form. This has constantly occurred. The fine folk of the days of Elizabeth, both in

England and France, spoke Euphuism, a species of affectation which gave so much Latin both to the French and English tongues. Rabelais ridiculed this taste, and justly. Lily wrote the *Euphuist*, as an enlarged copy of the existing affectation. He did not create, he only confirmed the habit. We will not deny that it must have been wonderfully ludicrous to hear, not only the fine gentlemen, but the grave military men talking *galanterie*; to see Turenne, recking from the Palatinate, surveying *La carte du pays de tendre*, or Conde making *jolis vers*, or the sage La Rochefoucauld declaring to his mistress, Madame de Longueville, in allusion to the war of the Fronde,

"Pour meriter son cœur, pour plaire à ses beaux yeux,
J'ai fait guerre à mon Roi, je l'aurais fait aux Dieux."

But ludicrous as these habits were, it is highly interesting to possess accurate notions of them, as part of the history of manners. A century before this time, in the days of the Chevalier *sans peur et sans reproche*, men were chivalrous. Chivalry was now replaced by gallantry, and gallantry has since been replaced by the modern politeness. In the first period, there was nought but hard knocks, short tales of wonderment, rough manners, and rough verses.

"Si le roi m'avait donné
Paris sa grande ville
Et qu'il me fût quitter
L'amour de ma mie;
Je dirais au roi Henri,
Reprenez votre Paris;
J'aime mieux ma mie, oh gay!
J'aime mieux ma mie."

In the second, there were fewer blows, (though we believe, if we may place faith in Cardinal de Retz, a duel a week was the allowance of fighting that every decent person reasonably expected,) long romances, soft manners, and softer verses. See *Voiture*, *passim*, or take the following from *Clelie*.

"Quand verrai-je ce que j'adore
Éclairer ces aimables lieux?
Oh! doux momens momens précieux
Ne reviendrez vous point encore?
Hélas! de l'un à l'autre Aurore
A peine ai-je fermé les yeux."

A tender madrigal, in which Mademoiselle Scuderi makes Brutus—Junius Brutus—pour out love to the Roman Lucretia!

In the third there was,—but this we must not tell; for, as Retrospective Critics, we must not review things as they are.

We must avow that, maugre our sense of the ridicule of these manners, this semi-deification of the softer sex has some advantages in it, which the Jansenistic code of our present female morals is without. If women be deified and idolized, they, at least, are not deprived of the society of the master sex. The age of Scuderisme was an age of instructed women, sometimes *precieuses*, but better withal than the insipid beings so often found ranged with

that sex now-a-days. If the men were ludicrous, the women, at least, took occasion to improve. Nobody will compare the Ninons, the Daciers, and the frequenters of the Hotel de Rambouillet, or their successors, the Tencins, Geoffrins, Dudefflands, and Duchatelets, to the ignorant, vicious creatures who formed English female society in the days of the Spectator and Lady Montagu. It is the charge against all novels, that they excite false feelings; that they give erroneous views of the human character; that they teach reliance upon chance, or upon improbable events. Happily for the heroic novels, they are, to a considerable extent, less guilty of these faults than nearly all the works of fiction that have been written. There is no feeling, Minerva-passion; no excitations of green girls or raw boys. Character they represent little of, and the events are so perfectly improbable, as not to hazard the slightest risk of delusion. All they can teach is, the good-breeding of their age, or rather what Madelon calls "Le bel air des choses." Who ever heard of *Cyrus* being a work of danger? Who ever heard that a perusal of *Cleopatre* would ruin the female reader, as *Julie* is calculated to do, according to Jean Jacques himself? For our part, we would rather see our daughters or sisters gazing over the fine things of the former, than weeping away their nights and their nerves over the sad things of the latter. A taste for the former may co-exist with prudence; but a taste for the latter is entirely opposed both to good sense and proper feelings.

We should hardly dare to pronounce upon the standard of romance composition; but we may venture to hint a few of the greater features with which novels should be marked. They ought to be faithful delineations of existing manners, or of manners that are tolerably well remembered. They ought to contain accurate pictures of character. If they at times be tender, they ought at others to be lively and witty. They ought not to be vulgar, nor to encourage common prejudices or weaknesses. They may, here and there, be sprinkled with delineations of other things than men and women, but at distant intervals; and not thick set in every chapter, like certain tales we wot of, in which, when not "babbled in green fields," the writer does nought but mouth of hills, clouds, cliffs, and such ordinary gear. Mademoiselle Scuderi has, at least, the merit of depicting a certain sort of manners, those of the great in society. It is known that her heroes and heroines are pictures, or, as they were then called, portraits, of people who figured in her time. *Je vous avoue que je suis furieusement pour les portraits; je ne vois rien de si galant que cela.* But she has not the praise of having painted one single individual character. All her heroes are heroes of the same family; and their qualities are comprehended in a set formula which heralds them to the notice of the reader. All brave, all chaste, all faithful, all unfortunate, all gallant.—*Fortique Gyas, fortique Cloanthus.* So of the women, so of the knaves, so of the fathers and mothers. The following are the rules for making love laid down by the witty Moliere, the observance of which would

effectually prevent that dreadful consummation, marriage. Quick marriages, horrible things! exclaims Madelon; with them "Un roman serait bientôt fini. La belle chose que ce serait si d'abord *Cyrus* épouserait *Mandane* et qu'*Aronce* le plain-pied fut marié à *Clelie*."—The tabula of rules is "Il faut qu'un amant, pour être agréable, sache débiter les beaux sentimens, pousser le doux, le tendre et le passionné, et que sa recherche soit dans les formes. Premièrement, il doit voir au temple, ou à la promenade, ou dans quelque cérémonie publique, la personne dont il devient amoureux; ou bien être conduit fatalement chez elle par un parent ou un ami, et sortir de là tout reveur et mélancolique. Il cache un temps sa passion à l'objet aimé, et cependant lui rend plusieurs visites, ou l'on ne manque de mettre sur le tapis une *question galante* qui exerce les esprits de l'assemblée. Le jour de la déclaration arrive, qui se doit faire ordinairement dans une allée de quelque jardin, tandis que la compagnie s'est un peu éloignée; et cette déclaration est suivie d'un prompt courroux qui paraît à notre rougeur, et que, pour un temps, bannit l'amant de notre présence. Ensuite il trouve moyen de nous apaiser, de nous accoutumer insensiblement au discours de sa passion, et de tirer de nous cet aveu qui fait tant de peine. Après cela viennent les aventures, les rivaux qui se jettent à la traversée d'une inclination établie, les persecutions des pères, les jalousies conçues sur de fausses apparences, les plaintes, les desespoirs, les enlèvemens, et ce qui s'ensuit. *Voilà comme les choses se traitent dans les belles manières; et ce sont des règles dont, en bonne galanterie, on ne saurait se dispenser.* Mais en venir de but en blanc à l'union conjugale, ne faire l'amour qu'en faisant le contrat du mariage, et prendre justement le roman par la queue; il ne se peut rien de plus marchand que ce procédé; et j'ai mal au cœur de la seule vision que cela me fait."

All the characters employed in these scenes may be picked up any where. In fact, they are not characters, meaning, by characters, individuals marked by certain traits, which segregate them not only from the world, but, to a certain degree, from their class. *Clelie* in this, is *Cleopatre* in that; in a third she becomes *Almahide*, in another *Mandane*; whilst *Oroondates* is *Alexandre*, *Alcidiane*, *Cyrus*, and *Ibrahim*. "His name is Legion." This entire absence of all insulation of character is one of the most remarkable characteristics, not only of their novels, but of the French tragedies, and even of their *haute comédie*. *Semiramis* and *Eriphyle* are precisely the same characters. *Shakspeare* would have distinguished them. There are some exceptions which break this monotony, which show, by the skill with which they are drawn, that it was not the power but the taste that was wanted. *Zaire* and *Amenaide* are the most beautiful and exquisite specimens of individualization that exist in fictitious literature. The truth is, that the business of such romances and dramas is the representation of action and sentiment; that of our own, character. Which is the best of these two objects, we shall not trouble ourselves to determine. A mixture of both is better than either

singly. It may be a kind of *Lese-majeste* against the supremacy of Shakspeare, to "hesitate dislike" of his plays; but we will be bold to say, that there are but few who could accurately comprehend the action and plot of *Hamlet* or *Othello* on the stage, if habitual perusal had not cleared up their difficulties. The haughtiness and jealousy of the latter, and the capricious ill-humour and melancholy of the former, are obvious to the spectator, because they are painted in the expressions put into their mouths; but these expressions have but little to do with the action. On the contrary, *Phedre* may be understood from the beginning to the end. The action opens, the intrigue, the *navet* of the piece foras under the eye of the beholder, and the denouement comes round, not as the consequence of the last incident only, as in most of Shakspeare's dramas, but as the winding up of a whole series of connected actions. It is hardly necessary to state, that these romances are without a single spark of humour. Wit, the wit of those days, when wit was not wit, these romances are full of. In the *Illustre Bassa*, Solymann, the Grand Turk, resolves to put the illustrious bashaw to death; but he suddenly remembers that he had once sworn that during his life the bashaw should not be killed. This is a case of conscience, on which he applies to the Multi—the Pere Lachaise of Constantinople. Now, the Multi being a man *plein d'esprit et de finesse*, as the ingenious authoress hath it, caustically avers that sleep is but a species of the genus death, and therefore the Turk might get rid of the Bashaw and his scruples together, by bowstringing the former, while he (the Turk) dozed. Of this kind of wit, we take it, more than enough might be found in Sanchez, if he were not such heavy reading. But of liveliness, humour, in short, of what we know to be genuine wit, in spite of the difficulties of its definition, these great books contain not a symptom. They are like Falstaff, as touching their bulk, and their power of causing wit in the beholder; but unlike him, as touching the want of that quality in themselves. Humour, indeed, it is vain to expect in romances, which teach a serious gentility. To attack the faults of the people of the *ricille cour* with humour, would have rendered aristocratic defects too familiar to the profane vulgar, the shocking *bourgeoisie*, whom the aristocracy were too delicately sensitive to admit "betwixt the wind and their nobility." And it would be altogether monstrous to suppose that it was the duty of the teachers of *galanterie* to handle the crowd with so gentle a lash as humour. Nothing but the most profound scorn was to be used for the "habitual immorality of such lions and tigers," as Scriblerus would call them. The lightest of the modes of treatment which Martinus prescribes for his young noblemen for self-correction, would reduce the most perfect gallant to nought. "Let him survey himself naked, divested of artificial charms, with bandy legs, a short neck, a dun hide, and a pot belly." What a portrait of an Oroondates!—There is nothing vulgar in the tone of these romances. Princes and kings, sultans and bashaws, with corresponding characters of the other sex,

stalk through them, and talk of honour, fidelity, and bravery, as necessary qualities, and denounce baseness, faithlessness, and cowardice, as the most ungallant vices. Mademoiselle Scuderi carries her heroes over wilds and oceans, "antres vast and deserts idle," through tempest, storm, shipwreck, slavery, and so forth; but it is impossible to derive any notion of the scenes. Oroondates is predicated to be in a desert, and Cyrus in a storm. Sometimes the desert is called a dreadful desert, and the storm a shocking storm. But they are all every day deserts, &c., known to be deserts, &c., because so called in terms; and not from a description of details. Put this authoress, nevertheless, into a palace or a cottage, and she tells all the articles it contains: the room how high, by how many feet wide and long. The couches, chairs, and tables are all set forth: or, as Boileau says, she never will let the reader get out of a house until she has taken an inventory of the furniture.

But we fear we have gone a little out of our way in this discussion, when we ought to be busying ourselves with the work, the title of which is prefixed to this article. Boileau was not the first either to distinguish or to decry the absurdity of the passion for these romances. They were always unpalatable to wits and humourists, whose occupation is not to be fine or serious, but to find wherewithal to joke whenever those qualities present themselves. Place a jester by the side of a formalist, and no power can withhold him from venting his quips and quiddities against the gravities of the latter. Ridicule is not only the touchstone of false gravity; it is the enemy of all that is grave. *Magnas—secat res*. It falls foul of seriousness wherever found. Scarron felt the inspiration of the god of laughter as a species of phrenzy. He laughed at his own misfortunes, he made mockery of his disgraces, and ridiculed his sufferings. Gravity was unknown to him, even in the most important affairs of life. Their importance only increased the broad grin with which he viewed all things under the sun. Such sombre books, therefore, as the heroic romances, roused the ire of his wit as naturally as their leaves would feed a flame. He laughed at them, because he laughed at all. With these feelings, he strung together, under the title of *Roman Comique*, a number of the most ludicrous incidents, told in terms equally ludicrous. The writers of the heroic romances speak of kings, queens, and the great; Scarron of poor players, country attorneys, and innkeepers. The former write in a formal, measured style; Scarron in a style coarse, familiar, and careless. The former make use of empires and principedoms; the latter of paltry country towns and villages: all is "base, common, and popular." The witty writer of the *Characteristics* advises that popular passions or panics should be treated in a "Bartlemy-fair mode;" by which he means, that they should be subjected to railery as unlicensed as the drollery of a fair. So also thought Scarron, upon the panic of *galanterie* and romance reading which raged in his day. His wit is as gross as the antics of the show-booths; and is as broad a satire upon that gravity, as

the tumblings of a clown would be, if performed in derision of Terpsichore. Scarron also intended to ridicule the pretensions of the troops of actors who wandered over the provinces of France, committing great extravagancies, and, frequently, dangerous crimes. The countenance that Cardinal Richelieu had afforded to the stage, had raised the notions of the players of their self-importance so high, that their insolence gave general annoyance and disgust.

The *Roman Comique*, as its name imports, is a history of the adventures of a company of actors.

It is impossible to afford our readers any notion of the humour of this romance. Tom Jones's adventures at Upton, or the earlier ones of Roderick Random, approach nearest in the breadth and coarseness with which they are told. There is the same minuteness, the same insensibility to delicacy, the same hankering after disgusting details; with this difference, Scarron shows some notion of the metaphysic of love, whilst the heroes of Smollett and Fielding are mere sensualists. Scarron, however, has some faith in the honesty of mankind. His characters are not all *mauvais sujets*. Their actions do not encourage misanthropy and disgust, like those of Smollett. Scarron, however, has none of the grave buffoonery with which Fielding attacks the more important absurdities. He ridicules mistakes in taste and breeding; but he never attacks any serious and popular fallacy. We have in him none of the delicious wit with which Fielding shows up the errors of the austere moralists; nothing like his illustration of the follies of the stoic, from the character of the sheriff's officer, "the noble buntrap, who rises greatly superior to the weaknesses of humanity," or of the emptiness of the Shaftesburian Rule of right and Beauty of virtue, from the hapless posture of Square behind the treacherous curtain. The great defect in the *Roman Comique* is the want of a hero or heroine to support the main interest. It is one of the first laws of romance writing to select some one personage to be the *point d'appui* of all the adventures. The reader identifies himself with *one*; he assumes his feelings, and conceives all the pain and pleasure of each actor. If each adventure have its own hero, or if the same hero be dropped and taken up again from time to time, the interest becomes weakened. Romances are like epic poems, they require a main action and a main character; the first to support the memory, the second to sustain the interest.

Scarron was of respectable origin, and was born at Paris, in 1610. His mother died when he was young, and, on his father's second marriage, the step-mother took a mortal aversion to her son-in-law, and drove him from his father's roof. He assumed the clerical habit and travelled into Italy, where he passed some years in easy gaiety. He afterwards returned to France, and became one of the most distinguished members of the brilliant society which assembled round Ninon de l'Enclos. It was in the society of this distinguished woman that the character of Scarron, for unbridled

gaiety and facile morals, is supposed to have been formed. It was said, we believe only by the enemies of Ninon and her friends, that the constitution of Scarron was shattered by the excesses in which he indulged. His nerves were destroyed; sciatica and rheumatism seized upon him, and were followed by a complication of distempers, that baffled the skill of his physicians. The access of these disorders was quickened by a frolic in which he was engaged at the Carnival, when he disguised himself as a savage, and, being hunted by the mob, was compelled to conceal himself in a marsh. He gives an account of the dreadful state he was in, the levity of which at once astonishes and appals. He visited various baths in France to alleviate his sufferings, but without relief. His father's death added to his wretchedness, by placing him in a position of great embarrassment; for he and his own sisters became involved in a suit with his step-mother and her children, in which the latter succeeded. The most important affairs never drove away Scarron's love of ridicule; for he had the folly to submit his *factum* to the tribunal in burlesque verses. To involve him more deeply, his sisters now insisted upon residing with him at Paris, and were a source of great annoyance. He used to say, "L'une aimait le vin et l'autre les hommes." The queen and Cardinal Richelieu, of the latter of whom he was a great admirer, granted him pensions. He soon afterwards obtained a canonry at Mans, where he wrote the *Roman Comique*, and laid the scene of so many of its adventures. He subsequently returned to Paris, where he was introduced to Mademoiselle d'Aubigne, afterwards so celebrated as Madame de Maintenon. She was then at the age of fourteen and living with her mother, in a very necessitous condition, in a house opposite to that in which dwelt Scarron. Two years afterwards he married her, by which step he lost his canonry in name; but he contrived to retain it by his interest with Mazarin, who bestowed it upon the valet of his friend, the celebrated Menage. This valet gravely took the tonsure, and administered the benefice for Scarron; a proceeding by which, under the *ancien regime*, the revenues of the church were frequently turned aside into the pockets of the laity. Scarron had flattered himself with hopes of a pension from Cardinal Mazarin, in which he was disappointed. On that occasion, he suppressed an eulogy which he had written upon him, and, in turn, wrote a biting satire. His house now was not only the resort of the wits of the day, but became the rendezvous of all the malcontents, who, under the ridiculous name of the *Fronde*, became so formidable to that minister.

The main occupation of Scarron, from this time, was the composition of verses in the highest strain of burlesque. He died in 1660, in a state of great pain, but gay and lively to the last, after having written the following epitaph for himself:—

"Celui qu'ici maintenant dort
Fit plus de pitié que d'envie,
Et souffrit mille fois la mort
Avant que de perdre la vie.

Passant, ne fais ici de bruit :
Garde bien que tu ne l'éveille ;
Car voici la première nuit
Que le pauvre Scarron sommeille."

It is a singular fact, that the three most disorderly and extravagant wits that the world ever saw, belonged to the order of priesthood;—Rabelais, Scarron, and Sterne.

From the British Critic.

TRAVELS IN WESTERN AFRICA, in the Years 1818, 19, 20, and 21, from the River Gambia through Woolli, Bondoo, Gulum, Kasson, Kaarta, and Foullooo, to the River Niger. By Major William Gray and the late Staff-Surgeon Dochart; with a Map and Plates.

"It was known at Senegal," says M. Mollien, (I. 37.) "that the failure of the attempts lately made by the English to penetrate into the interior of Africa, was owing to the extravagant notions entertained by the negroes of the treasures conveyed by those travellers;" and in order to obviate any difficulties of the same kind, he equipped himself with nothing but a scanty provision of the merest necessities for fifteen months, the period which he supposed his journey would occupy. The result of his own expedition showed that even his meagre pittance was sufficient to rouse the cupidity of the negroes; and the work now lying before us, proves that the French at Senegal knew as little respecting the obstacles which really retarded the English travellers, as M. Mollien himself did, with regard to the difficulties and hazards which he had to encounter, or the resources which lay within his reach.

A sketch of the original plan of the Mission, to which M. Mollien alludes, was given in the Life of Mungo Park, prefixed to the Narrative of his Second Journey in Africa. (II. 143.) It was derived from Park's own suggestions, upon which the Ministry had acted, when they despatched him on his last, and, as it turned out, fatal expedition. He had witnessed the journeys of large "cafilahs, or caravans, passing through the territories of the negro chiefs on paying a small duty;" and therefore "inferred that the march of a small party would excite no serious apprehension." (Ib. 143.) His subsequent experience seemed to confirm the correctness of his inferences, and sanguine hopes were entertained that "an expedition formed and conducted upon such principles (with a due attention to the proper season for travelling) would be attended with ultimate success."

How lamentably those expectations have been frustrated is well known to all who take any interest in the progress of African discovery; and the melancholy conclusion of Major Gray's disastrous tale had long been a matter of notoriety before the publication of his narrative. Still, however, there was some anxiety to hear the details of his journey, and the very protraction of his residence among tribes imperfectly known, had greatly increased his opportunities of studying their ha-

bits and manners, as well as the country which they occupy. How far those opportunities were turned to good account will best appear from an abstract of his book.

It presents the result of the observations made not only by himself, but also by the other officers employed in this service; and may be considered as containing all the information collected during the course of the expedition commenced under the command of Major Peddie, in 1815, and terminated in 1821.

That enterprising officer, who reached the mouth of the Senegal in November, 1815, accompanied by Captain Campbell and Staff-Surgeon Cowdrey, (already distinguished as the explorer of some unknown tracts in Africa,) was not destined to advance beyond the shores of the continent, the inmost recesses of which he hoped to visit: unforeseen obstacles checked his progress at the outset, and Sir Charles McCarthy, Governor of Sierra Leone, concurred with him in thinking it necessary to put off his departure till the following season. A short time after his return from that colony, Mr. Cowdrey, to use the words of Major Gray, "took ill, and in a few days fell a victim to the climate." This loss was the more irreparable, as that gentleman was not only of great importance to the Mission, on account of his medical skill; but was peculiarly adapted to promote its scientific objects by "his invaluable services as a naturalist and astronomer."

To supply the vacancy occasioned by Mr. Cowdrey's death, at least in the capacity of a medical officer, Major Gray (who was not, as he informs us in his preface, (vii.) "born in the camp, nor altogether educated in the field.") was induced to listen to an application from Major Peddie, though he felt, as he modestly remarks, that he "possessed few of the qualifications requisite to the discharge of so important a situation."

According to the original plan, the expedition was to have proceeded along the Senegal, Ba Lee, and Ba Woolima, and then crossed over to the Joliba at its junction with the Ba Beely; and with that view, Lamina, a native of Sego, was despatched by Major Peddie, soon after his arrival on the coast, to apprise the King of Bambarra of his intended visit, and to request him to send some of his chiefs to Senegal, in order to accompany the British Mission to his capital. This messenger promised to return with the king's answer in three months. It may be inferred from the context, though not distinctly affirmed, that Lamina set off in February, 1816; some surprise therefore must be felt on our learning in the next page, that in the following month, long before the result of his journey could be known, Major Peddie had resolved to change his route and take "the path through Fouta Jallon." It is true that the middle of the ensuing November was the period fixed for the departure of the Mission from Senegal, which left an interval of six months after the time, at which Lamina was expected back again; but still they were exposed to the unfavourable impression which so sudden a change of their plans might produce on the minds of the negro chiefs.

They did not, in fact, quit the Senegal till the 17th of November, 1816, when the whole party, under the command of Major Peddie, consisting of Captain Campbell, Major Gray, Mr. Adolphus Kummer, the naturalist, a German, and M. Partarieu,* "a native of Senegal, possessing considerable knowledge of the Arabic and Moorish languages, with some of the native African tongues," together with a hundred men, military and civil, (*civilians* as Major Gray conveniently terms them,) and a train of two hundred beasts of burden, set sail, and, after a short stay at Goree, where they were joined by a vessel having on board some horses and mules, and a tedious passage from thence of sixteen days, reached Kakundy, a slave-factory on the eastern bank of the Rio Nuniez. On the 14th of December all were landed and encamped "on an elevated piece of ground cleared for the purpose and overlooking the factory;" but the woods and mud on the banks of a tide-river are always pestiferous in a tropical climate; it was therefore found necessary to move higher up on the 24th; and on that day poor Peddie was assailed by a violent attack of fever, which preyed upon him with little intermission till he expired on the 1st of January, 1817.

Thus, within the short space of fourteen months, was the expedition deprived of both the officers to whom the direction of it had been originally entrusted, and all the flattering anticipations derived from their known talents and qualifications were stifled almost in their birth.

On the very day before this melancholy event took place, Lieutenant Stokoe, R. N. and Hospital-Assistant Nelson, arrived from Sierra Leone to join the mission, accompanied by two gentlemen from the colony: one of whom, Lieutenant M-Rae, of the Royal African Corps, immediately volunteered to join the expedition, and was allowed by Sir Charles McCarthy to proceed, notwithstanding the garrison could ill dispense with his services.

On the 1st of February, 1817, the convalescents (*i. e.* nearly all the Europeans) were considered as capable of moving forwards; the march was therefore commenced, and though continued for only four hours, proved to be "most fatiguing." Lieutenant Stokoe was added to the sick-list on the 2d, and on that day the whole corps received a sad discomfiture from an enemy for whom they were quite unprepared.

"We left Harrinakona," says Major Gray, (9.) "at two P. M. and got on tolerably well, until we arrived at a difficult pass in a wood, where those in front disturbed a swarm of bees, which made so violent an attack both on men and animals, that all were thrown into confusion. On my being made acquainted with the cause, I considered it a very frivolous excuse for allowing the horses and asses to run about in all directions, throwing off their loads; and was reprimanding the men for their carelessness, when I was attacked by so dense a swarm of those insects, that I was

obliged to retreat, and suffer the mortification of exhibiting myself in the same predicament with those I had just been reproving. It was sunset before the bees dispersed, or we could collect the animals, many of whom suffered severely from the bees getting into their eyes, ears, and nostrils; one of our best horses died on the spot, and some of the asses were unable to rise from the ground."

Had not the Major, who "reached the shores of Africa, in his tour of service, well remembering, on his passage the labours and researches of the informed and the brave," (Pref. viii.) unhappily forgotten, on that occasion, what he had read with so much attention, he would probably have remembered Mungo Park's (II. 48.) distress from a similar cause, and would have escaped the ludicrous predicament in which he was placed, as he justly observes, by his unlucky reproofs.

On the 7th, they were joined by a messenger, who had been despatched in the preceding August to inform the Imam (Alimami, in the language of the negroes) of Timbo of their approach.

This man was accompanied by Abdu'l Hamid, one of the Imam's brothers, who informed Captain Campbell, who had succeeded to the command, that it was "Alimami's orders that a white man should be sent in advance to Teembo, to explain to him the object they had in view in entering his dominions;" and "that he forbade their nearer approach until he should be perfectly satisfied on that head." Instead of sending a white man, or allowing Major Gray to accompany Abu Bakari, the chief sent by Abdu'l Hamid, Captain Campbell contented himself with despatching one of his *native* sergeants; thus, in his first communication with the native powers, disregarding a requisition which was far from unreasonable, and neglecting to avail himself of the assistance which his officers would gladly have afforded.

The party had now reached the Tingalinta river, at that place 110 feet wide; and where they had an opportunity of examining a specimen of native ingenuity, which would alone be sufficient to prove (if proof were wanting) that the negroes are not quite such incorrigible blockheads as some writers would fain make us believe. It was "a swinging bridge composed of cane and bark ropes, by which it was attached, at about twenty-four feet above the water, to the branches of the trees which grew on the banks, and afforded, during the rainy season and periodical floods, a safe, though, apparently, slight and tottering passage for people on foot." Of this bridge a plate is given. It bears some resemblance to the Jhulas or suspension bridges of the Hindus, over the torrents which sweep through the ravines of Himalaya, (As. Res. XI. 475.) but is far less ingenious and artificial in its structure; while, on the other hand, it appears superior to that which was thrown over the Ba Wulima by the Mandingoes for Park (II. 147-9).

Notwithstanding the prohibition of the Imam, to advance without his further orders, Captain Campbell proceeded as fast as bad roads and tardy followers would suffer him, and when a division of the paths occurred, he

* Or Partarieu.

determined to follow that which led to Labe, in direct opposition to the wishes of Abdu 'l Hamid. The country through which they had passed was hilly and rugged; sometimes presenting stony, unproductive plains: more frequently rocky ascents divided by rich valleys. Their cattle, unshod and unused to any soil but a level sand, soon sunk under the difficulty of the road, and on the 20th of February, barely three weeks after they set out, they "decided on abandoning their two small field guns, with their shot and grape, and having buried them about three feet beneath the surface, made a fire to conceal where the ground had been broken." (18.) An idle precaution, since Abdu 'l Hamid, who was with them, could scarcely fail to know the place, and the treasures deposited there.

"Captain Campbell," says Major Gray, (ib.) "thought it better to dispose of them in that way than to make a present of them to Almany: for although it was not likely that he could make any use of them, yet the very circumstance alone of possessing such destructive engines, and of having received them from us, might induce those nations with whom he occasionally wages war (and through which we were likely to travel) to entertain unfavourable opinions of us."

On the same principle they ought not to have given away a gun or a pistol, and however imprudent it might have been to make such splendid and unexpected presents in an early stage of their journey, what was more likely to secure the good will of the Imam of Futa Jallon at once, than a gift which showed so much confidence in his friendly intentions? Is it not probable that by thus making a virtue of necessity, the objects of the mission would have been effectually promoted, and that jealousy removed which, not long afterwards, drove them out of the country.

In the beginning of March, a dearth of provisions began to be felt; fresh delays were occasioned by the Imam's signifying that he must consult his chiefs, before he could consent to their passage through his territories; and Captain Campbell again sent one of his black sergeants, instead of an European officer, to treat with his sable majesty. A scarcity of provisions, and illnesses from eating unripe fruit, were added to the misery which their present suspense occasioned. The Imam was either dissatisfied with the quality of the agent, or the presents sent to him, and nearly three weeks after the commencement of these negotiations, Sergeant Tuft, the person despatched to the royal camp, sent to advise Captain Campbell, either to come himself, or send some of his officers as soon as possible, to convince the Imam and his ministers of his real intentions. Captain Campbell therefore repaired to the royal residence, and the result of his visit was, that as the Imam could not be responsible for their safety, while he was absent on a foreign campaign, they must remain in the neighbourhood of Labe till his return; soon afterwards some of their followers were dismissed, others ran away, and as eighty-five of their beasts had died, they could not move till provided with carriers, by order of the chief of the district where they were. A

scarcity of provisions and its consequence, sickness, quickly ensued, and on the 22th April, Lieutenant Stokoe and Mr. Kummer set out for the coast, conveyed in cradles made of cane, being already too ill to have any immediate hope of recovery.

"On the 2d May, Lamina, accompanied by Abou Hararata, one of the chiefs, and a long train of attendants, came to the camp, and informed Captain Campbell that Almany had given permission to Lamina, in consequence of his being the messenger of the King of Sego, to conduct them through the country by whatever path he chose, and had also given directions to Abou Hararata to collect carriers for the conveyance of their baggage. 'Nothing, however,' says Major Gray, 'could be obtained from them but promises which they never intended performing.' " (32.)

Captain Campbell, therefore, who was now very ill, determined to retrace his steps, and regain the coast before the rains set in. The Imam, in answer to a messenger informing him of this determination, replied, "that it was not his desire to do so, as his country was open to them in any way they wished."

On the 15th May, with much difficulty, they mustered a sufficiency of carriers to enable them to set out; "their retreat was far more painful and difficult than their advance," and on the second day of their march, Major Gray was himself reduced by illness to a state of insensibility to the objects around him, in which he continued till the 1st of June. They had then reached Robugga, a factory on the Rio Numiez, and he was informed when he had recovered his powers of perception, that Mr. Kummer had fallen a victim to the climate, and that Lieutenant Stokoe had returned to Sierra Leone; Captain Campbell, though somewhat better, was still in an alarming state of debility; on the 12th Major Gray found that he had lost the use of his speech, and on the 13th he expired, almost on the very spot where he had so lately committed to the ground the remains of his friend and associate Major Peddie, beside which his own were deposited on the following day.

As soon as the sick were sufficiently recovered to join the rest of the party, the whole were removed to Sierra Leone, which they did not reach till almost all their cattle were dead, and their provisions nearly exhausted.

Lieutenant Stokoe, on whom the command now devolved, made a further attempt to secure the assistance of the Imam of Futa Jallon. He travelled "in the depth of the rainy season to Timbo," but had the mortification of being obliged to return without having effected his purpose, and not long afterwards was seized with an illness which carried him off in a few days.

Thus terminated the first period of this ill-fated enterprise, in which, however we must admire the resolution and perseverance of the principal actors, we cannot but lament a want of judgment and discretion, which seems sometimes to have created the impediments by which they were opposed, by augmenting the jealousy which the approach of so numerous a body under the direction of Europeans, could hardly fail to occasion; so that Sir Walter

Scott's judicious objections to the scheme when first mentioned by Park, were completely established,—“the number of men employed, though inadequate for conquest, or even for serious defence, was yet large enough to excite suspicion.” (Life of Park, II. clviii.) And it is to be regretted that the survivors, instead of persevering in the original plan, the inexpedience of which had by that time been sufficiently manifested, did not reduce the number of their attendants, so as to form a body which could neither give umbrage nor excite cupidity.

The second of the four journeys to which this expedition gave rise, was commenced under the command of Major Gray and Mr. Dochart in the middle of December, 1817. Evil fortune still attended their labours; they were kept out at sea by contrary winds, for nearly a month, and did not reach the Gambia till the 13th of January, 1818. A difficulty in procuring horses, or other beasts of burden, detained them at Bathurst till the 3d of March, and on that day they embarked on the Gambia, where they ascended as far as Kayaye, (Kaye 13° 20' N. 14° 30' W.) whence their journey by land was commenced on the 27th. They met with no material impediment till they reached Madinah (the city) capital of Wulli, where the caprice and avarice of a drunken king, and the insolence of his son, gave them some embarrassment and uneasiness.

In consequence of a representation made by Lamina, the guide from Sego, Major Gray had resolved to follow the road through Bondu and Fula-du, as the only secure route, and that in which he would meet with persons subject to the king of Bambarra. No serious illness nor other disaster had occurred when, on issuing from the depopulated district between Sandanding and Sabi, the frontier towns of Wulli and Bondu, they entered the latter kingdom.

They were told, indeed, on passing the frontier, that they would not be allowed to advance, without an especial permission from the Imam (or sovereign of the country); this information, however, was disregarded as groundless; and ten days afterwards Mr. Dochart was despatched with one of the Sego agents, to make arrangements for their protection and support while travelling through Bondu. He returned in a few days with a very civil message from the Imam, whom he had not seen, and a request that they would halt a few days, till he could come to see them.

“The prospect of being thus delayed, even for a few days, as I then thought,” says Major Gray, (III.) “was irksome in the extreme, as the rains were fast approaching, and, in the space of another month, travelling would become, if not wholly impossible, at least very difficult and dangerous.”

This was on the 21st of May; and ten weeks had been already taken up by their journey from Bathurst, through an interval of only 4° of longitude; while the distance between their station at that time, and Sego, amounted to at least 10°: could Major Gray then, suppose that he should be able to advance much further before the rains would set in? And where could he pass the rainy season to more advantage than in the neighbourhood of the

Senegal, and under the protection of a chief at peace both with the Europeans on the coast, and the sovereign of the country to which he was travelling? His mind appears to have been at this time in a continual ferment; his progress had not been so rapid as he expected; his cattle had suffered greatly from want of rest; some of his party had been attacked by fever, and he was beginning perhaps to apprehend a repetition of the miseries he had experienced in another of the Fula kingdoms.

“Since our arrival here,” he says, (III.) “we were beset by a multitude of beggars of all descriptions. Princes and their wives without number came to make us trifling presents, with the hope of receiving in return double their value; and their attendants were not less troublesome. Goulahs, or singing-people, who in Africa always flock around those who have any thing to give, no doubt thought this a good opportunity to turn to good account their abilities in music, and we were continually annoyed by their horrid noise. Dozens of them would, at the same moment, set up a sort of roaring extempore song in our praise, accompanied by drums, and a sort of guitar, and we found it impossible to get rid of them by any other means than giving something. They were not, however, to be put off with a trifle. People who lived by that sort of gain, and not unfrequently received from their own chiefs presents to the amount of several slaves, were not to be put off with trifles, particularly by persons with (apparently to them) so much riches as we had. The consequence was, we were in a continual state of uproar with those wretches. Never did I find my patience so much tired as on these occasions.”

It appears, not long afterwards, that nothing was to be done without a sufficient *douceur*, and that the Imam's good-will, no less than that of his subjects, depended upon the liberality with which the white man fed him. On the 16th of June, after endless delays and artifices for the purpose of squeezing out more presents, they at last obtained a guide—but only through Kasson, which was not the route they wished to follow; having, in the mean time, suffered much from sickness and a scarcity of provisions. In two days they reached Bulibani, the capital, where they were very civilly received, some of the king's wives sending them, “shortly after their arrival, two or three large calabashes full of fine milk and consous, which was not at all a despicable present.” Here they had again to wait for a guide; for though we read, a page or two before, that the Imam had granted one, it appears that at Bulibani, he was still to be sought; and when he had been appointed, and they were on the point of setting off, a message from court informed them that as the people of Karta had destroyed several of the towns of Kasson, the passage through it was most likely no longer practicable. It was in vain that Major Gray offered to run any risk, and take all responsibility on himself: the Imam was inflexible in his regard for their safety, but it appeared from some broad hints thrown out, by one of his sons, that his inflexibility might be relaxed by larger presents.

No small trouble and negotiation was also requisite to obtain leave for the Mission to re-

move from the capital, and establish itself at Samba Conte, only fifteen miles from Bakel, on the Senegal. This was at length effected on the 17th of July, 1817. The rains, which commenced early in June, had now completely set in, and the effects of this change in the atmosphere had for some time been felt:—"Mr. Burton, and Mr. Nelson, and nearly all the Europeans, were labouring under fever and dysentery;" and the former died on the 19th, only two days after their encampment at Samba Conte. On the 9th of August, Mr. Nelson, who had gradually sunk under his malady, and had for three days been "a complete inanimate skeleton," breathed his last, and added one more to the long list of victims to this destructive climate.

Major Gray, in the mean time, anxious to announce his approach to the King of Barbarra, despatched Mr. Dochard (who wished to proceed on that service, and was then the only officer in the party capable of undertaking it) on a mission to Sego, accompanied by a guide and a messenger from the Imam. The result of this Mission, which brought another European to the banks of the Niger, is given in a subsequent part of the volume before us, and forms the third of the journeys performed by Major Gray and his companions.

Every thing went on smoothly till the beginning of October, when a fine Arabian mare having been purchased by Major Gray, an exorbitant demand was made for duty, though such charges did not appear to be usual; and on its being resisted, the natives were forbidden to supply him with provisions. After many fruitless explanations and complaints, it was found expedient to compromise the business, by paying as a duty legally demanded, nearly double the sum paid for the mare.

In the latter end of October, the decrease of the rains had a very beneficial effect on the health of the invalids; and the arrival of a French fleet at Galam, on the Senegal, contributed largely to the comfort and security of the party. No serious inconveniences seem to have been now experienced; but the absence of M. Partrieau, and the want of those supplies for which he had been despatched to St. Louis, prevented the Mission from moving forwards. On the 8th of January, 1819, the Imam Amadi, (Ahmed,) who was old, and had in fact been long in a declining state, died. His successor, Musa Yeoro, received Major Gray "with marked hospitality and attention," and made, of his own accord, the most flattering promises; but about the middle of February he compelled him to come into the immediate neighbourhood of Bulibani, the capital, on the old plea of anxiety for the safety of his guests; incursions of the Kartan army were, he said, hourly expected; he could not therefore answer for the security of the white men while removed so far from his protection.

On the 6th of May, M. Partrieau at length returned from St. Louis, with the stores and presents promised to the late, and covenanted for by the present Imam. On the 9th the Imam signed an agreement, (Appendix VI. 372.) in compliance with an application from Major Gray, containing, among other "*demandes*," one which required him (Major Gray)

to make certain presents to the Imam. All seemed now to be settled, but the negro chief insisted on the Mission's taking one path, and Major Gray was resolved to take another. Something like a threat of hostilities ensued, and the Major, as a *ruse-de-guerre*, declared it to be his resolution to return to the Senegal through Futa Toro, to the north-west, hoping to work his way eastward when no longer under the immediate observation of the Imam of Bondou.

This retreat was a series of disasters; the treachery of the guides, together with continual attempts by some of the Imam's satellites to intimidate and check the progress of the travellers, operated as such a stimulus to the inhospitable and pilfering propensities of the populace, as could only be counteracted by the utmost determination and caution. Futa Toro, through a part of which they were obliged to pass on their way to the Senegal, was then in a state of complete anarchy, in consequence of an interregnum occasioned by the death of the Imam or Sovereign; and as soon as the Mission set foot on this territory, it felt the effect of such a state of misrule. The different chiefs in the neighbourhood, seemed inclined to determine by blows who should have the honour of escorting through the country: i. e. who should have the privilege of fleeing strangers at his pleasure: and one of these worthies fairly blockaded their camp for two or three days, in order to force their acceptance of his protection. To rescue his party from this dilemma, Major Gray made a forced march by night to Bakel on the Senegal, and on the following day, the 11th June, 1819, returned with twenty-five or twenty-six men and a supply of water; but when only three or four miles from his encampment, he most unaccountably stopped short, lest he "should reach the camp at too early an hour;" and by so doing was caught in a heavy tornado, which gave some of his bullock-drivers an opportunity of making off with their cattle. When daylight returned, in addition to a thorough drenching, he had the mortification of discovering that Partrieau and his men had decamped; and just as he was entering the village where they were, the natives "attempted to tear the clothes off his men's backs and their arms out of their hands." This sort of treatment was too rough to be borne with sang-froid. A skirmish therefore ensued; but as the arms of Major Gray's men (now reduced to eleven) were rendered almost useless by the drenching of the preceding night, the enemy were too much for them. The chief of this rabble, however, came forward, and offering his hand to the Major, "said that if he would go quietly with him, no one should molest him, --a promise which he had scarcely the power of performing."

Instead of allowing his prisoner (for such Major Gray now was) to join his party, as he had promised, this worthy (the same as had blockaded them before) compelled him to go to his own village, and did not release him till the fourth day, when he again found Partrieau had decamped, contrary to his expectations: but instead of pushing forwards towards Bakel, whither he supposed his party to be gone, he returned to his old foe and blockader, appre-

hensive of worse treatment elsewhere.—Civil promises were made, as usual, but no guide was furnished till the third day, nor could the Major regain his party at Bakel till the 22d June, 1819. The French officers stationed there received him on this, as on former occasions, with the most cordial welcome. It is indeed highly satisfactory to observe, that the national animosities which have so often embittered the intercourse between the naval and military men in our own and the French service, seem to have been entirely forgotten on the banks of the Senegal.

The rains had now completely set in, and the losses experienced in the retreat of the Mission from Bondu, rendered it impossible as well as imprudent to make any further attempts to advance eastwards, till both men and stores had been sufficiently recruited.

The reader has thus been furnished with as comprehensive and as brief a summary of the incidents of these disastrous journeys, as the limits necessarily assigned to this article, and the number of events crowded within so short a period would allow; and if, as we suspect, he feels as we do ourselves, he will readily pardon our only adding a very hasty sketch of the two remaining acts in the tragedy. They are in fact little more than a repetition of the same tissue of broken promises and petty perfidies; of wearisome suspense and fruitless labours, as, throughout the preceding part of the narrative, so often fill the mind with disgust and contempt for one party, and regret on account of the unmerited sufferings of the other. Our admiration of the patience and resolution which bore up so long against an almost uninterrupted series of disappointments, contrasts too strongly with the feelings excited by the meanness and falsehood which appear on the other side of the picture, not to leave the mind wearied by the struggle of conflicting emotions, rather than cheered, as it ought to be, by the honour thus reflected upon our national character.

Futa Toro, as has been already mentioned, was in a state of interregnum when Major Gray passed through the skirts of it, in May and June, 1819, and to that circumstance the ill treatment which his party experienced, is to be ascribed: for as soon as the other chiefs heard of those proceedings, they sent messengers to him at Bakel, requesting a detailed account of his losses, and promising restitution, a promise which, it should be observed, was duly performed with regard to the most essential articles; not, in the author's estimation, from any regard for justice and the rights of others, but solely from jealousy of the chief who had thus maltreated him. A general sickness, in some cases fatal, which, as usual, marked the rainy season; intestine wars and jealousies between the French and the native chiefs, which occasioned a difficulty in procuring provisions; and an unusual detention of the flotilla from Senegal, all combined to render Major Gray's position irksome, and to prevent his making any except a retrograde movement. At length, on the 30th May, 1820, he received intelligence of Mr. Dochart's return from Bambarra, and on the 7th June he had the happiness of finding him arrived at

Fort St. Joseph, but so reduced by a protracted attack of dysentery, that his recovery appeared hopeless. These apprehensions, however, proved to be erroneous, and by the kind assistance of the officers of a French gun-brig, lying off the fort, Mr. Dochart was immediately conveyed to Bakel, when his convalescence was greatly retarded by frequent attacks of fever. On the 21st September the long looked for flotilla arrived, but without bringing the necessary supplies; Major Gray therefore resolved to retain only fifteen of his men, and sent all the rest under the direction of Messrs. Dochart and Partarieu, back to the coast. He determined with his own small party, to make one more effort towards the completion of the objects of the Mission; and Mr. Dochart, notwithstanding his sufferings and debilitated state of health, expressed a strong desire to accompany him, which he very properly refused to allow. It is worthy of remark that almost all his men "volunteered to accompany him to the very last moment:" and he mentions two of those whom he selected, Sergeant Major Lee and Charles Joe, (a mulatto,) in the highest terms of commendation. On the 30th of September, 1820, the flotilla set sail for St. Louis, and on the 16th of November, Major Gray and his little party set out for Karta, through which he hoped to penetrate into Bambarra—but at Fort St. Joseph, on the southern bank of the Senegal, which they reached on the 19th, they were obliged to wait till the 22th of January, 1821, when a messenger from Modiba, king of Karta, came to inform him that he could not travel by the direct road, as it was infested by hostile tribes. He was also compelled to wait for the return of the said guide with an escort, and it was not until the 18th of March that he was allowed to proceed with a party which had been making a plundering incursion into the territories of Bondu. After numberless delays and impediments, during which he could never obtain any direct access to the king, who had been persuaded by his marabouts "that should he ever look upon a white man he must die," Major Gray was at length suffered to join a party of Bangassi people: but on his way to the frontiers, he was detained at Sanjarra by an order from the king, "who had been assured by good authority that he had with him an ass-load of silver."

After a week's detention, this difficulty was surmounted, protection to the frontiers was promised, and the travellers proceeded on their way; two days afterwards, however, one of the princes met them on his return from Fula-du, a part of which he had been plundering, and he forbade their further progress, alleging, that as all the towns on the frontiers had been destroyed, it would be impossible for the travellers to subsist. Remonstrances were vain; the prince told him very plainly, that force would be used if he refused to obey; he therefore, though very unwillingly, retraced his steps. He was subsequently compelled to remove to Munia, (nearer to the capital,) and fairly plundered, on the pretence of his not having paid the usual duties; nor was he allowed to depart till the 8th of June, when no escort was sent to accompany him; though he had been kept there, solely on the plea of the

king's inability to furnish one, and his unwillingness to expose him to the risk of travelling without such protection.

On the 18th of August he reached Galam, but in consequence of intestine hostilities, and a quarrel between the French and the natives, the route by land was no longer open; nothing could be done, therefore, till the flotilla arrived; nor was it till the 24th of September, that Major Gray and his party could set off for St. Louis, which they reached in a steam-boat on the 8th of October; and in the following month, the Major proceeded by Goree and Bathurst, on the Gambia, to Sierra Leone, thus terminating his arduous and unwearied, but unsuccessful attempts, to penetrate into the interior of Africa.

The fact of Mr. Dochart's having been civilly received by the king of Bambarra, announced with some exultation, in the Quarterly Review, for July 1820, (No. XLV. vol. 23, p. 241.) raised an expectation in the public mind which was never to be gratified: for that unfortunate traveller returned home with a shattered constitution, and did not live long enough to finish the narrative, from which the extracts here given contain little more than a list of vexations and disappointments.

He left the encampment at Samba Conte, on the 23d of July, 1818, with ten men, (eight of whom were soldiers,) Lamina, and two other natives. (136.) He crossed the Fa-léme at Nayer, thirty-four miles to the S. E. of the cantonment, on the 27th, and reached Mamie, the residence of a prince of Kasson, on the 1st of August. There he was detained till the 17th, under the persuasion that he would purchase a license to depart by larger presents; the rains and swollen state of the rivers running northwards into the Senegal, afterwards arrested his progress from the 21st till the 25th. Nor could he reach the Ba-fing, in consequence either of similar impediments, or of swamps and tornadoes, till the 1st of September. Of his proceedings from that time till the 9th of November, no account is given, except that on that day, he reached Dhaba, a town of Bambarra, whence he despatched Lamina and one of his men, to announce his arrival to the king. On the 21st, his messenger returned with information that the death of Lamina's brother, the king's treasurer, had prevented his business from being despatched; and on the 11th of January, 1819, he received an order from the king to wait at Ko, near the confluence of the Ba-beli and the Jalli-ba, (Niger,) where he then was, "till he should see people from him," (253;) but no such people came till the 14th of February; and when his presents had been examined and approved, they declared that it was the king's pleasure that he should repair to Bamaku, and remain there till his majesty's final determination respecting the white men should be known. Finding that no remonstrances would be listened to, he complied without further hesitation; and ascending the river as far as it was navigable, landed at a small distance from the appointed place, which he reached on the 21st or 22d. About two months afterwards, (on the 25th of April,) he received the letters sent off by Major Gray in the preceding September. Of his occupations during

his residence at Bamaku, or of the incidents which occurred in the course of his retreat, nothing is here said; we merely learn that he reached Fort St. Joseph, on the 4th of June, 1821, in the alarming state of health already mentioned. He had made repeated applications for leave to proceed to Sego, but was always informed "that until the war was terminated, Dha. (Ja) could not allow them to pass." (272.) As that event was very uncertain, for success had hitherto been on the side of the Fulas of Massina, with whom the Bambarrans were then engaged, the progress of the Mission might be stopped for an indefinite period; Major Gray, therefore, gave up all hope of advancing beyond Sego, for the present, but despatched one of his men, a native of Niamina, with a merchant named Yusuf, (Joseph,) engaged in a trading voyage to that capital, to apologize for Mr. Dochart's return without leave, and to request a specific declaration of the king's intentions with regard to himself, as soon as possible. (274.)

It now remains to lay before our readers the substance of such notices respecting the history, civil and natural, of the countries visited by the Mission, as are scattered through different parts of Major Gray's volume.

The tribes and nations visited by the Mission, such as the Nalus and Vagres, between the Rio Grande and the Rio Pongas, are named in the map, though not mentioned in the book. Of the Bagu'a or Bago's, however, who lived on the banks of the Rio Pongas, (Pougomo of Danville, and Pogono of older geographers,) he says, (5) the men have an extremely savage appearance, though strong and well formed. A broad girdle of cotton cloth forms their whole clothing; cut teeth and tattooed breasts and arms, with tufts of grass in holes round the edges of the ear, distinguish the well dressed among the men, while the women, unlike their sisters in Europe, seem too frugal or too philosophical to lose any time at their toilet, and wear nothing but knee-bands and anklets of grass rope, besides the bandage which covers their loins. Copper nose-rings are the only articles of dress worn by the children of either sex. Their houses, of which a sketch is given, are about sixteen feet high, and divided by a partition of split cane into two apartments, one of which is a store-room, the other occupied by the family. In front is a large open gallery or veranda, and the whole is thatched with palm leaves. These dwellings, inartificial as they are, go one step beyond the cylindrical huts with conical roofs, which are found in the interior, from Futa Jallon to Litakun, and are, as M. Mollien observes, (1. 273,) a proof that their inhabitants once lived in tents. The bee-hive huts of the Hottentots and Boschjesmans seem to be the lowest step in African architecture.

Of Futa Jallon, or Dyallon, the first territory of any extent which the Mission entered, a larger account is given; and the principal circumstances mentioned were already in part known from the reports of Mollien and Major Laing. This country is now governed by Fula chiefs, and the traditions respecting their origin, collected by M. Mollien, are confirmed in

their most material points by Messrs. Laing and Gray.

"The Fulas or Foles," (Fulhas, Pholeys, or Poules,) says M. Mollien, (I. 273.) "anciently inhabited the fertile countries situated in the northern parts of Africa, perhaps Numidia. The form of their huts shows that they were a migratory people, living under tents. The Yofos, also, inhabited that part of the African continent, but were, I believe, more of a sedentary people."

These nations, he supposes, were driven by the incursions of the Arabs into the countries beyond the Sahara (Zahara) or Desert; where they found a negro race, the Serers, established on the banks of the Senegal, who fled "at the sight of men mounted on camels and horses, towards the S. W. and formed the states of Baol and Sin, which still exist. The Moors drove their enemies, the Fulas, to the south of Senegal; and the latter, in order to secure themselves from further invasions, engaged to pay to the Moors a tribute of six muloos (about twelve quarts) of millet (*sorghum saccharatum*) for every family, and to embrace the Mahomedan religion. This tribute is still punctually paid every year."

This mixture of blood will account for the difference of character between these Fulas and other negroes, observed by the English as well as the French travellers. Those of Bondu are characterized by Major Gray, (I. 84,) as distinguished by "a low deceitful cunning and religious cant," having as much of the outward show, but less of the inward influence of religion than any of their neighbours:—"Autant j'ai eu a me plaindre des habitants du Foutatoro," says M. Mollien, (I. 327.) "autant j'ai eu a me louer de ceux du Bondou; ils sont doux, tranquilles, d'un grand sang froid, accueillent l'étranger avec affabilité et ne l'obsèdent pas par une curiosité incommode." But it appears from the account of Major Gray, who had much opportunity of observing them, that Mollien's character of the Torodos, is in the main applicable to their neighbours. "The Pul," says the latter, (I. 285.) "is violent, irritable, quick and lively; but indolent, fickle, artful, and treacherous, in the highest degree." "C'est au moment où le Poule donne la main a quelqu'un, qu'il forme dans son ame le projet de l'assassiner." (I. 285.) (Compare this with Major Gray's Narrative, pp. 26, 114, 117, 210, 286, 340-341.) "They are incapable of feeling affection, and hate the copper-coloured Fulas, to whom they owe their origin, as much as they despise the negroes." Their unfeeling treatment of their prisoners is strongly depicted by Major Gray. When he wished to purchase "a poor old woman," in order to rescue her from the unmerciful blows with which she was continually belaboured, "nothing could be disposed of," he was told, "till the king had seen all that was taken." It was in vain that he urged the probability of the poor wretch's sinking under her sufferings. They only laughed at his compassion; and asked if he was displeased to see his enemies from Bondu thus punished; while Garraan, the Kartan chief, remarked with the brutal cunning of a savage, that "men who were so tender-hearted to their foes, must be bad warriors." "They

are always craving for presents, and abuse you or spit in your face, if not gratified," says Mollien. This was continually experienced by the British travellers, who were always deserted, or otherwise ill-treated, as soon as they ceased to deal out their donations as fast and as largely as they were demanded. "They never sell one another," says Mollien, (I. 286.) "but that must be understood of persons of the same tribe; a Moorish boy was given to Major Gray to purchase bullocks with." (117.) They are industrious, and, with the Mahomedan faith, have learned the art of writing. There are schools in almost every town where the Koran is taught. Of arithmetic, as an art, they are wholly ignorant. (184-185.) Their manufactures in weaving, carpentry, and cutlery, show "much taste, ingenuity," and skill, when the clumsiness of their tools is considered.

The dress of the different tribes is much the same:—

"The women," says Major Gray, (185.) "who, without the assistance of art, might vie, in point of figure, with those of the most exquisitely fine forms in Europe, are of a more lively disposition, and more delicate form of face, than either the Serrawollies, Mandingoes, or Joloffis. They are extremely neat in their persons and dress, and are very fond of amber, coral, and glass beads of different colours, with which they adorn or bedeck their heads, necks, wrists, and ankles profusely; gold and silver, too, are often formed into small buttons, which are intermixed with the former on the head, and into rings and chains worn on the wrists and ankles: They always wear a veil thrown loosely over the head: this is manufactured by themselves from cotton, and is intended to imitate thin muslin, at which they have not by any means made a bad attempt. They are exceedingly fond of perfumes of every kind, particularly musk, otto of roses, or lavender; but they can seldom procure these, and therefore substitute cloves, which they pound into powder, and mix up with a kernel having something the flavour of a Tonquin bean, which they likewise reduce to powder, and, with a little gum water, form it into beads about the size of a common garden pea. These they string and hang round the neck; they sometimes string the cloves themselves, and wear them in the same manner; but the way in which they prefer wearing them, is sewed up in small bags made of rich coloured silk, a number of which are hung round the neck. The hair, which is neatly braided into a profusion of small plaits, hangs down nearly to the shoulders, and is confined round the forehead with a few strings of small beads, by the young girls, and by the married, with a narrow strip of silk, or fine cotton cloth, twisted into a string as thick as a finger. To complete their dress, a pair of large gold ear-rings dangle almost to touch the shoulders; and, in consequence of their great weight, would tear their ears, were they not supported by a little strap of thin red leather, which is fastened to one ear-ring by a button, and passes over the top of the head to the other. The walk of these ladies is peculiarly majestic and graceful, and their whole

appearance, although strange to an European observer, is far from being inelegant."

"A white cotton cap, neatly worked with different coloured silks or worsteds; a close shirt of white cotton, with short sleeves, next the skin, covers the body from the neck to the hips, and is surmounted by a very large one of the same materials, with long loose sleeves, not unlike a surplice; this descends below the knees, and is embroidered in the same way as the cap, about the shoulders and breast. The small clothes, which are very roomy above, descend about two inches below the knee, where it is only sufficiently large not to be tight. This part of their dress is generally blue. They wear their hair cut close; and sandals or slippers complete the catalogue of their wardrobe." p. 52. "With the rich, the manufacture of the country is replaced by India bafts and muslins. The Maraboos, and men advanced in years, wear white turbans, with red or blue crowns; occasionally a hat made of a sort of rush or grass, having a low conical crown, with a broad rim. When on horseback, or going to war, the large sleeves of their gowns are tied together behind the neck, being brought over the shoulders; and the bodies, which would be otherwise extremely inconvenient, from being very loose, are secured round the middle with a girdle, which at the same time confines their powder-horn and ball-bag on their right side, and their *grigri* or amulet case on the left. These are all suspended by strong cords of red, yellow, or green silk or worsted, and are crossed in the same manner as the belts of our soldiers. A dirk, about nine inches or a foot long, hangs at the right side from the running string or strap, which at the same time serves to tighten the trowsers above the hips. A single or double-barrelled gun completes their equipment in general; some of the princes and chiefs, however, add a sword, confined at the right side by their girdle, and one or two pistols which hang dangling in thin leather holsters, variously coloured, at the pommel or front horn of their saddle. One leather bag, to contain water, and another a small store of dried couscous for their own provision, together with a nose bag, and a fetter of the same material for their horse, make up the catalogue of their marching baggage, and are all fastened by leather straps to the back part of the saddle, which is at best a bad one, being chiefly composed of pieces of wood tied together by thongs of raw cow hide, and which, when wet, stretches so as to allow the wood to come in contact with the horse's back, and wound it in a shocking manner." (187.)

A sketch of one of those comfortable saddles is given in p. 324, in order to illustrate the sufferings of the infant slaves on a march, which Major Gray has so feelingly described.

In make and height the different tribes vary a little. Those of Futa Jallon are described by M. Mollien (II. 179) as ugly, with a ferocious expression of countenance, and long hair, tressed in the fashion of the ancient Egyptians. Major Gray, on the contrary, says, (41.) they are of the middle stature, and well formed. The women are good figures,

have a lively and graceful air, and prominent features, much resembling the European.

"The natives of Bondu," he says, (185.) "are a mixed race, of the middle size, well made, and very active, their skin of a light copper colour, and their faces of a form approaching nearer to those of Europe than any of the other tribes of Western Africa, the Moors excepted. Their hair is not so short and woolly as that of the blacks, and their eyes are larger, of a better colour, and more expressive."

The government in all the Fula states seems to be rather a sort of feudal republic, under the direction of a lord paramount, than a monarchy strictly so called. Futa Jallon consists of the three lordships of Timbo, Labi, and Timbi. Futa Toro was governed by seven chiefs, when M. Mollien travelled through it in 1848. In Bondu, the sovereign is an hereditary monarch, but, as in all Mahomedan states, the succession is open to disputes. A nephew succeeded to the Imam Anadi, who died in 1819, though a cousin was the lawful heir. (Gray, 175.) Where the government is elective, the Imam is always chosen, says M. Mollien (I. 279) from the Murabuts, *i. e.* from the devotees. When this fact is combined with those recorded by Messrs. Laing and Gray, respecting the conversion and conquest of Futa Jallon, we see at once the nature and origin of such monarchies. They were established by priests turned kings, though the religion which they profess acknowledges no priesthood. But the Mussulman wants a guide (Imam) in the performance of his devotions at the canonical hours, and therefore has recourse to some one noted for his learning and sanctity. Such a person soon takes the lead in the community, and becomes the spiritual director (Imam) of all, instead of a few; his legal knowledge—for law and divinity are one and the same thing among Moslems—makes him their *civil* guide; and if he have a spark of ambition in his soul, his zeal for the extermination of infidels will ere long make him also the *military* leader of his converts. Hence arose the *temporal* Imams in Arabia, as well as Africa; and hence likewise the same title is given to the sovereigns of Sanaa and Maskat, as in Turkey belongs to the parish clerk of a mosque. The Imam of Futa-Toro, however, takes also the lofty appellation of *Emiru 'l muminin*, Commander of the Faithful; but is not on that account the more respected by his turbulent electors, or the less likely to be deposed as soon as they wish to try another.

Besides the legal tithe (*ez-zekat*) of all agricultural produce, a transit duty is levied on all merchandise passing through the country, to the amount of about five pounds for every assload of European goods, which with the presents expected by the king and chiefs individually, amounts almost to a prohibition; a tithe of the salt brought from the coast; customs levied on vessels going up the river, and on the French factory at Bakel; together with voluntary donations from the suitors and servants of the court—by no means the least valuable of the royal resources,—form the revenue of the Imam of Bondu.

His force amounts to 500 or 600 horse, and from 2000 to 3000 foot. As soon as the drum of war—a wooden bowl three feet in diameter, covered with a triple hide, one of which is believed to be human,—is heard, every village repeats the sound, and the whole country is quickly in arms. Each chief repairs with his followers to the capital, where a council of war is held to determine on the plan of the campaign. Every man equips himself as he can, and depends for his maintenance in the field on the fortune of war. If not decided in a few days, one-third of the force at least disbands itself, but the negro warfare is commonly confined to sudden incursions, and attempts at plundering the enemy's villages by surprise.

The changes of level, soil, and productions in the different countries visited, are only incidentally noticed by Major Gray, and he rarely mentions the directions in which the rivers flow, so that little information, strictly geographical, can be collected from his work. We may infer, however, that almost all the track between the mouth of the Rio Nuniez and Timbo is a hilly rugged ascent to the mountains behind that town, which appears to lie at no great distance from the highest ridges in the chain that divides the waters running northwards to the Gambia from those which fall into the sea to the west and south. The lowlands are well watered by numerous streams, probably joining the Komba, or Rio Grande; but the upper part of that stream is omitted in the map, and a chain of hills is marked between it and the track of the British Mission. The valleys are rich and productive, and in some places tolerably well cultivated; and though the mountains rise abruptly immediately beyond the Dumso, the intervening levels seem to be more extensive and populous. The hills abound in minerals, particularly iron, some specimens of which, brought home by M. Mollien, proved, on examination, to be of an excellent quality. (*Voyages*, II. 283.)

The Gambia, in the lower part of its course, runs through an alluvial and richly wooded valley, (47,) bounded by a range of heights parallel with it, and consisting of clay and sand stone. Further up the river, masses of iron-stone, sometimes “in the form of large rocks,” (57,) appear; and “the blacksmiths of the country say that the iron procured from them is more malleable than” ours.

Cotton and indigo plantations are found in the more favourable situations, and show the capabilities of the country under a better system. At Kunting, more than two hundred miles from the mouth of the river, the country begins to be diversified with hill and dale; and yellow clay, intermixed with quartzose pebbles, succeeds to the ferruginous sand and alluvial earth, with the latter of which it occasionally alternates. At Kasse, not far from the meridian of 13 deg. W., the Mission quitted the banks of the Gambia, and entered the Sinbarri or Sinbani woods; the soil was now a dark brown mould interspersed with white sand, and the country diversified by gentle risings. These, to the eastward, swell into hills of larger dimensions, where flourishing cotton plantations show the excellence of the soil. The ground rises, and the country im-

proves in picturesque beauty, towards the districts midway between the Senegal and Gambia, where there is a table land “beautifully diversified by hill and dale, and thickly covered in every direction with small villages, in the vicinity of which cultivation appears to be carried on to a considerable extent.” (122.)

On the west side of Bulibani, the capital of Bondu, a range of small hills, running nearly north and south, is “composed of a dark brown stone, resembling volcanic eruption, and having a strong magnetic attraction.” (122.) The northern declivity towards the Senegal is scarcely noticed; it may, however, be inferred, that it is rich and woody, and broken by gentle undulations.

The valley through which that river descends, closely resembles the country near the Gambia. Near Tuabo, the capital of Lower Galam, (in 15 deg. N. and 11 deg. W.) the river, at its time of inundation, reaches the neighbouring hills, which are moderately high and covered with trees. At the height of the flood, “it is impossible,” says Major Gray, “to convey an accurate idea of the grandeur of the scene.” (257.)

Respecting the country to the south of the Senegal, some brief hints may be collected from Mr. Doehard's journals. Numerous streams flowing in a northerly direction, through deep and rugged beds, contribute to augment that mighty stream. Towards Jamu the soil becomes rocky, and beyond that town there “are several extraordinary high rocks, bearing in their form more the appearance of art than of nature.” (143.) Beyond the Bafing the country is more open and elevated;—but nothing further is said respecting its appearance between that river and the Niger, which Mr. Doehard crossed at Cumeney, where it is nearly half a mile wide, on the 18th of February. The falls, a little way above that town, were then hardly passable from the small depth of water on them; and Manabugu, three days' journey above the place of embarkation, was the highest point at which the river was navigable. (256.)

The elephant and hippopotamus, monkey, wolf, lion, and alligator, are almost the only quadrupeds noticed in these journeys.

Of the natives, the habits, peculiarities, and opinions are often incidentally mentioned. We have therefore here brought together the most characteristic passages, that the reader may be enabled at once to estimate the moral and intellectual condition of the Africans visited by the Mission.

At Kaye (53) the neatness of the huts, the dancing and musical propensities of the Mandingoes, their balafo, (a sort of harmonica,) and aptitude for commercial business attracted the notice of the travellers.

“I observed here,” says Major Gray, (55,) “a sort of amusement, or rather inquisitorial exhibition, called by the natives kongcorong. It was thus:—a man covered from head to foot with small boughs of trees, made his appearance in the afternoon near the town, and gave notice to the young women and girls that he would pay them a visit after sunset. At the appointed time he entered the village, preceded by drums, and repaired to the assembly place,

where all were collected to meet him with the music and singing. He commenced by saying that he came to caution the ladies to be very circumspect in their conduct towards the whites, meaning the men of the expedition, and related some circumstances with which he said he was acquainted, little to their credit; but, as it was his first time, he would neither mention names, nor inflict the usual punishment, namely, flogging; he, however, would take advantage of the first opportunity which they would be imprudent enough to afford him. All he said was repeated by the girls in a sort of song, accompanied by the music and clapping of hands. Every one who had any thing to fear from his inquisitorial authority, made him a present; and I observed that not one of the girls withheld this proof of their fear of his tongue, or of their own consciousness of guilt. He remained with them until near midnight."

The Major may, perhaps, be thought rather too severe on the prudential liberality of the young ladies of Kaye, and it seems odd that he did not discover this mysterious censor to be no less a personage than the dreaded Mumbo-Jumbo (c2. Moore's Travels, 40. Park. I. 58.)

While the party was encamped at Samba Konte, a lioness was killed in one of their hunting excursions. The native who first wounded the beast, was brought back to the town as a prisoner, with his hands tied behind his back, and he was met by all the women of the place singing and clapping their hands, while the carcass of the lioness, covered with a white cloth, was carried in procession, on a bier, surrounded by men shouting, discharging their firing-pieces, and playing all sorts of monkey-tricks. The natives, when asked why this man was treated like a culprit, replied, that, "As he had been guilty of lese-majesty in shooting the queen of beasts, he must be kept prisoner till released by the chiefs, who, knowing that the said queen was their foe, would not only release him, but give him the praise due to his valour." (143.)

The Gulukukko, a river running into the Senegal, a little to the west of the Ba-Fing, was 150 yards wide, and too deep to be forded at the place where Mr. Dochart reached its banks on the 31st of August, 1818. He sent, therefore, to the nearest village, six miles off, for assistance; but instead of canoes, the natives brought a parcel of large calabashes, the only ferrying vehicles they possessed. In each of these they stowed some articles of the luggage, and then "it was launched into the water, and pushed or rather dragged across," by two men swimming, one on each side of it. Those who could not swim were ferried across in the same way; supported by the calabash, of which they kept firm hold, and pushed forwards by the men swimming alongside of them. (150.) This contrivance, though not near so convenient or ingenious, is something like the rafts made of hides, with which Xenophon's men crossed the Euphrates, (Anab. I. 5. 10. II. 16,) and which probably gave rise to the keleks, or rafts made of reeds, and supported by inflated skins, still used on that river. (Otter, Voyage en Turquie, I. 148, 157. Macdonald Kinrier's Armenia and Koordistan, 478.)

Notwithstanding the bitter complaints made by Major Gray of the fraud, injustice, and unprincipled conduct of the Imam Isata Amadi, one event mentioned by him, shows that he is not quite free from prejudice. The market at Samba Conte was held under an Acacia, just outside of the British encampment; and as one of the soldiers was cleaning his rifle, it accidentally went off, and shot a poor woman through the head, who was sitting on the ground hard by counting over some beads, i. e. her money. (158.) As retaliation, or a pecuniary fine in lieu of it, is authorized by the Mahomedan law, here was a fair opening for speculation and chicanery. But when the perpetrator of this accidental homicide was given up, Osman, the chief of the village, told him not to be alarmed; for as "the thing plainly came from God, the Imam would certainly see that he was innocent, and pass sentence accordingly." And so he did; for his Alfa (Khalifa or deputy) or Cherno, who arrived on the third day, brought word, that as "the woman came by her death accidentally," the only thing required by the Imam was the purchase of a female slave, who should be delivered up to the chief of the village, adding, that he was sorry that the Major had "thought it necessary to put his child in prison." That the negro chiefs, by whom the progress of the Mission was interrupted, were interested and mercenary, and had very imperfect notions of truth, honesty, or honour, no one who reads this book can doubt; but that their views were so designing and hostile, or their professions so entirely devoid of sincerity, as the author seems from the first to have supposed, may well be doubted. He does not appear to have studied the art of accommodating himself to their whims and prejudices, nor to have felt much pleasure in keeping them in good humour. Some happy opportunities (167) of improving his knowledge of their habits and opinions were unluckily overlooked, nor can it well be supposed that he succeeded in making his own views (168) and intentions clearly understood.

Among the ignorant and illiterate, worthless and artful persons never fail to profit by the simplicity of their more honest, but weaker brethren. This is perpetually witnessed in our own country; where quacks and mountebanks and projectors and fanatics are every day to be found; but the worthies in Bambarra have outdone their rivals in Europe; having discovered that a hill in the neighbourhood of Kuli Korro, a town on the Niger, contains stones which preserve their possessors from all mischief, and would infallibly kill the man who dared to touch a person carrying one of them about him. All the vagabonds, therefore, of Bambarra, repair to Kuli Korro, where they are entirely secure from molestation, "and such is the dread entertained of this place, that the very name must not be mentioned in presence of the king." (155.)

That the Mahomedan negroes are not always unfeeling and fanatical, is proved by the memorable instances of Karfa Taura, (Park's Trav. I. 376-537,) and Asana Yira, king of the Sulimas, (Laing, 228-523;) the Kartans, however, perhaps from being too near the fero-

cious Berbers of the desert, (Sahra,) have lost the negro, without replacing them by any of the Mussulman virtues. When presents were to be sent to the king, they could not be received on Monday, because that was his majesty's *drinking day*! Bojar, his son, likewise, "always made a sacrifice of one or more days in each week to the ruby-lipped god," but was luckily, on those occasions, in high good humour. So much so, that in one of his visits to Major Gray, he not only brought a large calabash full of detestable, but potent beer, but sent for one of his sisters to cheer the Major's idle hours, and give him lessons in Bumbarran. This was rather an embarrassing conjuncture, and all the Major's diplomatic finesse was required to extricate him from it.

"My want of gallantry on this occasion," he says, (303,) "was remarked by all present; and I was asked if I had a wife in my own country, or if I did not think the one presented to me handsome enough for my acceptance. An effort to extricate myself from the repetition of such favours, and at the same time to avoid insulting her sable highness, obliged me to say that I was married, and dare not infringe the laws of my country, which punished with death any man who took unto himself more than one wife. This answer excited more than common remarks on the part of the prince, who said he had been told that white women were so completely mistresses of the men, that the whole care and labour of supporting our families depended upon the latter, who dare not even speak to any woman save their wives. Another question of his, namely, should he come to England, would the king give him one of his daughters to wife? drew from me an answer of which I much doubted the truth; but which in this instance I must be excused for not adhering to, as it would not have been proper to hurt the pride of a man who appeared to possess not a small share of it, at least in his own way, and who thought he was conferring a high favour on the lady, let her be who she may, who might be solicited to partake of his royal protection."

The account of a council of war, held near the cantonment of the mission, at Samba Conte, where Major Gray's opinion was favourably received, (217,) and that of an assembly of the chiefs of Upper Galam, held at Dramanet, on the Senegal, at which he was present, (251-256,) throw some light, on the civil and intellectual condition of the Mahomedan negroes, and should have been inserted here, had not this article been already extended beyond its proper limits. The debates, of which Major Gray has given an outline, prove, to borrow his own words, (255,) that "these people are far from being that savage, unsophisticated race of mortals, which they are by many supposed to be; and want but long and uninterrupted intercourse with enlightened nations, and the introduction of the Christian religion, to place them on a level with their more wealthy northern fellow creatures." This opinion acquires additional weight, from the unfavourable light in which the author had so often occasion to see the Negro character developed;

and we cannot conclude our remarks upon Major Gray's narrative more appropriately, than by observing, that his freedom from any vindictive feeling reflects the highest credit upon himself.

His perseverance, in spite of every obstacle, in endeavouring to fulfil the objects of his mission, and the unaffected commiseration continually called forth by the sufferings of the slaves and captives, are as honourable to his resolution and humanity, as the readiness with which he gave way, where opposition would have only endangered the safety of his men, is creditable to his judgment and regard for their welfare.

Of the merits of Major Gray's style, our readers will be enabled to judge from the extracts which we have given. He has judiciously contented himself,—though the splendid periods of his preface, perhaps, may have prevented some readers from discovering it,—with transcribing from his journals the facts and observations as they were noted down at the time. There is one defect, indeed, by which his book is disgraced, but it belongs solely to the printer, and not to himself—we mean the incorrectness of the orthography and punctuation. The names are sometimes spelt in two or three different ways, almost in the same page; and sometimes are hardly recognisable on the map. Few persons would suspect that Diaperey was Japerey; or Dhyaje, Jaghee; Dyaghan, we believe, is the Joag of Park's map; for *Dhy* seems to have been substituted for the English *J*. In this respect, some blame must attach to the author; and it is to be regretted that he has given no vocabularies, nor other information respecting the native languages, in which, by the aid of M. Partarieu, he might easily have made a proficiency never attained by any preceding traveller. To that person, in fact, the singularities in orthography may be traced; for they originated with his master, M. Dard, Institutur de l'Ecole du Senegal. (Dictionnaire Francais, —Wolof. p. xiv.) The use of an invariable system in the orthography of foreign words is exceedingly desirable; and when once explained, its deviation from our own is comparatively of little importance; but, if used without explanation, it only serves to embarrass and confound the traveller as well as the reader.*

From the London Magazine.

ON DILETTANTE PHYSIC.

THIS is an age of universal illumination, as all the world knows; and if it were not, to what purpose have we the Quarterly Review, and the Edinburgh Review, and the Westminster

* The African or Asiatic terms occurring in this article are all spelt according to Sir William Jones's plan, which gives to the consonants the same power as in our own, and to the vowels that which they have in the Italian language.

Review, and the Critical Review, besides the New Edinburgh, which is dead and gone, and the Universal, which is gone to keep it company, and all the other reviews, and all the magazines, annual, quarterly, monthly, and weekly—all, all the weekly gazettes, and all the daily papers, besides that most elegant, exquisite, and luminously critical journal, the *Literary Gazette*?

Why, we are absolutely suffocated with knowledge; and therefore the age knows every thing, and every body is learned, and antiquity was a jest to us, and we are dying of literary, scientific, and philosophical repletion and stuffing. As to what will happen when the *Mechanics' Society* shall comprise every turner of a pin's head; when the *Tailors' Society* is organized; when every body shall be able to dance upon a rope; when the New London University shall have swallowed up Oxford and Cambridge; when *Chrestomathia* shall be as common and cheap as cucumbers in August, it passes our prognosticability. Nothing else but the Millennium can possibly relieve us.

The advantages are vast, endless, overwhelming, inappreciable, inexplicable; they never will nor can be conceived or foretold. The gods will be nothing to us; we shall command the seasons, like the philosopher in *Raselas*; fly to the moon, like Bishop Wilkins; wander about upon the tails of comets, like the Saturnian dwarf and his Sirian friend; pluck Jupiter by the beard; roast eggs in Mercury; clamber the mountains of Venus; shave ourselves in Saturn's ring; and turn our cows to graze in the Milky way.

Such, and far more, will be the ultimate results. The intermediate ones are approximative, but they are vast and important. Every one knows every thing, as we said before. All our ladies can decide on Lord Byron's poetry as easily as on the colour of a gown; all the world, from a bishop to a tinker, can judge of predestination and free grace; every journeyman tailor is an adept in the politics of Greece; cobblers, tinkers, and tailors can write sermons, say, and preach them too. Mr. Hogg rivals *Alcaeus* and *Theocritus*; ancient virgins discuss population and pronounce on *Malthus*; boarding-school misses learn political economy from *Madame Marcet*, and gapes at the Royal Institution; and next, but far from finally, every man may be his own lawyer, if he is not already, for three shillings and sixpence.

Every lady too is her own physician, and not only her own physician, but that of other people. Thanks for this to the *Universal Light*, and to the labours of Dr. Buchan, Dr. Reece, Dr. Underwood on Children; Dr. Sir Arthur Faulkner on the same animals; the *Mother's Guide*, *Mrs. Glass's Cookery Book*, (appendix,) the *New London Practice of Physic*, and more, which it would pass our patience to enumerate.

Dilettante law has been considered, somewhat proverbially, hazardous, because a man may lose his property. Nothing can be so proper as, on the other hand, dilettante physic; because the practiser can only lose his life, or his health, (her's we should rather have said,) or the lives of her children, or those of her poor neighbours, or her rich ones, if they are

fools enough; and of these accidents the law, very wisely, takes no cognizance; judging properly, that every person has the right over his or her own life, and that, provided it be done by physic, and not by steel or gunpowder, they have an equal right over those of their neighbours. Here we must begin to moot, leaving all the other matters, which we have insinuated, to the illustration of wiser and better read persons than ourselves. "*Ne medicus ultra jalapam.*"

We understand that there is a university called the University of Edinburgh, where ragged Scotch louts spend twenty or thirty pounds, and six months, in acquiring what is called medical knowledge. Others, richer and less ragged, spend three years, and twice as many hundred pounds; a few may occupy four or five. In Glasgow, they do pretty much the same. In both, they talk what is called Latin, and pay thirty pounds at the end of these probations, have a velvet cap put on their heads, hear a speech from a man called a principal, and become M. D.—Doctors of Physic, or Medicine, for it is not absolutely agreed which, (vide *Term Reports*, anno 1773. Boswell & Johnson).

At Aberdeen again, physic is studied, learnt, acquired, for thirteen pounds twelve shillings, in about half an hour; attendance, on account of its inconvenience, being excused. At St. Andrews, the facility is about as great; and thus, for thirteen pounds twelve shillings, a man acquires the right of "*purgandi, seignandi, occidendi, et trucidendi, impune per totam terram.*"

At Oxford and Cambridge, physic is acquired with the utmost certainty and facility, just as are other things in the same places; at Paris, Leyden, Göttingen, and elsewhere, in other modes too tedious to detail. In England, generally, a student labours for seven years in spreading plasters, tying labels on bottles, and applying packthread; but, in London, they dig up dead bodies and carve them, walk about an hospital, and pay fifty guineas a year for the privilege of guessing what a man called an apothecary means, and what becomes of the money. Added to all this, in times of war, they go to the Peninsula, hew down legs and arms, and bore holes in skulls with a centre bit, or do the same thing on board of a frigate. Then a few privileged ones wear scarlet cloaks, make a Latin speech, or listen to one, once in two hundred years, and vote all the rest to be ignoramuses.

In these several ways, and others, is physic, medicine, acquired; being the art of healing, as it is called, on one side, and, on the other, being one of the numerous arts of making money. But it is only by the male sex that it is thus acquired. The female division of mankind possesses a shorter road, rivalling at least that of Aberdeen. This is the method called, by philosophers, instinct or intuition, which never can err, as reason does; as these philosophers have demonstrated respecting instinct universally.

Let it not therefore be supposed that we doubt of female and dilettante physic. Quite the reverse, as we have here proved. Besides which, it possesses many other advantages. It

costs nothing; thanks to the generosity of the delightful sex; and, moreover, who would not drink jalap from a fair hand, rather than from that of an apothecary, who washes his hands once a day, or from his boy, who never washes them at all? The draught is sweetened; and its operation cannot fail to be more efficacious. We have only to wish that the sex would take to this trade entirely; it being provided, that, after twenty-five, they shall retire, and that degrees shall not be conferred unless under satisfactory testimonials or demonstration of grace and beauty. Whenever that happens, we mean to have a pleurisy or a hay-fever once a week.

To be sure, the lovely sex might imagine, that to be profoundly intimate with the effects of calomel and salts, was not very consistent with female delicacy; that a lover might be alarmed, for example; that husbands might even be jealous. This is nonsense. It is a mark of good sense to have cast off all false refinements and false delicacy. Nothing but the tyranny of the male sex argues otherwise. Let them have unlimited freedom; that the Spartan mothers may produce children worthy of Spartans. Cheltenham has cured us of most of these false feelings. A spade is a spade: let it be called so; that openness and truth may be the characteristics of our enlightened age.

Nor can we see any reason why calomel, salts, and bile, should not form the conversation of our dinner-tables. There is a natural and necessary connexion between these two several divisions of the non-naturals. Thanks to the sex; which has here also relieved us from silly restraints, and has introduced divine philosophy into our meals and our drawing-rooms.

To proceed to practice.

This is negative and positive. The negative practice consists in the matters which we have just named, and in many that we have not. Besides which, the sicknesses, fevers, small-poxes, vaccinations, gouts, apoplexies, and lyings-in, of all neighbours and not neighbours, of Duchesses, Countesses, or carpenters and carpenters' wives, form a fund of conversation which might otherwise languish. It is interesting to hear from the mouths of the fair, that Mr. Such-a-one is so-and-so, and Mrs. Such-another is in another manner; that vaccination is exploded, or is not; that a drop of oil of Croton on the tongue is as good as a cupful of castor-oil and coffee; that some Nabob has the tic douloureux; and that Mr. Cartwright has drawn the children's teeth, or refuses to draw them. Not less instructive is it to be informed, that Mr. Alderman eat so much turtle, that his life is despaired of by the apothecary; that Lady Betty swallowed an ounce of laudanum by mistake, and was relieved by an emetic; that Dr. W. mistook the Duke of C.'s case; that my Lord F.'s disorder has proved to be gravel and not gout; and that Dr. This, That, or T'other are of these, those, and the other opinions, respecting the cases of the Dukes, Earls, Marquisses, Aldermen, and Cabinet Ministers under debate.

For all this, our thanks are due to the lovely sex; all, all springing from their know-

ledge of the healing art. And to them, too, we are indebted for disputing and arranging the several merits of rival apothecaries; why Jackson is clever, why Johnson is cleverer still; how Wilson is clever in children and Thomson in fevers; how Simpkinson understands scarlatiner, aye, scarlatiner, and Wilkinson measles; and how Hodgkinson said, "My dearest Madam, your gruel must boil one minute; just one minute!" Then Dr. A. "says" this, and Dr. B. that, and Dr. C. something else; and we are physicked in our up-risings and downlyings, and at our breakfasts and our dinners, at home, abroad, at Brighton and Cheltenham, early and late.

But enough of what may be called negative practice. The negative practice may be united to the positive, or not. The positive practice produces to us the female physician, a finished practitioner, finished as soon as commenced; physicking, with matter more solid than talk, herself, her children, her husband, her friends, her rich neighbours, her poor neighbours, all whom she can persuade or compel to swallow her physic.

Generally, however, the single and young fair rarely engages in public practice: she waits till she is married, or has fallen into the condition of hopeless virginity. Before that, her practice is confined to herself. After, if married, it is sometimes confined to her children; more generally it extends its bounties to the neighbourhood at large, and especially to a country neighbourhood. The opportunities for extensive practice in London are not so great.

Moreover, she is generally fully occupied in lying in bed; or in lounging on a sofa, with Lord Byron or the Quarterly Review; or in driving about, leaving cards; or in shopping, or at Almack's, or in dressing for a ball, or in quarrelling with her maid. In the country, physic is a relief to her ennui; it supplies the want of balls and shops, and opportunities for spending money. To her, but most of all to the virgin of no age, who is always the most steady practitioner, it gives an opportunity, under the guise of heavenly charity, of not only physicking, but controlling and directing her poor neighbours. It forms a pleasing alternative to the meeting-house; the apothecary and the preacher unite to fill up her idle time; and thus she unites faith and works, learns to know what has happened to Dolly, and how Roger has proved false; acquires the pleasure of interfering in loves, from which, alas! she is for ever cut off; of showing her abilities in directing cottage economy and cottage education; of reading lectures on drunkenness and idleness, and the new light, and of being reputed a pious, benevolent woman, "doing a vast deal of good in her neighbourhood." It may even happen that the pious cares, and a hundred and fifty pounds a-year in the four per cents, may attract the admiration of some unhappy curate of sixty pounds, or possibly of some gentleman with a dirty band and greasy locks, belonging to the connexion; and behold! despairing Tabitha becomes the head, if not the mother, of a family. Such is one of the collateral ad-

vantages flowing from dilettante and female physic.

To return to details, and to the juvenile and yet unfledged practitioner. At one year old, possibly at one month, her mother commenced by feeding her on calomel, or on calomel, antimonial wine, Daffy, Godfrey, and anodyne necklaces. At least, she has supped on calomel three or four times a week since her creation. She becomes innately and congenitously physical. Carrying an apothecary's shop in her inside from her birth, her ideas become necessarily medical, as from the natural transference of the physic to the brain. Among the few ideas found there, a large space is occupied by medicine and medical matters.

As she grows up, more calomel is required. There are worms, a headache, or nerves, or the apothecary says so, or mamma thinks so, or Anderson's pills are in favour, or Dr. Barclay's, or she has a cough, and Greenough's lozenges are sovereign, or some reason or other is never wanting. Mamma, too, goes on physicking the younger children, and also the nurses, because their milk is green or blue, or too much or too little; and the footmen, because they have drunk too much ale; and her husband, because he has eaten too much currie; and her poor neighbours, because she is the Lady Bountiful of the parish. And perhaps the apothecary calls once a day, and mamma keeps a medicine chest full of pretty bottles, and a nice pair of scales, and delights in weighing out calomel, and probably Dr. Buchan or Dr. Reece. And she takes dinner-pills herself, lest she should have eaten, or be about to eat too much; or a journey to Cheltenham, or what not; and thus Miss becomes gradually imbued with physic, and bephysicked for ever.

Perhaps "my dear looks pale to day," a dose of calomel—has been up late at a county ball, or a town ball, it is all one, and looks black under the eyes—a dose of calomel. She is nervous, irritable or cross—a dose of salts; or her lover remarks that she is languid—a dose of salts, or Cheltenham, or Leamington, or the sea-water baths, or Bath itself, or the apothecary, or perhaps the physician, if she is sick and fashionable enough.

And then the apothecary and the physician prescribe more salts and more calomel, like wise men, and the patient gets daily worse, and worse, and worse, and then Dr. Stewart is called in to rub her with vinegar and water, and then she gets better; and then Dr. Scott's nitrous baths, and then she gets worse.

And, all this time, the bills are heavy, and the young lady is "indeed very delicate, poor thing!" and becomes a useless, ill-tempered, fretful, selfish, hypochondriacal compound of drugs and fancies, and becomes idle and peevish for life; or, till growing a little older, and now well imbued and well trained, she becomes convinced that life is what the poet has called it, a "long disease," becoming herself a disease, a diseased mind in a diseased body, and a pest and a nuisance to herself and all around her.

Now at length, perhaps long before this, she takes herself under her own management, and

the calomel and salts come under her own guidance. Each day, she is more nervous and more irritable; every day, her complexion is more muddy, her skin becomes greener, and she is blacker under the eyes. Nothing is so sovereign against nervous irritations as calomel, because it proceeds all from the stomach, and the stomach sympathises with the whole system. That much of the jargon she has learnt. More calomel. Or the liver is affected, and she is bilious; more calomel, and the blue pill. Nothing like salts for clearing the complexion, and removing the blackness under the eyes; salts. More blackness or more peevishness—more salts.

The head becomes giddy, and now cupping is the remedy. She sends for the cupper. In time, the cupper comes periodically, like the corn-doctor. Cupping once a month, and calomel or salts every day. "It is very odd, I have taken calomel or salts every day since I was eight years old," said a young lady of twenty-eight, once in our very presence, "and I am more nervous than ever!"

Why pursue the history? It is the history of half the sex. And why ask the consequences? are they not visible? And the excuse is, "I cannot do without it." How should they? Thus are we cursed with peevish and nervous wives, useless to all, and a pest to themselves, the curse of their families and the ruin of the children, of the daughters at least, who are trained up in the same knowledge and practice of physic. It is in vain that some conscientious physician interposes, and orders all the salts to be thrown out of the window. The prejudices of the patient and the interests of the trade are against him, and he is himself turned out of the door. "Virtus" non "laudatur, et alget." He starves, because of his conscience, and, possibly, is starved into compliance.

Thus, also, are we cursed with the expenses of Brighton and Cheltenham; with that idleness, in the pleasures of which we cannot partake, and with solitary homes, perhaps with expenses which cramp the unhappy family, already cramped by neglect of duties and apothecaries' bills. Thus the house becomes a scene of misery, apothecaries, nurses, and physic; domestic comfort destroyed at home by the wife's presence, and broken up by repeated absence. Hence also we desire journeys to Italy, and all the rest of the indescribable train of consequences. Thus the apothecary becomes the confessor and gossip—the curse—of the family, and the system pursued at home is even continued at school.

Man himself does not escape the consequences of this domestic education; since he too often grows up a hypochondriacal and fanciful valetudinary, a swallower of calomel and salts, and a dealer in cupping glasses, flannel-waistcoats, and dinner-pills. Cheltenham becomes his private curse too; occupying his time, obstructing his business, and confirming the ruin of his constitution. It would be a happy day for Britain were a volcano to break forth under Cheltenham; evaporating all the waters for ever, or drowning Mrs. Forty and the apothecaries in their own poisons. It was

a dark day that generated the whole cathartic system.

But let us see how my Lady Bountiful practises on her neighbours. How she practises on her children, we have perhaps sufficiently said. It is scarcely possible to believe in the egregious vanity which induces ladies, and even young ladies, young by favour, to wander from house to house, as they do even in London and Edinburgh, prescribing, literally prescribing, for the rich as well as the poor. In the country, there is a comparative excuse. It is scarcely possible to believe in this, when the profession swarms in every street, and their services are not wanted; it is scarcely credible that they should be found disputing with physicians, knowing better, and, against all remonstrance, friendly and unfriendly, pursuing without remorse their murderous career.

Yet this is all true, *a la lettre*, and is hourly, and daily, and universal. They might reflect that an art and a science which require a serious and almost a universal education—a science the most unsettled, an art the most obscure, requiring more acuteness and attention, more discernment, more rigid reasoning from different analogies, and more caution to conduct, than all the arts united, could not be acquired by intuition. But it is vain to argue with ignorance and vanity; least of all with female ignorance and female vanity.

The Lady Bountiful argues, that if they do no good they do no harm. That is as far from being true as their knowledge is far from truth. To inspect Reece or Buchan, and administer whatever chance, or the cook dictates, is their only rule. They do not know or reflect that it is the disease, not the medicine, which is to be known, that in no two stages does the same disease admit the same remedies, that a name is not a disease, that the same named disease is not the same disease, even in two individuals, and that, even were all this so, they have not the means of knowing one disease from another. If the books of Buchan, Reece, and the rest, had been burned by the common hangman, it would have been an act worthy of the law which sets up to regulate the practice of physic as a profession, and leaves all interlopers and dilettantes free to commit murder at pleasure.

If the Bountifuls do no harm, they need not do any thing: if their medicines are neutral, they are useless. But even neutral medicines, bread-pills if they please, do harm, if they divert the patient from attending to an insidious disease, and keep off the only advice that ought to be sought. The fact itself is matter of daily occurrence. There is a colic, perhaps, (we must illustrate at the risk of professional language) and my lady administers peppermint. By to-morrow, the apothecary, who ought to have been sent for yesterday, is called in, and mortification has commenced. The patient dies, and the Bountiful continues the same career.

As to the facts, the truth of all this, and much more, of all that we have said and much that we might have said, we leave it to the experience of those who have had experience in the Bountiful practice. We have seen mothers kill their children, as effectually as if they

had administered poison; and this, even in defiance of advice and caution. We could name an instance where a mother exterminated in succession her whole family, of seven children; and it is an instance not known to ourselves alone. The truth is, that instead of being innocent, their practice is often extremely and dangerously active. When they take to the lancet, they will complete it. In a minor way, perhaps, it is notorious to the whole world, that the great mass of failures in vaccination has arisen from the interference of women and country curates, or of others attempting what they could not understand. Thus chiefly has discredit been brought on this useful discovery. And thus also does a collateral mischief arise from the prevalence of this dilettante vanity and conceit. Every woman, and now most men, have learned to read their prescriptions, and to reason in their own way about them, with numerous evil results. As far as the power of medicine influences the disease through the imagination, it is often rendered useless or pernicious. Thus also they decline that, of which they pretend to judge better than the practitioner, or alter or increase the doses, or, to use a fashionable phrase, cheat the doctor, forgetting that it is themselves they are cheating. Thus also a physician is often deterred from the use of a powerful or a probable remedy, knowing that the blame of failure will be laid on himself and the medicine, not on the disease; and thus also any bad change in its symptoms or progress, is attributed to the medicine administered, to the loss of the physician's reputation.

And now perhaps we might leave the Lady Bountifuls to God and their own consciences, did we think they possessed any in this matter. As far as relates to their own personal self-practice, we would rather try to influence them by assuring them that they ruin, by their calomel and salts, the beauty which they are so anxious to preserve and improve. We would try to influence them in this also, by telling them that they render themselves odious to our sex; peevish, fretful, anxious, gloomy, and irascible. We might tell them that they become nervous, and that there is nothing which man so abhors as a nervous woman. We might also tell them, that, to practice physic, is a masculine assumption which a man detests; that to practice on themselves, to frequent Cheltenham and to talk of its necessity; that to be acquainted with medical terms, and to talk, or even insinuate, physic, in any of its forms or modes, is nauseating and disgusting; and that love flies, as it did from Celia, at the repulsive notions excited by physic, apothecaries, calomel, and the whole detestable jargon.

From the British Critic.

MEMOIRS OF SAMUEL PEPYS, ESQ.
F.R.S. *Secretary to the Admiralty in the Reigns of Charles II. and James II., comprising his Diary from 1659 to 1683, deciphered by the Rev. John Smith, A.B. of St. John's College, Cambridge, from the original short-hand MS. in the Pepysian Library,*

and a Selection from his *Private Correspondence*. Edited by Richard, Lord Braybrooke. Henry Colburn, New Burlington-street. Two vols. 4to. 1825.

SAMUEL PEPPYS was descended from a younger branch of a family of that name, which settled at Cottenham, in Cambridgeshire, sometime in the fifteenth century. His birth was humble, for his father, John Pepys, was no more than a citizen and tailor in London, who retired in his latter days to a small property, (a rental of forty pounds per year,) which he inherited from an elder brother, at Brampton, in Huntingdonshire, and died there in 1680. His wife's name was Margaret. She died in 1666-7, having had issue six sons and five daughters. Of these Samuel, the eldest surviving son, and author of the *Diary*, was born in 1632. He was educated at St. Paul's school, whence, in 1650, he was about to be transferred as a Sizar to Trinity College, Cambridge; but, before he came into residence, he was offered and accepted the preferable appointment of a Scholarship at Magdalen College. Of his academical career no traces have been preserved. One thing, however, is evident, that it was by no means of long continuance, since in October, 1655, he married a Somersetshire lady, Elizabeth St. Michel. There is good reason to suppose that this was a match of ardent attachment; not only from the early age at which it was contracted, (Mrs. Pepys being only sixteen,) but from the ultra-uxorious and hyper-enchanted tone with which his lady is always mentioned by him. For this enduring fondness it is not probable that she was much indebted to her personal attractions otherwise than in her husband's eyes: at least if we may be allowed to form a judgment from the portraiture exhibited in the volume before us; wherein the artist, after exhibiting her, above, with a leer, bespeaking far other hopes than those of virgin martyrdom, has furnished her, below, with the attributes of St. Catherine, a palmed branch and a spiked wheel. But such was the fashion of the day, and perhaps it was a shade better than that of the oranges, the crooks, and the lambkins, which graced the family pictures of the succeeding generation.

Mr. Pepys had a relation of no small celebrity in English history; Sir Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, was his cousin, and, under his roof, the young couple, though in what capacity it is not easy to say, found a refuge from the consequences of their imprudence. It is probable, however, from an entry in the *Diary*, in 1666-7, that their condition was not very elevated:—

"Feb. 25. Lay long in bed, talking with pleasure with my poor wife, how she used to make coal fires, and wash my foul clothes with her own hand for me, poor wretch! in our little room at my Lord Sandwich's; for which I ought for ever to love and admire her, and do; and persuade myself she would do the same thing again, if God should reduce us to it."—p. 21, vol. ii.

While under this protection, Mr. Pepys was successfully cut for the stone. In 1658, he accompanied his patron on the expedition with which Richard Cromwell intrusted him to the

North Seas, and on his return he was employed as a clerk in some Office of the Exchequer connected with the pay of the army.

From this point the *Diary* begins; and, while it lasts, we shall permit its amusing author, as much as possible, to tell his own story in his own words. Few men appear to have walked the highways of the world with such widely gaping ears as Pepys; fewer still have thought it worth while to record both the great and little news which flowed into them with such indiscriminating impartiality. The times, however, in which he lived were deeply interesting; and perhaps a journalist more fastidious in his taste, or more correct in his judgment, might have rejected many particulars which have been gorged by the helluonism of Pepys' all-devouring curiosity and credulity; and which, from the impossibility of obtaining them from any other source, bear a far greater value now than they could merit at the time in which they were first treasured up. The great facts of History are easily transmitted to posterity; they are engraven on brass and marble, and there is small chance of their decay; but fashion and manners are of more thin and subtle essence; "dipp'd in the rainbow and trick'd off in air," they perish and are forgotten with the generation to which they owe their birth. We are, therefore, quite as much pleased with Mr. Pepys when he acquaints us with the cut of his own "suit with great skirts," or the "linen petticoat of Lady Castlemaine laced with rich lace at the bottom," as when he unravels the iniquitous labyrinth of official policy in which the Ministers of the heartless, profligate, and unthinking Charles involved their master.

The history of the *Diary*, as edited by Lord Braybrooke, is plainly this.—During ten years of his life, Pepys wrote down in short-hand a daily register of every event of his life. These MSS., forming six closely written volumes, were bequeathed by him, among his other collections, to Magdalen College, Cambridge, where they have remained unnoticed, till the present Master placed them in the hands of the Rev. John Smith, of St. John's College, who undertook to decipher them. The matter on many accounts demanded material curtailment, and this task, together with that of appending a few illustrative notes, has been executed by the noble owner of Audley-end in a spirit which would gladden the heart of Pepys if he could find opportunity to see it.—A richer specimen of the magnificence of aristocratical typography has rarely fallen under our notice.

On the 1st of January, 1659-60, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys, and their servant Jane, were living in Axe Yard, and he opened the year by dining at home with his wife, in the garret, where she dressed the remains of a turkey, and in doing so burned her hand. The Kingdom was now agitated by uncertainty as to the point to which the movements of General Monk were directed, and the daily notices which Mr. Pepys records of the fluctuation of public opinion, give a lively picture of the anxiety with which men's minds were beset.

On the 22d, he began to put buckles to his shoes, and four days afterwards he gave a very good dinner, got ready by his wife at Sir Edward Montagu's lodgings. The bill of

fare was substantial, considering that the company did not exceed twelve; it consisted of a dish of marrow-bones, a leg of mutton, a loin of veal, a dish of fowl, three pullets, and a dozen of larks, all in a dish, a great tart, a neat's tongue, a dish of anchovies, a dish of prawns, and cheese. The belief of the party was that Monk would absolutely concur with the Parliament.

Amid the roasting of rumps, as figurative of the people's hatred against the Parliament. Monk entered London about the middle of February. On the night of the 11th, thirty-one fires were visible at Strand-bridge, "all burning, roasting, and drinking for Rumps." Ludgate-hill looked like a lane of flame, and was almost too hot to be passable. The greatness and suddenness of the change were almost beyond imagination. The King was in every man's heart and on most men's lips, and that which had been treason but a few weeks before now was the very height of loyalty. The Council of State, which assumed the reins of government, appointed Sir Edward Montagu, general at sea, and Pepys was named his secretary. On the 23d of March he embarked, though as yet uncertain either of the destination of the fleet or of Monk's final intention. One day it was rumoured that he aimed at supreme power for himself; on the next, it was "talked high, that the Lord Protector would come in again." Now, that the Parliament had voted that the Covenant should be printed, and hung up once more in churches, and soon after that crowds had assembled in the Royal Exchange, and had shouted "God bless King Charles the Second."

Monk's impenetrability is well known, and Sir Edward Montagu, perhaps, was as little acquainted as Pepys himself with the full scope of the General's views. But the command of the fleet placed considerable power in Montagu's hands; he could not be blind to the temper of the people, who now, throughout the kingdom, were ripe for the restoration of monarchy, and hostile to every other scheme of government; and had Monk wavered from his attachment to the House of Stuart he might, perhaps, have met with a dangerous opponent in the admiral, whom he had contributed to bring back to power, and who already, for some months past, without his privacy, had been in correspondence with the Royal exile. "I perceive," says Pepys while lying on shipboard, "that he (Montagu) is willing to do all the honour in the world to Monk, and to let him have all the honour of doing the business, though he will many times express his thoughts of him to be but a thick skulled fool."

In the beginning of May, every thing in the fleet bespoke the near approach of the great event. The seamen shouted, and drank for the king, the chaplains prayed for him, and Montagu wrote for silk flags, scarlet waist-clothes, a rich barge, a noise of trumpets, and a set of fiddlers. Carpenters pulled down the state's arms, and painters set up those of the king; tailors cut out pieces of yellow cloth in the shape of C. R. and a crown; and the harp, which was very offensive to the king, was re-

moved from the flags. "Mr. John Pickering came on board like an ass, with his feathers and new suit," and money and clothes were sent on shore for the King, who was in a sad poor condition for the want of both. So joyful was he at the arrival of the money, that he called the Princess Royal and the Duke of York to look upon it as it lay in the portmanteau before it was taken out. On the 23d, he came on board from the Hague, and the *Nazeby* having been re-christened the *Charles*, set sail for England with her royal burden.

"All the afternoon the king walked here and there, up and down (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the king's health, and said that the king was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the king was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fire-side, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy (which was all the ship's company,) and so get to Fecamp in France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away to see whether he had not stole something or other."—pp. 50-51, vol. i.

Sir Edward Montagu received the Garter immediately on the conclusion of this important service, which as it was the commencement of his honours, so also does it seem to have laid the foundation of Pepys' fortune; since, on casting up his accounts on the 3d of June, he found himself, to his great joy, worth nearly one hundred pounds, when, on his going to sea, he was not already worth twenty-five pounds, exclusive of his house and goods. To his patron, the Garter was succeeded by the Mastership of the Wardrobe, the Clerkship of the Privy Seal, and the Earldom of Sandwich. Pepys himself, in order to be outwardly ready for promotion, established a fine camelot cloak with gold buttons, and a silk suit, which cost him much money, and also a jackanapes coat, with silver buttons. In this array he received his patent as Clerk of the

Acts to the Navy Office; in executing the duties of which appointment he soon received a lesson from the Lord Chancellor, who "did give me his advice privately how to order things, to get as much money as we can out of the Parliament."

This advice, as we learn hereafter, was not thrown away, for, at the breaking out of the Dutch war in 1664, Pepys honestly confesses that the Lord Treasurer, Sir Philip Warwick, and himself, laid their heads together, studying all they could "to make the last year swell as high as they could. And it is much to see how he (the Lord Treasurer) do study for the king, to do it to get all the money from the Parliament he can: and I shall be serviceable to him therein, to help him to heads upon which to enlarge the report of the expense."—Again, next day, "Sir G. Carteret was here this afternoon; and, strange to see, how we plot to make the charge of this war to appear greater than it is, because of getting money." Furthermore to the same purpose two days afterwards. "At my office all the morning, to prepare an account of the charge we have been put to extraordinary by the Dutch already; and I have brought it to appear 852,700*l.*; but God knows this is only a scare to the Parliament, to make them give the more money." That an underling in office who had laudably resolved to rise at any rate should lend his hand to transactions like these, has nothing in it extraordinary. The point which astounds us is this, that the man who had sufficient knavery to commit the act, should have sufficient sincerity to record it. After all, perhaps, he considered this barefaced roguery as no other than a high professional merit, and a distinguished proof of loyalty.

On the 25th of August, Pepys put on the first velvet coat and cap that ever he had; on the 30th, Mrs. Pepys wore black patches for the first time since her marriage. These appear to have been very becoming to her, for soon afterwards we read that, standing with two or three of them on her face, and, being well dressed, in the Queen's presence chamber, near to the Princess Henrietta, (who was very pretty,) "she did seem to me much handsomer than she."

On the 22d of September, Pepys bought a pair of short black stockings to wear over a pair of silk ones, in mourning for the Duke of Gloucester, who died of the small-pox, "by the great negligence of the doctors." A few days after he did send for a cup of tea, (a China drink,) of which he never had drank before.

The Duke of York's marriage was now declared, in spite of Sir Charles Berkeley's false and impudent declaration, that he and others had often intrigued with the Duchess. "She is a plain woman," says Pepys, "and like her mother, the Lady Chancellor." Upon whom the king's nuptial choice was likely to fall, was still a matter of most uncertain speculation, though rumour had long since married him to a niece of the Prince de Ligne, who was said to have borne him two sons. A year had scarcely elapsed since the Restoration, but the debauched spirit of his court had had ample time to display itself. "Thus they,"

continues Pepys, "are in a very ill condition, there being so much emulation, poverty, and the vice of drinking, swearing, and loose amours there; I know not what will be the end of it but confusion." The king's unhappy connexion with Mrs. Palmer, (whose husband had been bribed to his own dishonour, by the Earl of Castlemaine,) had already become so notorious, that the Duchess of Richmond, falling out with her one day, did not scruple publicly to call her Jane Shore, and to hope that she might come to the same end. Nevertheless, so great was the influence of the favourite, that even after the Portuguese match had been completed, and Queen Katherine was already off the English coast, Lady Castlemaine insolently declared her intention of going to lie in at Hampton Court; and during the week before the bride's public entrance, the king dined and supped every evening at his mistress's apartments.

Lord Sandwich had the honour of conveying the Queen from Lisbon. Soon after her arrival, although she objected to Lady Castlemaine's presence at court, and requested the king to accede to her request, of "pricking her out of the list presented to her," she gained nothing by her prayers, save that "the king was angry, and the queen discontented (naturally enough,) a whole day and night upon it." Pepys had a good opportunity of comparing the pretensions of the two ladies on the day on which the queen came to Hampton Court, and whether it was, that preferment had imbued him with the feelings of a courtier, or that his natural love of beauty prevailed over his high sense of conjugal duties, it is plain enough that he inclined from the injured spouse to the naughtily beloved:—

"Anon come the King and Queene in a barge under a canopy with 1000 barges and boats I know, for we could see no water for them, nor discern the King nor Queene. And so they landed at White Hall Bridge, and the great guns on the other side went off. But that which pleased me best was, that my Lady Castlemaine stood over against us upon a piece of White Hall. But methought it was strange to see her Lord and her upon the same place, walking up and down without taking notice one of another, only at first entry he put off his hat, and she made him a very civil salute, but afterwards took no notice one of another; but both of them now and then would take their child, which the nurse held in her arms, and dandle it. One thing more; there happened a scaffold below to fall, and we feared some hurt, but there was none, but she of all the great ladies only run down among the common rabble to see what hurt was done, and did take care of a child that received some little hurt, which methought was so noble. Anon there come one there booted and spurred that she talked long with. And by and by, she being in her haire, she put on his hat, which was but an ordinary one, to keep the wind off. But it become her mightily, as every thing else do."—pp. 161-2, vol. i.

"Meeting Mr. Pierce, the chyrurgeon, he took me into Somerset House; and there carried me into the Queene-Mother's presence-chamber, where she was with our own Queene

sitting on her left hand (whom I did never see before); and though she be not very charming, yet she hath a good, modest, and innocent look, which is pleasing. Here I also saw Madame Castlemaine, and, which pleased me most, Mr. Crofts,* the King's bastard, a most pretty sparke of about fifteen years old, who, I perceive, do hang much upon my Lady Castlemaine, and is always with her; and, I hear, the Queenes both are mighty kind to him. By and by in comes the King, and anon the Duke and his duchesse; so that, they being all together, was such a sight as I never could almost have happened to see with so much ease and leisure. They staid till it was dark, and then went away; the King and his Queene, and my Lady Castlemaine and young Crofts, in one coach, and the rest in other coaches. Here were great stores of great ladies, but very few handsome. The King and Queene were very merry; and he would have made the Queene-Mother believe that his Queene was with child, and said that she said so. And the young Queene answered, 'Youlye;' which was the first English word that I ever heard her say: which made the King good sport; and he would have made her say in English, 'Confess and be hanged.'—pp. 164-5, vol. i.

Pepys was one of those sedate and sure-footed personages, who never lose sight of utility even in their relaxations; and a morning visit or a dinner party was a certain source of intellectual acquirement to him. Dr. Thomas Fuller told him one day, more of his own family than he knew himself, and assured him that he had brought the art of memory to such perfection, that he did lately to four eminent scholars dictate together in Latin, upon different subjects of their proposing, faster than they were able to write, till they were tired; moreover, he communicated a secret, which must be invaluable to an Aberdeen physician, or to a Cambridge Moderator, (we intend no unseemly comparison,) that the best way of beginning a sentence, if a man should be out and forget his Latin, ("which I," observes Fuller, "never was,") if driven to his last refuge, is to begin with an *utcumque*. On another occasion, at table at my Lord Mayor's, when Pepys wore his black silk suit, (for the first time, in the year 1661,) and where there was a great deal of honourable company, and great entertainment, Mr. Ashmole did assure him, and Pepys readily believed, that frogs and many insects do often fall from the sky ready formed. Dr. Williams, who took him one day for a walk in his garden, did show him a dog that he had, which did kill all the cats that came thither to kill his pigeons, and did afterwards bury them; and did it with so much care that they should be quite covered, that if the tip of the tail hung over, he would take up the cat again and dig the hole deeper, "which is very strange; and he tells me, that he do believe he hath killed above a hundred

cats." Dining once with Lord Crewe, Mr. Templer (an ingenious man, and a person of honour, and a *great traveller*,) "discoursing of the nature of serpents, he told us some in the waste places of Lancashire do grow to a great bigness, and do feed upon larks, which they take thus:—They observe when the lark is soared to the highest, and do crawl till they come to be just underneath them; and there they place themselves with their mouth uppermost, and there, as is conceived, they do eject poyson upon the bird; for the bird so suddenly come down again in its course of circle, and falls directly into the mouth of the serpent; which is very strange." Captain Minnes, in a walk between Greenwich and Woolwich, affirmed to him, that drowned negroes became white; and his brother, Sir John, good-naturedly resolved one of his doubts, why there were no boars seen in London, but so many sows and pigs, by replying that "the constable gets them a-nights." Furthermore Dr. Whistler told him a pretty story related by Muffet, "a good author, of Dr. Cayus that built Caius College; that being very old, and living only at that time upon woman's milk, he, while he fed upon the milk of an angry fretful woman, was so himself; and then being advised to take it of a good-natured patient woman, he did become so beyond the common temper of his age."

Lady Chesterfield, Miss Wells, and Miss Warmistire, next appear upon the scene: and the sage and steady Pepys is a strong corroborator of the veracity of the lighter historian of their gallantries. Of *La belle Stewart*, he gives the following account:—

"Hearing that the King and Queene are rode abroad with the Ladies of Honor to the Parke, and seeing a great crowd of gallants staying here to see their return, I also staid walking up and down. By and by the King and Queene, who looked in this dress (a white laced waistcoat and a crimson short petticoate, and her hair dressed *a la negligence*) mighty pretty; and the King rode hand in hand with her. Here was also my Lady Castlemaine rode among the rest of the ladies; but the King took, methought, no notice of her; nor when she light, did any body press (as she seemed to expect, and staid for it) to take her down, but was taken down by her own gentleman. She looked mighty out of humour, and had a yellow plume in her hat, (which all took notice of,) and yet is very handsome, but very melancholy; nor did any body speak to her, or she so much as smile or speak to any body. I followed them up into White Hall, and into the Queene's presence, where all the ladies walked, talking and fiddling with their hats and feathers, and changing and trying one another's by one another's heads, and laughing. But it was the finest sight to me, considering their great beautys and dress, that ever I did see in all my life. But, above all, Mrs. Stewart in this dresse, with her hat cocked and a red plume, with her sweet eye, little Roman nose, and excellent taille, is now the greatest beauty I ever saw, I think, in my life; and, if ever woman can, do exceed my Lady Castlemaine, at least in this dress: nor do I wonder if the King

* James, son of Charles II. by Mrs. Lucy Waters; who bore the name of Crofts till he was created Duke of Monmouth in 1662, previously to his marriage with Lady Anne Scot, daughter to Francis Earl of Buccleugh.

changes, which I verily believe is the reason of his coldness to my Lady Castlemaine."—p. 238, vol. i.

Such being the dissoluteness of the times, it is no matter of wonder that Mrs. Pepys herself, should occasionally feel suspicious of the well-dressed gentleman, upon whom she had bestowed her hand: and indeed his marked attentions to her maid, Mrs. Mercer, are not quite explicable even according to his own account of them. Those who have been initiated in the mysteries which the parts of this *Diary* modestly concealed in the obscurity of the Spanish tongue are said to involve, may, perhaps, be able to set its due value on Mrs. Mercer's reputation:—

"Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because the girl do take musick mighty readily, and she do not, and musick is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take. So to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me."—p. 436, vol. i.

"After dinner with my wife and Mercer to the Beare-garden; where I have not been, I think, of many years, and saw some good sport of the bull's tossing of the dogs: one into the very boxes. But it is a very rude and nasty pleasure. We had a great many hectors in the same box with us, (and one very fine went into the pit, and played his dog for a wager, which was a strange sport for a gentleman,) where they drank wine, and drank Mercer's health first; which I pledged with my hat off. We supped at home, and very merry. And then about nine o'clock to Mrs. Mercer's gate, where the fire and boys expected us, and her son had provided abundance of serpents and rockets: and there mighty merry, (my Lady Pen and Pegg going thither with us, and Nan Wright,) till about twelve at night, flinging our fireworks, and burning one another and the people over the way. And at last our businesses being most spent, we in to Mrs. Mercer's, and there mighty merry, smutting each other with candle-grease and soot, till most of us were like devils. And that being done, then we broke up, and to my house; and there I made them drink, and upstairs we went, and then fell into dancing, (W. Batelier dancing well,) and dressing him and I and one Mr. Banister (who with my wife come over also with us) like women; and Mercer put on a suit of Tom's, like a boy, and mighty mirth we had, and Mercer danced a jig; and Nan Wright and my wife and Peg Pen put on perriwigs. Thus we spent till three or four in the morning, mighty merry; and then parted, and to bed. Mighty sleepy; slept till past eight of the clock."—pp. 36, 38, vol. i.

Not long afterwards, we find Mrs. Pepys proceeding to manual violence against the too attractive Mercer, so she went away, "which," says Pepys, "troubled me."

The Queen about this time fell so ill, that she was scarcely expected to live, and the ef-

fect of her attack upon different individuals, according to their respective situations, is whimsically described. Mr. Mills, the chaplain, not having ascertained whether she was dead or alive, did not know whether to pray for her or not, and so said nothing about her. The King appeared fondly disconsolate and wept by her, which made her weep also, which did her good, by carrying off some rheume from the head; yet, for all that he seemed to take it so much to heart, he never missed one night since she was sick of supping with Lady Castlemaine. As for Pepys himself, being waked with a very high wind, he said to his wife, "Pray God, I hear not of the death of any great person, the wind is so high;" and straightway, learning that she was worse again, he sent to stop the making of his velvet cloak, till he heard whether she lived or died. The counter-order of this cloak, however, had become a necessary piece of economy, for the expenses of his wardrobe had of late increased to a fearful extent:—

"To my great sorrow find myself £43 worse than I was the last month, which was then £700 and now it is but £717. But it hath chiefly arisen from my layings-out in clothes for myself and wife; viz. for her about £12 and for myself £55, or thereabouts; having made myself a velvet cloak, two new cloth skirts, black, plain both; a new shag gown, trimmed with gold buttons and twist, with a new hat, and silk tops for my legs, and many other things, being resolved henceforward to go like myself. And also two perriwigs, one whereof costs me £3 the other 40s. I have worn neither yet, but will begin next week, God willing."—p. 257, vol. i.

And yet a few Sundays following, he ventures to bedizen himself in still gayer costume:—

"Lord's-day. This morning I put on my best black cloth suit, trimmed with scarlett ribbon, very neat, with my cloak lined with velvet, and a new beaver, which altogether is very noble, with my black silk knit canons I bought a month ago."—p. 265, vol. i.

This diligent attention to the proprieties of the outer man in himself, led, as might naturally be expected, to a nice observation of them in others. We are not surprised, therefore, that in a visit to the Lord Treasurer, whom he found in his bed chamber laid up with the gout, and whom he thought a very ready man, and a brave servant to the King, speaking quick and sensibly of the King's charge; he yet was not altogether satisfied. He was it seems displeased with "his long nails, which he let grow upon a pretty, thick, white, short hand, that it troubled me to see them." Yet if there be any Ministerial personage in whom such excrescences are defensible, surely it is the one who fills this post of vigilance and cumulation. We have always believed that the crooked-talon'd monsters, who are fabled to protect the "guarded gold" from the furtive attempts of the Arimaspians, were no other than allegorical of a Lord Treasurer; and we have read a description elsewhere, which depicts that high Officer to the very life:—

"An uncouth, salvage, and uncivil wight
Of grisly hew, and foul, unfavour'd sight;
His face with smock was tann'd, and eyes were
blear'd,
His head and beard with soot were ill-be-
dight,
His coal-black hands did seem to have been
sear'd
In Smith's fire-spitting forge, and nailes like
claws appeared."

Pepys now began a practice which saved him both time and money, and pleased him mightily, to trim himself with a razor. In a spirit of extraordinary liberality, he gave his wife's brother, who was going into Holland to seek his fortune, ten shillings and a coat that he had by him, a close-bodied light-coloured cloth coat, with a gold edging in each seam. True it is, that his well-storied brother-in-law might plead some little family claim to this reversionary vestment, for the lace was the lace of Mrs. Pepys' best petticoat, when Mr. Pepys married her. At the moment in which he dispensed this magnificent bounty, he had, according to his own showing, two tierces of claret, two quarter casks of Canary, a smaller vessel of sack, a vessel of tent, another of Madeira, and another of white wine, all in his cellar together; besides which goodly store, *interioris note*, he had in the current year raised his estate from £1300 to £4400, increased his interests, and added to his former employments, the Treasurership of Tangier and the Secretaryship of the Victualling Board.

It was in May, 1665, that reports of the Plague began to prevail in London; on the 7th of July, Pepys first saw two or three infected houses in Drury-Lane, marked with a red cross, and "Lord have mercy upon us," on the doors. In the second week of July a solemn fast was ordered, and more than 700 persons died of Plague: before the close of the month the number increased to 1700 in the week; on the 10th of August to 3000. A proclamation was issued that all persons should be within doors by nine at night, in order that the sick might then be at liberty to go abroad for air. The simple and homely words of Pepys convey a stronger impression of the horror of the time than could be drawn from a more elaborate narrative. "But, Lord! how every body looks, and discourse in the street is of death and nothing else, and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken." Again, (for his love of dress mingles itself even with his feelings of terror,) "Sept. 3d. Lord's-day. Up; and put on my coloured silk suit very fine and my new periwig, bought a good while since, but durst not wear it, because the Plague was in Westminster when I bought it; and it is a wonder what will be the fashion after the Plague is done, as to periwigs, for no body will dare to buy any haire, for fear of the infection, that it had been cut off the heads of people dead of the Plague." pp. 363-4, vol. i.

In the middle of September, the weekly return of deaths by the Plague, amounted to 7165; by the last week in December, it de-

creased to 333; and such had been the suspension of intercourse in families, that Pepys learnt, for the first time, (like Ben in the play, "Dick, body o' one Dick has been dead these two years. I writ ye word when ye were at Leghorn,") that his Aunt Betsy, and some children of his Cousin Sarah, had been dead of the Plague for seven weeks past. The extravagances of despair which have been described as prevailing both in Athens and in Florence, while suffering under similar infection, did not attain the same height in London; nevertheless, strange to say, people were bold enough to go in sport "to one another's funerals," (he omits to inform us, how this could happen to the one who was first buried,) "and in spite, too, the people would breath in the faces, out of their windows, of well people going by."

The scourge of Pestilence was followed closely by that of Fire, to which, however, succeeding generations are, doubtless, mainly indebted for the extermination of its predecessor. Pepys' account of the burning of London is far beneath that given by his friend and contemporary Evelyn, but parts of it may be admitted as a companion picture. On the first night (Sept. 1) above three hundred houses were burned down; on the morning the King despatched Pepys to the Lord Mayor with orders not to spare any houses, but to pull down before the flames every way. The chief magistrate had been up all night, and was exhausted; his answer was truly civic, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent; people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it;" and he walked home to refresh himself. Towards evening Pepys went upon the river,—

"So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's faces in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true: so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow, and as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the city, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire, and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine."—p. 481, vol. i.

It was not until the night of the 4th that the progress of the flames was at all checked, and then by blowing up houses. The people were more frightened by this at first, than by the fire itself; but the experiment succeeded admirably, for it brought down the houses to the ground in the same place on which they stood, and it was then very easy to quench what little

fire remained in them. Pepys had suggested the propriety of sending up the workmen from the yards of Deptford and Woolwich; and the arrival of that active and powerful body of men proved eminently serviceable. We need not dwell upon the wide waste which this memorable visitation created. It may be summed up in the bibliopolish figure used by Dean Harding (or Hardy,) on the Sunday following, in a sermon which Pepys thought bad, poor, and by no means eloquent:—"the city is reduced from a large folio to a decimo-tertio."

The effect produced upon poor Pepys' mind by the frightful scenes which he had witnessed, seems to have been most distressing. He had conveyed his money to the house of a friend, out of reach of the flames, but it was exposed to an equal danger by the reports spread abroad of the great wealth which from various quarters had been deposited in the same place. Pepys, accordingly, brought it home again in a hackney coach, and lodged it in his Office, not without vexation that all the world should see it there also; hence he conveyed it at night, with great content, to his own cellars; nevertheless, we hear he was much troubled in consequence of the strange workmen whom he was compelled to have coming and going to set his house in order. His rooms, however, were soon cleaned, and his wife and himself lay in their own chamber again, but "much terrified in the nights now-a-days with dreams of fire and falling down of houses." It was not until after a week's growth that he had time to shave his beard, and his commemoration of this act proves that he estimated the luxury of it at its full value: "Lord! how ugly I was yesterday, and how fine to day!" So late as the 1st of December, a cellar at the Old Swan, Tower-street, broke out afresh, being blown up by some great winds; it was built of logwood. The passage of the ruins for a long time after was very dangerous, not only from the heaps of smouldering rubbish, but from the harbour which they afforded to thieves. In the middle of February, of the following year, Pepys returned in a coach from Whitehall to the Navy Office, as was his "common practice," with his sword drawn.

We must pass over many of Pepys' domestic affairs: first, his very natural anxiety about getting a husband for his sister, of which there seemed to be little probability, (although it was manifestly impolitic to waste farther time,) since she was "growing old and ugly;" secondly, his recovery of some gold, which had been hidden in his father's garden in the country, at the time in which his apprehensions of the Dutch invasion ran high, and his fears respecting which indiscreet deposit almost drove him mad; next, the little rent which he got in his fine new camel cloak, with the latch of Sir George Carteret's door, which, though darned up at his tailor's so that it was no great blemish to it, nevertheless troubled him; and lastly, the misfortune which befel his perriwig just after he had made an agreement with his barber to keep it in good order at twenty shillings a year, so that he was likely to go very spruce, more than he used to do. Sad to say, however, while standing with his back to a candle, to seal a letter, he did set this very

perriwig on fire, which made such an odd noise, nobody could tell what it was till they saw the flame.

All these mishaps, and many omens of like kind, were amply atoned for, by his brilliant success at the Bar of the House of Commons, in defence of the Commissioners of the Admiralty, upon which body much blame had been thrown respecting the burning of the ships at Chatham by the Dutch. Full of thought and trouble touching the issue of the day, Pepys first went to the Dog, and drank half a pint of mulled sack; afterwards he went into the Hall, and drank a dram of brandy at Mrs. Hewlett's, and with the warmth of this did find himself in better order as to courage, truly. It was a mighty full House, and himself and his colleagues stood at the Bar, between eleven and twelve o'clock, with strong appearance of prejudice against them. After the Speaker had told them the dissatisfaction of the House, and had read the Report of the Committee, Pepys began their defence most acceptably and smoothly; and continued it without any hesitation or loss, but with full scope, and all his reason free about him, as if he had been at his own table, from that time till past three in the afternoon, and so ended without any interruption from the Speaker, and then withdrew. And there all his fellow officers, and all the world that was within hearing, did congratulate him, and cry up his speech as the best thing they had ever heard; and his fellow officers were overjoyed in it. The vote of the House was postponed for a week, but during that period, and long afterwards indeed, a full tide of praise continued to flow in, which Pepys doubtless received, as he records it, with the most becoming self-complacency:—

"Up betimes, and with Sir D. Gauden to Sir W. Coventry's chamber; where the first word he said to me was, 'Good-morrow, Mr. Pepys, that must be Speaker of the Parliament House;' and did protest I had got honour for ever in Parliament. He said that his brother, that sat by him, admires me; and another gentleman said that I could not get less than £1000 a-year, if I would put on a gown and plead at the Chancery Bar. But, what pleases me most, he tells me that the Solicitor-General did protest that he thought I spoke the best of any man in England. After several talks with him alone touching his own businesses, he carried me to White Hall; and there parted. And I to the Duke of York's lodgings, and find him going to the Parke, it being a very fine morning; and I after him: and as soon as he saw me, he told me with great satisfaction that I had converted a great many yesterday, and did with great praise of me go on with the discourse with me. And by and by overtaking the King, the King and Duke of York came to me both; and he^{*} said, 'Mr. Pepys, I am very glad of your success yesterday;' and fell to talk of my well speaking. And many of the lords there. My Lord Berkeley did cry me up for what they had heard of it; and others, Parliament men there about the King, did say that they never heard such a speech in their lives delivered in that

* The King.

manner. Progers of the bedchamber swore to me afterwards before Brouncker, in the afternoon, that he did tell the King that he thought I might match the Solicitor-general. Every body that saw me almost came to me, as Joseph Williamson and others, with such eulogys as cannot be expressed. From thence I went to Westminster Hall; where I met Mr. G. Montagu, who came to me and kissed me, and told me that he had often heretofore kissed my hands, but now he would kiss my lips; protesting that I was another Cicero, and said, all the world said the same of me. Mr. Ashburnham, and every creature I met there of the Parliament, or that knew any thing of the Parliament's actings, did salute me with this honour; Mr. Godolphin; Mr. Sands, who swore he would go twenty miles at any time to hear the like again, and that he never saw so many sit four hours together to hear any man in his life as there did to hear me. Mr. Chichly, Sir John Duncomb, and every body do say that the kingdom will ring of my abilities, and that I have done myself right for my whole life; and so Captain Cocke and others of my friends say that no man had ever such an opportunity of making his abilities known. And that I may cite all at once, Mr. Lieutenant of the Tower did tell me that Mr. Vaughan did protest to him, and that in his hearing it said so to the Duke of Albemarle, and afterwards to Sir W. Coventry, that he had sat twenty-six years in Parliament and never heard such a speech there before: for which the Lord God make me thankful; and that I may make use of it, not to pride and vain-glory, but that, now I have this esteem, I may do nothing that may lessen it! To White Hall to wait on the Duke of York; where he again and all the company magnified me, and several in the gallery: among others, my Lord Gerard, who never knew me before nor spoke to me, desires his being better acquainted with me; and that, at table where he was, he never heard so much said of any man as of me in his whole life.

"And here I also met Colvill the goldsmith: who tells me, with great joy, how the world upon the 'Change talks of me; and how several Parliament-men, viz. Boscawen* and Major Walden of Huntingdon, who seems to deal with him, do say how bravely I did speak, and that the House was ready to have given me thanks for it: but that, I think, is a vanity."—pp. 205-6-7, vol. ii.

But the most gratifying compliment paid him was by the King himself, at the Council table. Some one remarked that, a particular plan in contemplation would be objected to by the Committee of Miscarriages. "Well, if it be so," was the King's answer, "it is then but Mr. Pepys' making of another speech to them," which made all the Lords (and there were by also the Attorney and Solicitor-general) look upon him.

At length his affairs became so prosperous, that he resolved to set up his carriage, and with very kindly feelings he permitted his wife to take the first ride in it; afterwards he accompanied her to the play,—

"And so home, it being mighty pleasure to go alone with my poor wife in a coach of our own to a play, and makes us appear mighty great, I think, in the world; at least, greater than ever I could, or my friends for me, have once expected; or, I think, than ever any of my family ever yet lived in my memory, but my cosen Pepys in Salisbury Court."—p. 283, vol. ii.

The *Diary* ends on the 31st of May, 1669, when the state to which Pepys had reduced his eyes by close application, compelled him to abandon the use of short-hand. We have chiefly confined ourselves to the private and domestic information contained in it, but the curious reader will find many interesting particulars relative to public events, especially those connected with the naval history of the Dutch war. We shall conclude our abstract of it by a few scattered anecdotes, illustrative of the times, which would not readily arrange themselves in the narrative and biographical form which we have hitherto adopted.

It is no very favourable picture of the Court, or of the personal qualities of Charles, which Pepys has left us. In the merry Monarch's pleasures there was nothing of refinement, in his amours nothing of sentiment. The most gross sensuality and the lowest manners appear to have established themselves in Whitehall, and the boon companions, and the confidential counsellors of the King, possessed as little to recommend them in intellect as in morality. Such was the thick ignorance of his day, that when Bombay was offered by the Portuguese as part of Queen Catherine's dowry, "they made the King and Lord Chancellor, and other learned men about the king, believe that that, and other islands which are near it, were all one piece; and so the draught was drawn and presented to the King, and believed by the King, and expected to prove so when our men come thither; but it is quite otherwise." On one occasion when Charles went down to the House of Lords, Pepys heard him speak; his note is as follows: "He speaks the worst that ever I heard man in my life; worse than if he read it all, and he had it in writing in his hand." Returning once from Woolwich (where he just saw and kissed his wife) in the same barge with the King and Duke of York, he had full opportunity of hearing both of them talk, and observing their manner of discourse. It is quite plain from the surprise which he expresses, that he listened with all legitimate prejudices in their favour, and that up to that moment he had cherished the right loyal belief, that they were framed of better clay than their subjects. Yet "God forgive me" is his reflection upon them at parting, "the more a man considers and observes them, the less he finds of difference between them and other men." Again, in the Council chamber, all Pepys remarked was "the silliness of the King playing with his dog all the while, and not minding the business, and what he said was mighty weak." On the very night on which the Dutch burned the ships at Chatham, the King was in his dalliance with Lady Castlemaine at the Duchess of Monmouth's, "and they were all mad in hunting of a poor moth." And yet the tide of

* Edward Boscawen, M. P. for Truro.

Royal love did not always run smooth; when the Duke of Buckingham was committed to the Tower, Lady Castlemaine solicited for him so earnestly, that the King parted from her with very foul words; he called her a jade, that meddled with things she had nothing to do with at all, and she called him a fool, for causing his best subjects to be imprisoned, and suffering fools that did not understand them to carry on his businesses. At another time when she had quitted Whitehall, after a no less violent quarrel, she swore, that the King should own the child with which she was then *enroute*, and that she would have it christened in the chapel at Whitehall, or else that she would bring it into the gallery and dash its brains out before the King's face. Nor was this indecent and undignified familiarity with the Royal person confined to the mistress alone: there were affronts to which he was exposed from much less privileged persons:—

"The king was vexed the other day for having no paper laid for him at the Council table, as was usual; and Sir Richard Browne did tell his Majesty he would call the person whose work it was to provide it: who being come, did tell his Majesty that he was but a poor man, and was out 4 or 500*l.* for it, which was as much as he is worth; and that he cannot provide it any longer without money, having not received a penny since the King's coming in. So the King spoke to my Lord Chamberlain. And many such mementos the King do now-a-days meet withal, enough to make an ingenuous man mad."—p. 44, vol. ii.

"After dinner comes in Mr. Townsend: and there I was witness of a horrid raving which Mr. Ashburnham, as one of the grooms of the King's Bedchamber, did give him for want of linen for the King's person; which he swore was not to be endured, and that the King would not endure it, and that the King his father would have hanged his Wardrobe-man should he have been served so: the King having at this day no handkerchers, and but three bands to his neck, he swore. Mr. Townsend pleaded want of money and the owing of the linen draper 5000*l.*; and that he hath of late got many rich things made, beds and sheets and saddles, without money; and that he can go no further: but still this old man (indeed like an old loving servant) did cry out for the King's person to be neglected. But when he was gone, Townsend told me that it is the grooms taking away the King's linen at the quarter's end, as their fees, which makes this great want; for whether the King can get it or no, they will run away at the quarter's end with what he hath had, let the King get more as he can."—p. 121-2, vol. ii.

Of Pepys' admiration of his wife, we have before had occasion to speak. At a grand wedding between Nan Hartleb and Mynheer Roder, of all the beauties there she was thought the greatest. At the Play one night, she is represented as extraordinary fine in her flower'd tabby suit, bought a year and more ago, "before my mother's death put her into mourning, and so not worn till this day; and every body in love with it, and indeed she is very fine and handsome."—And on another night, when the King was at the Theatre with Lady Castle-

maine, Mr. and Mrs. Pepys sate just under them, "and my wife, by my troth, appeared, I think, as pretty as any of them. I never thought so much before, and so did Talbot and W. Hewer, as they said, I heard, to one another. The King and the Duke of York minded me and smiled upon me, at the handsome woman near me." The two following descriptions deserve embodying on canvas:—

"Christmas-day. To dinner alone with my wife, who, poor wretch! sat undressed all day till ten at night, altering and lacing of a noble petticoat; while I by her making the boy read to me the Life of Julius Cesar, and Des Cartes' book of Musick."—p. 291, vol. ii.

"My wife extraordinary fine with her flower'd tabby gown that she made two years ago, now laced exceeding pretty; and indeed was fine all over. And mighty earnest to go, though the day was very lowering; and she would have me put on my fine suit, which I did. And so anon we went alone through the town with our new liveries of serge, and the horses' manes and tails tied with red ribbons, and the standards thus gilt with varnish, and all clean, and green reines, that people did mightily look upon us; and the truth is, I did not see any coach more pretty, though more gay, than ours all the day."—p. 337-8, vol. ii.

His taste in literature was singularly formed. We find him twice buying *Hudibras*; the second time "because it is certainly some ill humour to be so against that which all the world cries up to be the example of wit: for which I am resolved once more to read him, and see whether I can find it or no." And again: "To Paul's church yard, and there looked upon the second part of *Hudibras*, which I buy not, but borrow to read, to see if it be as good as the first, which the world cried so mightily up, though it hath not a good liking in me, though I had tried by twice or three times reading to bring myself to think it witty." Some of his dramatic judgments (for he was a great frequenter of the Theatres) are not less removed from the general standard of criticism. The *Midsummer Night's Dream* he considers to be the "most insipid ridiculous Play that ever he saw in his life." *Othello* he always esteemed "a mighty good Play" till he had read *The Adventures of Five Hours*, and after that it seemed to him "a mean thing." *Macbeth* is "a pretty good play," "a most excellent Play for variety," and "a most excellent Play in all respects, but especially in divertisement, though it be a deep Tragedy; which is a strange perfection in a Tragedy, it being more proper here and suitable." *The Merry Wives of Windsor* "did not please him at all in no part." *The Tempest* was "the most innocent Play" that ever he saw—that which pleased him most in it, was "a curious piece of musique in an echo of half sentences, the echo repeating the former half while the man goes on to the latter; which is mighty pretty. The play has no wit, yet good above ordinary plays." An old play of Shirley's, *Hide Park*, was revived in 1665, in which horses were brought upon the stage. On two occasions, the attention of Pepys seems to have been diverted from the actors to the critics.

On the representation of a bad play, *The General*,

"I happened to sit near to Sir Charles Sedley; who I find a very witty man, and he did at every line take notice of the dullness of the poet and badness of the action, that most pertinently; which I was mightily taken with."—p. 313, vol. i.

"To the King's house to 'The Mayd's Tragedy'; but vexed all the while with two talking ladies and Sir Charles Sedley; yet pleased to hear their discourse, he being a stranger. And one of the ladies would and did sit with her mask on all the play, and being exceeding witty as ever I heard woman, did talk most pleasantly with him; but was, I believe, a virtuous woman, and of quality. He would fain know who she was, but she would not tell; yet did give him many pleasant hints of her knowledge of him, by that means setting his brains at work to find out who she was, and did give him leave to use all means to find out who she was, but pulling off her mask. He was mighty witty, and she also making sport with him very inoffensively, that a more pleasant rencontre I never heard. But by that means lost the pleasure of the play wholly, to which now and then Sir Charles Sedley's exceptions against both words and pronouncing were very pretty."—p. 19, vol. ii.

And a change in his musical taste appears to have been wrought by the *Virgin Martyr* of Massinger, the source from which *Faust* and all its imitations have sprung without acknowledgment:—

"With my wife to the King's house to see 'The Virgin Martyr,' the first time it hath been acted a great while: and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond any thing in the whole world, was the wind-musique when the angel comes down; which is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of any thing, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me resolve to practice wind-musique, and to make my wife do the like."—p. 201, vol. ii.

Of Cowley, we are told, that he was "a mighty civil, serious man;" and of Cocker, (the proverbial *belle idee* of a writing master, who was more level to Pepys' comprehension,) that he was very ingenious, and, among other things, a great admirer, and well read in the English poets, who undertook to judge of them all, and that not impertinently.

Of Pepys' views of religion, we learn very little more than that he thought it right to wear his best clothes on Sunday. "Up, and put on my new stuff-suit, with a shoulder-belt according to the new fashion, and the hands of my vest and tunic laced with silk-lace of the colour of my suit: and so very handsome to church." That he disliked metaphysical divines. "To church, where Mr. Mills made an unnecessary sermon upon original sin, neither

understood by himself nor the people;" and that he very justly estimated the Presbyterians and Quakers. "To my Lord Crewe's, and there dined; where Mr. Case, the minister, a dull fellow in his talk, and all in the Presbyterian manner; a great deal of noise and a kind of religious tone, but very dull." "Read a ridiculous, nonsensical book set out by Will. Pen for the Quakers; but so full of nothing but nonsense, that I was ashamed to read it."

The "Correspondence" with which these volumes close, contains very little of interest, if we except some letters on second sight from Lord Reay; and one of the most striking instances of this singular gift or fancy (we know not which to call it, and we are careless of the sneer to which our hesitation may give birth) with which we ever met. It was communicated by Henry, second Earl of Clarendon, who could have no reason for falsifying, and who does not deliver his tale, by any means, with the air of an over credulous disposition:—

"The matter was thus:—One day, I know by some remarkable circumstances it was towards the middle of February, 1661-2, the old Earl of Newborough* came to dine with my father at Worcester-house, and another Scotch gentleman with him, whose name I cannot call to mind. After dinner, as we were standing and talking together in the room, says my Lord Newborough to the other Scotch gentleman, (who was looking very steadily upon my wife,) 'What is the matter, that thou hast had thine eyes fixed upon my Lady Cornbury† ever since she came into the room? Is she not a fine woman? Why doest thou not speak?'—'She's a handsome lady indeed,' (said the gentleman,) 'but I see her in blood.' Whereupon my Lord Newborough laughed at him; and all the company going out of the room, we parted: and I believe none of us thought more of the matter; I am sure I did not. My wife was at that time perfectly well in health, and looked as well as ever she did in her life. In the beginning of the next month she fell ill of the small-pox: she was always very apprehensive of that disease, and used to say, if she ever had it she should dye of it. Upon the ninth day after the small pox appeared, in the morning, she bled at the nose, which quickly stop't; but in the afternoon the blood burst out again with great violence at her nose and mouth, and about eleven of the clock that night she dyed, almost weltering in her blood."—p. 197-8, vol. ii.

There appears to have been considerable intimacy between Evelyn and Pepys; although it is not quite clear that there could have been much communion of mind. It is amusing to hear the latter hazarding his dull and drowsy judgment of so eminent a man as Evelyn, in the following terms: "In fact, a most excellent person he is, and must be allowed a little

* Sir James Livingston, Bart. of Kinnaird, gentleman of the bedchamber to Charles I., who created him Viscount Newburgh in 1647. On the Restoration, he was constituted Captain of the Guards, and advanced to the dignity of an Earl. He died Dec. 26, 1670.

† Theodosia, third daughter of Arthur, Lord Capel of Hadham.

conceitedness, but he may well be so, being a man so much above others. He read he thought with too much gusto, some little poems of his own, that were not transcendent, yet one or two were pretty epigrams; among others of a lady looking in at a grate and being pecked at by an eagle that was there." He has perhaps inadvertently touched upon Evelyn's leading weakness. In illustration of Evelyn's account of Sabatini Sevai, Pepys speaks of a Jew, who offered £10 to be paid £100 if in two years that eminent impostor, whom he believed to be the true Messiah, should not be acknowledged King of the world, by all the Princes in the East; and he also mentions, yet more fully than Evelyn, the attempt made by Charles II. to banish the unseemly angularity of European coat-and-waistcoat costume, in which we most cordially wish that his success had been greater. "The King hath yesterday in Council ordered his resolution of setting a fashion for clothes which he will never alter. It will be a vest, I know not well how; but it is to teach the nobility thrift, and will do good." "This day the King begins to put on his vest, and I did see several persons of the House of Lords and Commons too, great courtiers, who are in it; being a long cassocke close to the body, of black cloth, and pinked with white silk under it, and a coat over it, and the legs ruffled with black riband like a pigeon's leg; and upon the whole I wish the King may keep it, for it is a very fine and handsome garment. Lady Carteret tells me the ladies are to go into a new fashion shortly, and that is, to wear short coats, above their ancles; which she and I do not like; but conclude this long trayne to be mighty graceful." (p. 470, i.) "The Court is all full of vests, only my Lord St. Albans not pinked, but plain black; and they say the King says the pinking upon white makes them look too much like magpies, and therefore hath bespoken one of plain velvet."

After the cessation of the *Diary*, we learn that Pepys obtained a few months' leave of absence on a journey through France and Holland. Soon after his return to England, he had the severe misfortune of losing his wife. In 1673, he sat in Parliament for Castle Rising, and baffled the intrigues of the arch villain Shaftesbury, who sought to render his election void, by a charge of Popery. In the same year, when the Duke of York resigned all his Offices, Pepys was appointed Secretary of the Navy. During the insane and iniquitous rage occasioned by the Popish Plot, he was committed to the Tower, on the oath of the notorious Scot for sending secret particulars to the King of France respecting the English Navy, with the design of dethroning the King and extirpating the Protestant religion. On this absurd and malicious charge, after having been four times remanded without being able to procure a trial, he was obliged to find bail in £30,000, and was discharged from his post. In that, however, he was again replaced in 1684, and continued to fill the office of Secretary till the Revolution. The remainder of his life was past in retirement from public employment, and he died after a lingering illness at Clapham, in 1703.

Of Pepys' punctual and sedulous attention

to the routine of Office, there can be little doubt: but if our judgment of his general powers of mind, is to be formed upon the *Diary*, which was the depository of his most secret thoughts and actions, they were unusually contracted, and little deserving of the overcharged eulogies, with which some of his biographers have bedizened them. Of his literary pretensions we have already given sufficient specimens; but what shall be said of a President of the Royal Society, (even in its infancy,) who walked into "the King's little laboratory, under his closet, a pretty place; and there saw a great many chymical glasses and things, but understood none of them."

Nevertheless, we are indebted to Lord Braybrooke, for having offered to the lover of minute history a bibliographical luxury which contains much curious and amusing gossip. We have reason to think that the *Bibliotheca Pepysiana* still holds a great treasure of similar matter. There is one document mentioned in a note on this work, to which we should rejoice to hear that circulation had been given:—"The Proceedings of the Coroner's Inquest at Cunnor, on the Body of the Countess of Leicester."

From the Monthly Magazine.

TASSO AND HIS SISTER.

"Devant vous est Sorrente; la, demeurait la sœur de Tasse, quand il vint en Pelerin demander a cette obscure amie, un asile contre l'injustice des Princes: ses longues douleurs avaient presque egare sa raison; il ne lui restait plus que du genie."—*Corinne*, vol. ii. p. 269.

She sat where, on each wind that sighed,

The citron's breath went by,

While the deep gold of eventide

Burn'd in th' Italian sky.

Her bower was one where daylight's close

Full oft sweet laughter found,

As thence the voice of childhood rose

To the high vineyards round.

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,

Her children stood that hour—

Their bursts of song, and dancing glee,

Hush'd as by words of power.

With bright, fixed, wondering eyes, that gaz'd

Up to their mother's face,

With brows through parting ringlets rais'd,

They stood in silent grace.

While she—yet something o'er her look

Of mournfulness was spread—

Forth from a poet's magic book

The glorious numbers read:

The proud undying lay which pour'd

Its light on evil years;

His of the gifted pen and sword,*

The triumph—and the tears.

* It is hardly necessary to recall the well-known Italian saying, that "Tasso, with his sword and pen, was superior to all men."

She read of fair Erminia's flight,
Which Venice once might hear
Sung on her glittering seas, at night,
By many a gondolier:
Of Him she read, who broke the charm
That wrapt the myrtle grove,
Of Godfrey's deeds—of Tancred's arm,
That slew his Paynim-love.
Young cheeks around that bright page glow'd;
Young holy hearts were stirr'd,
And the meek tears of woman flow'd
Fast o'er each burning word;
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,
Came sweet each pause between,
When a strange voice of sudden grief
Burst on the gentle scene.
The mother turn'd—a way-worn man
In pilgrim-garb stood nigh,
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,
Of proud, yet restless eye:
But drops, that would not stay for pride,
From that dark eye gush'd free,
As, pressing his pale brow, he cried—
"Forgotten, ev'n by thee!"
"Am I so chang'd?—and yet, we two,
Oft hand in hand have play'd;
This brow hath been all bath'd in dew,
From wreaths which thou hast made!
We have knelt down, and said one prayer,
And sang one vesper strain;
My thoughts are dim with clouds of care—
'Tell me those words again!
'Life hath been heavy on my head;
I come, a stricken deer,
Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,
To bleed in stillness here!"
She gaz'd—till thoughts that long had slept
Shook all her thrilling frame,—
She fell upon his neck, and wept,
And breath'd her Brother's name.
Her Brother's name!—and who was He,
The weary one, th' unknown,
That came, the bitter word to flee,
A stranger to his own?
He was the Bard of gifts divine
To sway the hearts of men—
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
He of the sword and pen!

F. H.

From the Monthly Review.

THE SUBALTERN. 12mo. pp. 373. Blackwood, Edinburgh; and Cadell, London. 1825.

In this little volume the reader will find as animated and as natural a picture of a military life engaged in active service, as perhaps has ever been drawn in any country. From the morning of his march from Hythe, we accompany the subaltern side by side until he finishes his campaigns at Bayonne. He lets us into all the minutiae of the scenes which he visited, of the hue and progress of almost every day which he spent in the Pyrenees; we see him in his tent, in his hut, at his dinner, at the watch-fire in the presence of the enemy, and in every part of the actions in which he was committed with them. That cloak of gene-

rality which historians usually spread over battles, by merely relating results or grand movements, is wholly removed by this writer: we understand clearly from him the share which he and his companions sustained in the dangers and triumphs of the field, as well as the nature of the duties and hardships, the pleasures and privations, of a soldier's career.

The contents of this volume must be familiar to the readers of Blackwood's Magazine, in which it appeared during the present year. The author, a subaltern officer in one of the British regiments of infantry, tells us that he embarked with his regiment at Dover, buoyant with the ardour of a young soldier who had never yet seen service. The wind, however, was more fastidious in facilitating his wishes than he expected; but at length he was landed at Passages, a sea-port at the base of the Pyrenees, some time about the middle of August, 1813. In this vicinity he soon found exercise and excitement to repletion. Previously to his debarkation, Sir Thomas Graham, who, with the fifth division of the British forces, was investing St. Sebastian's, had been repulsed in an assault upon that formidable fortress. Not only was the progress of the allied army retarded till this place should surrender, but the troops under General Graham, incensed with discomfiture, and eager to retrieve their honour, were labouring incessantly to complete fresh batteries and renew the attack. Accordingly, at daybreak on the 27th of August, the batteries opened upon the devoted castle with "one of the most splendid trains of heavy ordnance which a British general has ever had at his command." On the 31st, such breaches had been effected as were considered accessible, and at noon of that day, as if in scorn of the resistance of the besieged, the decisive assault was led on. This daring and memorable enterprise, successful apparently but by chance, is described as follows:

"Silent as the grave, the column moved forward. In one instant the leading files had cleared the trenches, and the others poured on in quick succession after them, when the work of death began. The enemy having reserved their fire till the head of the column had gained the middle of the stream, then opened with the most deadly effect. Grape, canister, musketry, shells, grenades, and every species of missile, were hurled from the ramparts, beneath which our gallant fellows dropped like corn before the reaper; in so much, that in the space of two minutes, the river was literally choked up with the bodies of the killed and wounded, over whom, without discrimination, the advancing divisions pressed on.

"The opposite bank was soon gained, and the short space between the landing-place and the foot of the breach rapidly cleared, without a single shot having been returned by the assailants. But here the most alarming prospect awaited them. Instead of a wide and tolerably level chasm, the breach presented the appearance only of an ill-built wall, thrown considerably from its perpendicular; to ascend which, even though unopposed, would be no easy task. It was, however, too late to pause; besides, the men's blood was hot, and their courage on fire; so they pressed on, clamber-

ing up as they best could, and effectually hindering one another from falling back, by the eagerness of the rear ranks to follow those in front. Shouts and groans were now mingled with the roar of cannon and the rattle of musketry; our front ranks likewise had an opportunity of occasionally firing with effect; and the slaughter on both sides was dreadful.

"At length the head of the column forced its way to the summit of the breach, where it was met in the most gallant style by the bayonets of the garrison. When I say the summit of the breach, I mean not to assert that our soldiers stood upon a level with their enemies, for this was not the case. There was a high step, perhaps two or three feet in length, which the assailants must surmount before they could gain the same ground with the defenders, and a very considerable period elapsed ere that step was surmounted. Here bayonet met bayonet, and sabre met sabre, in close and desperate strife, without the one party being able to advance, or the other succeeding in driving them back.

"Things had continued in this state for nearly a quarter of an hour, when Major Snodgrass, at the head of the 13th Portuguese regiment, dashed across the river, and assaulted the lesser breach. This attack was made in the most cool and determined manner; but here, too, the obstacles were almost insurmountable; nor is it probable that the place would have been carried at all, but for a measure adopted by General Graham, such as has never perhaps been adopted before. Perceiving that matters were almost desperate, he had recourse to a desperate remedy, and ordered our own artillery to fire upon the breach. Nothing could be more exact or beautiful than this practice. Though our own men stood only about two feet below the breach, scarcely a single ball from the guns of our batteries struck amongst them, whilst all told with fearful exactness among the enemy.

"This fire had been kept up only a very few minutes, when all at once an explosion took place, such as drowned every other noise, and apparently confounded, for an instant, the combatants on both sides. A shell from one of our mortars had exploded near the train, which communicated with a quantity of gunpowder placed under the breach. This mine the French had intended to spring as soon as our troops should have made good their footing, or established themselves on the summit; but the fortunate accident just mentioned anticipated them. It exploded whilst three hundred grenadiers, the *élite* of the garrison, stood over it, and instead of sweeping the storming party into eternity, it only cleared a way for their advance. It was a spectacle as appalling and grand as the imagination can conceive, the sight of that explosion. The noise was more awful than any which I have ever heard before or since; whilst a bright flash, instantly succeeded by a smoke so dense, as to obscure all vision, produced an effect upon those who witnessed it, such as no powers of language are adequate to describe. Such, indeed, was the effect of the whole occurrence, that for perhaps half a minute after, not a shot was fired on either side. Both parties stood still to

gaze upon the havoc which had been produced; insomuch, that a whisper might have caught your ear for a distance of several yards."—pp. 51. 55.

The town, after the terrible and revolting scenes of outrage and plunder to which it was subjected, is thus represented:

"No doubt it was, in its day, both neat and regular; but of the houses, nothing now remained except the outward shells, which, however, appeared to be of an uniform height and style of architecture. As far as I could judge, they stood five stories from the ground, and were faced with a sort of freestone, so thoroughly blackened and defiled as to be hardly cognizable. The street itself was, moreover, choked up with heaps of ruins, among which were strewed about fragments of household furniture and clothing, mixed with caps, military accoutrements, round shot, pieces of shells, and all the other implements of strife. Neither were there wanting other evidences of the drama which had been lately acted here, in the shape of dead bodies, putrefying, and infecting the air with the most horrible stench. Of living creatures, on the other hand, not one was to be seen, not even a dog or cat; indeed, we traversed the whole city, without meeting more than six human beings. These, from their dress and abject appearance, struck me as being some of the inhabitants who had survived the assault. They looked wild and haggard, and moved about here and there, poking among the ruins, as if they were either in search of the bodies of their slaughtered relatives, or hoped to find some little remnant of their property. I remarked, that two or three of them carried bags over their arms, into which they thrust every trifling article of copper or iron which came in their way.

"From the streets, each of which resembled, in every particular, that which we had first entered, we proceeded towards the breach, where a dreadful spectacle awaited us. We found it covered—literally covered—with fragments of dead carcasses, to bury which it was evident that no effectual attempt had been made. I afterwards learned, that the Spanish corps which had been left to perform this duty, instead of burying, endeavoured to burn the bodies; and hence the half-consumed limbs and trunks which were scattered about, the effluvia arising from which was beyond conception overpowering. We were heartily glad to quit this part of the town, and hastened, by the nearest covered way, to the Castle."—pp. 86. 88.

Desecration is an unavoidable attendant of the horrors of war, and yet, when compared with other evils, it is undoubtedly a subordinate one. The author's account of the conversion of a church into a military depot may be transcribed, as a specimen of the manner in which British soldiers meditate among the tombs.

"The spectacle which the interior of the church of Urogne presented this night, was one which the pious founder of the fabric probably never calculated upon its presenting. Along the two side aisles, the arms of the battalion were piled, whilst the men themselves occupied the centre aisle. In the pulpit was

placed the large drum and other musical instruments, whilst a party of officers took possession of a gallery erected at the lower extremity of the building. For our own parts, Gray and myself asserted a claim to the space around the altar, which, in an English church, is generally railed in, but which, in (several) foreign churches, is distinguished from the rest of the chancel only by its elevation. Here we spread out our cold salt beef, our brown bread, our cheese, and our *grog*; and here we ate and drank, in that state of excited feeling which attends every man who has gone safely through the perils of such a day.

"Nor was the wild nature of the spectacle around us diminished by the gloomy and wavering light, which thirty or forty small rosin tapers cast over it. Of these, two or three stood beside us, upon the altar, whilst the rest were scattered about, by ones and twos, in different places, leaving every interval in a sort of shade, which gave a wider scope to the imagination than to the senses. The buzz of conversation, too, the frequent laugh and joke, and, by and by, the song, as the *grog* began to circulate, all these combined to produce a scene too striking to be soon forgotten.

"As time passed on, all these sounds became gradually more and more faint. The soldiers, wearied with their day's work, dropped asleep, one after another, and I, having watched them for a while, stretched out like so many corpses upon the paved floor of the church, wrapped my cloak round me, and prepared to follow their example. I laid myself at the foot of the altar, and though the marble was not more soft than marble usually is, I slept as soundly upon it as if it had been a bed of down."—pp. 131, 133.

After many a hard-fought field, and many a night of harassing watchfulness amid the snow and storms of the Pyrenees, the British army at length descended into a more genial climate. Regardless of the chivalrous denunciations of Gascony, Lord Wellington invaded the "sacred territory," and for the first time encountered the enemy on their own soil. Our author informs us, that this was no sooner effected than the Spanish and Portuguese soldiers, inflamed with the most implacable resentment against the French, gave unlimited rein to their feelings. They committed outrages of the most wanton and fiendish description on the unarmed peasantry. They tumultuously broke from their ranks, and rushed into the cottages, which they seldom quitted without perpetrating acts of the foulest violence. In vain did their officers attempt to repress their insubordination, for which purpose the most vigorous measures had to be employed by the commander-in-chief. Of the cool-blooded manner in which these atrocities were committed, the author favours us with one remarkable instance.

"A little way, perhaps a couple of hundred yards in front, stood another French cottage, surrounded by a garden, and perfectly detached from all others. In about five minutes after order had been restored, we heard a female shriek come from that cottage. It was followed by the report of a musket, and ere

we had time to reach the spot, another shot was fired. We ran up, and found a poor old French peasant lying dead at the bottom of the garden. A bullet had passed through his head, and his thin grey hairs were dyed with his own blood. We hastened towards the house, and just as we neared the door, a caca-dore rushed out, and attempted to elude us. But he was hotly pursued and taken. When he was brought back, we entered the cottage, and to our horror we saw an old woman, in all probability the wife of the aged peasant, lying dead in the kitchen.

"The desperate Portuguese pretended not to deny having perpetrated these murders. He seemed, on the contrary, wound up to a pitch of frenzy.—'They murdered my father, they cut my mother's throat, and they ravished my sister,' said he, 'and I vowed at the time that I would put to death the first French family that fell into my hands. You may hang me, if you will, but I have kept my oath, and I care not for dying.' It is unnecessary to add that the man was hanged; indeed, no fewer than eighteen Spanish and Portuguese soldiers were tucked up, in the course of this and the following days, to the branches of trees."—pp. 145, 146.

We cannot pass over the amusing description which the Subaltern gives of the resources to which he and his companions were driven, in order to make themselves comfortable in their winter quarters. On the 17th of November they struck their tents with infinite satisfaction, and dispersed themselves in such cottages and farm-houses as they found on an elevated piece of ground between Bedart and St. Jean de Luz.

"It would be difficult for an ordinary reader to form any adequate notion of the extreme satisfaction which soldiers experience, when first they establish themselves in winter-quarters. As long as the weather continues fine, and summer suns shed their influence over it, there are, indeed, few places more agreeable than a camp. But it is not so after the summer has departed. Against heavy and continued rains, a tent supplies but a very inadequate shelter. A tent is, moreover, but a narrow chamber, in which it is not easy so much as to stand upright, excepting in one spot; and where all opportunity of locomotion is denied. It furnishes, moreover, little protection against cold, to light a fire within being impossible, on account of the smoke; and hence the only means of keeping yourself warm is, to wrap your cloak or blanket about you, and to lie down. Occasionally, indeed, I have seen red-hot shot employed as heaters; but the kind of warmth which arises from heated iron is, at least to me, hardly more agreeable than that which is produced by charcoal. In a word, however enthusiastic a man may be in his profession, he begins, about the end of October or the beginning of November, to grow heartily tired of campaigning; and looks forward to a few weeks' rest, and a substantial protection against cold and damps, with almost as much pleasure as he experiences when the return of spring calls him once more into the field.

"The farm-houses in the south of France,

like those in the neighbouring country of Spain, are rarely provided with fire-places in any other apartment besides the kitchen. It is, indeed, customary for families to live, during the winter months, entirely with their servants; and hence the want of a fire-place in the parlour is not felt any more than in the bed-rooms. I observed, likewise, that hardly any maison of the kind was furnished with glazed windows; wooden lattices being almost universally substituted. These, during the summer months, are kept open all day, and closed only at night; and I believe that the extreme mildness of the climate renders an open window, at such seasons, very agreeable. On the present occasion, however, we anticipated no slight annoyance from the absence of these two essential matters, a chimney and a window in our room; and we immediately set our wits to work for the removal of both causes of complaint.

"Both Gray's servant and my own chanced to be exceedingly ingenious fellows; the former, in particular, could, to use a vulgar phrase, turn his hand to any thing. Under his directions we set a party of men to work, and knocking a hole through one corner of our room, we speedily converted it into a fire-place. To give vent to the smoke, we took the trouble to build an external chimney, carrying it up as high as the roof of the house; and our pride and satisfaction were neither of them trifling, when we found that it drew to admiration. I mean not to commend the masonry for its elegance, nor to assert that the sort of buttress now produced added in any degree to the general appearance of the house; but it had the effect of rendering our apartment exceedingly comfortable, and that was the sole object which we had in view.

"Having thus provided for our warmth, the next thing to be done was to manufacture such a window as might supply us with light, and at the same time resist the weather. For this purpose we lifted a couple of lattices from their hinges; and having cut out four pannels in each, we covered the spaces with white paper soaked in oil. The light thus admitted was not, indeed, very brilliant, but it was sufficient for all our purposes; and we found, when the storm again returned, that our oil paper stood out against it stoutly. Then, having swept our floor, unpacked and arranged the contents of our canteen, and provided good dry hay-sacks for our couches, we felt as if the whole world could have supplied no better or more desirable habitation.

"To build the chimney, and construct the window, furnished occupation enough for one day; the next was spent in cutting wood, and laying in a store of fuel against the winter. In effecting this, it must be confessed, that we were not over fastidious as to the source from which it was derived; and hence a greater number of fruit-trees were felled and cut to pieces, than, perhaps, there was any positive necessity to destroy. But it is impossible to guard against every little excess, when troops have established themselves in an enemy's country; and the French have just cause of thankfulness, that so little comparative devastation marked the progress of our armies.

Their own, it is well known, were not remarkable for their orderly conduct in such countries as they overran. —pp. 150. 151.

We must add an anecdote of the Great Captain, whose name will not soon be forgotten at either side of the Pyrenees.

"It was not, however, among regimental and other inferior officers alone, that this period of military inaction was esteemed and acted upon as one of enjoyment. Lord Wellington's fox-hounds were unkenneled; and he himself took the field regularly twice a week, as if he had been a denizen of Leicestershire, or any other sporting county in England. I need not add, that few packs, in any county, could be better attended. Not that the horses of all the huntsmen were of the best breed, or of the gayest appearance; but what was wanting in individual splendour was made up by the number of Nimrods; nor would it be easy to discover a field more fruitful in laughable occurrences, which no man more heartily enjoyed than the gallant Marquis himself. When the hounds were out, he was no longer the commander of the forces, the General in Chief of three nations, and the representative of three sovereigns; but the gay, merry, country gentleman, who rode at every thing, and laughed as loud when he fell himself, as when he witnessed the fall of a brother sportsman." —pp. 155, 156.

It is pretty generally known, that while the British troops occupied their position on the Bidassoa, numerous desertions took place. These have been attributed to various causes by different writers. It was affirmed, that the disagreeable duty to which the men were subjected, the severity of the weather in so high a region, and the unwholesomeness and irregular distribution of their rations, produced these desertions. It is an indisputable fact, however, that they invariably took place from the outposts of such piquets as were stationed in the most desolate ravines, the scenes of former battles, and where double sentinels could not be placed. The author, however, whilst he admits the harassing nature of the duty, assigns as the principal, if not sole cause of these desertions, the "superstitious fears" of the common soldiers. The ground necessarily occupied by their outposts, he says, was so bestrewn with the remains of the dead, that the men repeatedly declared that they preferred fighting during the day to performing the duty of sentinels by night by the side of their unburied comrades. Remote passes, lonely ravines, and the margin of woods, where the severest skirmishes had taken place, were generally the spots at which it was essential to station a single outpost. The skeletons lay around, the wolves howled on all sides, and the wild dogs of the mountains snarled in contention over the half devoured carcasses. Superstitious apprehension seized upon the men, and rather than endure nightly horrors which they deemed worse than death, they crossed over to the enemy. This hypothesis is rendered more probable by the fact, that as soon as the army descended from the mountains, desertion ceased. Of the effects of this species of fear upon an individual of supposed stronger

nerves than his comrades, and who selected a place of dread in order to show how he should brave it, the author tells the following anecdote:

"I visited his post about half an hour after he had assumed it, that is to say, a little before midnight. He was neither standing nor sitting, but leaning against a tree, and was fairly covered with a coat of frozen snow. His firelock had dropped from his hand, and lay across the chest of the dead man, beside whom he had chosen to place himself. When I spoke to the fellow, and desired to know why he had not challenged as I approached, he made no answer; and, on examining more closely, I found that he was in a swoon. Of course, I despatched my orderly for a relief, and kept watch myself till he returned; when, with the assistance of my comrades, I first dragged the dead body to the lake, into which it was thrown, and then removed the insensible but living man into the picket-house. There several minutes were spent in chafing and rubbing him before he opened his eyes; but being at length restored to the use of speech, he gave the following account of his adventure.

"He said that the corporal had hardly quit-
ted him, when his ears were assailed with the most dreadful sounds, such as he was very certain no earthly creature could produce. That he saw through the gloom a whole troop of devils dancing beside the water's edge, and a creature in white came creeping towards his post, groaning heavily all the way. He endeavoured to call out to it, but the words stuck in his throat, nor could he utter so much as a cry. Just then he swore that the dead man sat up, and stared him in the face; after which he had no recollection of any thing, till he found himself in the picket-house. I have no reason to suspect that man of cowardice; neither, as my reader will easily believe, did I treat his story with any other notice than a hearty laugh; but in the absolute truth of it he uniformly persisted, and, if he be alive, persists, I dare say, to this hour."—pp. 265, 266.

We can only present another extract, and it regards a topic which has already undergone considerable discussion, namely, the conduct of the Governor of Bayonne, in permitting a sortie from that garrison after he had been repeatedly assured of the abdication of Napoleon.

The Subaltern has no where presumed to discuss the motives of his own superior officers, nor those of the enemy. He has laudably confined himself to facts, and on these the reader is left to make his own reflections. But after the perusal of the disastrous affair to which we allude, we cannot avoid saying that it is impossible to come to any other conclusion than that either General Thouvenot, who was entrusted by Soult with the defence of Bayonne, was guilty of an act of dishonourable and treacherous cruelty, or that Sir John Hope and the British officers under his command had relaxed in their discipline to a most unwarrantable degree. It is well known that while our troops lay before Bayonne, General Hope received an official despatch from Paris,

assuring him of the restoration of the Bourbons, and the consequent termination of the war. This important intelligence he accordingly transmitted to General Thouvenot, with a notification, that he considered hostilities to have ceased. Thouvenot disbelieved, or affected to disbelieve this intelligence. But he certainly had the means of ascertaining the fact for himself, and he saw by the cessation of operations on the part of the British, and the carelessness of the pickets, that they trusted to the war being virtually though not formally at an end. The question then is—was it, or was it not treachery, or something extremely analogous to it, to authorize a sortie under such circumstances? That the British were completely surprised, and that 2000 men perished needlessly, is plain; but that our troops were so surprised owing to their confidence in peace, and their reliance on the honour of the enemy, is equally self-evident.—Of the result of this affair our author thus speaks.

"A battle, such as that which I have just described, is always attended by a greater proportionate slaughter on both sides, than one more regularly entered into, and more scientifically fought. On our part, nine hundred men had fallen; on the part of the enemy, upwards of a thousand; and the arena within which they fell was so narrow, that even a veteran would have guessed the number of dead bodies at something greatly beyond this. The street of St. Etienne, in particular, was covered with killed and wounded; and round the six-pounder they lay in heaps. A French artilleryman had fallen across it, with a fusée in his hand; there he lay, his head cloven asunder, and the remains of the handle of the fusée in his grasp. The muzzle and breech of the gun were smeared with blood and brains; and beside them were several soldiers of both nations, whose heads had evidently been dashed to pieces by the butts of muskets. Arms of all sorts, broken and entire, were strewn about. Among the number of killed on our side was General Hay; he was shot through one of the loop-holes, in the interior of the church. The wounded, too, were far more than ordinarily numerous; in a word, it was one of the most hard-fought and unsatisfactory affairs which had occurred since the commencement of the war. Brave men fell, when their fall was no longer beneficial to their country, and much blood was wantonly shed during a period of national peace."—pp. 363, 364.

We have, we think, given a sufficient number of extracts to justify our favourable opinion of this interesting and highly animated narrative. The incidents, as we have already intimated, are related with simplicity, and sometimes with all the warmth of one who delights in his story, and catches inspiration as it were from the escapes and exploits of his companions in arms. The various fields of battle which the Subaltern trod are sketched with no ordinary pencil; and some of the scenes amongst the Pyrenees are delineated with a poetic brilliancy, which places them at once in their natural light and shade before the eye of the reader.

From the *Monthly Magazine*.

RECOLLECTIONS OF DR. PARR.

Between the Years 1818 and 1825.

WHILE the memory of this wonderful man is yet fresh in the minds of his friends and the public, no efforts will of course be spared to snatch from oblivion every relic connected with his name: and we have not so much to dread from the want of abundance of materials, as of discrimination in the choice of those fittest to be selected.

A life of Dr. Parr is now in contemplation by Dr. John Johnson of Birmingham, a gentleman equally calculated by ability and talent, and his long habits of intimacy and friendship with the deceased, to execute such a task. There is but one other person who, from devotedness of attachment and parity of pursuits, might have been selected in preference: but he is gone before him; and all that remains for the surviving admirers of departed genius is, each to bring together those scattered recollections, which, like rays collected in one focus, may, when concentrated, throw some light upon a character, in which the scholar, the philanthropist, and the humorist were equally blended.

Living in the secluded village of Hatton, near Leamington, but in the immediate neighbourhood of a well-frequented watering-place, it was not by the idlers who dined in his company one day at an ordinary, or who lounged over to Hatton, in order (in the modern silly phrase) "to see a lion," that Dr. Parr was to be known or appreciated. The great characteristic of Dr. Parr's conversation was originality, united to an utter contempt of what might be the prevailing fashion of the day. Habits of intercourse were necessary to distinguish his serious from his jocose style: and in the presence of indifferent persons he would sometimes support an opinion or an argument "to make them stare," which they would be very idly employed in setting down as his real dispassionate sentiments.

It was in a visit to Leamington, during the summer of the year 1818, that the author had the pleasure of being introduced to Dr. Parr—an introduction which was followed by the advantage of his friendship and society, whenever circumstances permitted it, up to the moment of his lamented death. He was, at the time of first seeing him, in his seventy-second year, with none of his activity or intellectual vivacity impaired. In a recent publication he has been gratuitously presented with "a lack-lustre eye." This must have been for the hackneyed pleasure of quoting Shakspeare, for never was there any thing so unlike "lack-lustre" as the eyes of Dr. Parr. They possessed uncommon fire and expression for his time of life: and were of that fine grey (more brilliant than blue, brown, or black,) that so often forms the index to the features of uncommon genius. He held his head a little on one side, in the *Johnsonian* manner; his features were rather agreeable than otherwise; his wig not quite so large as has been described, but still sufficient, with his grey bushy eye-brows, to give a remarkable character to his face; his figure was mid-

dle-sized, not much inclining to corpulence, and his clerical dress (which has been so often compared to and mistaken for that of a bishop), was such as he had a right to, as a prebend of St. Paul's.

The manner of Dr. Parr was at that time frank, cordial, and somewhat boisterous. Sickness and sorrow afterwards subdued it to the mildest tone. An invitation to Hatton afforded an opportunity of enjoying the rich treat of his conversation in his social hours; and as every thing must be interesting connected with the scene which his talents and virtues so long adorned, we will prefix a short description of the *locale*, before we arrive at the presiding genius of the place.

Hatton Parsonage, which rises modestly by the road-side, only separated from it by a very small garden in front, consists, besides the sleeping-rooms and offices, of three rooms on the ground floor, the library, a little smoking-room, and the drawing-room, every article of the furniture of which is now endeared by the remembrance of him who made it the centre of social pleasure, enlivening it by his wisdom and his wit. To the right of the fire-place was a massive *fautcuil*, the gift of one of his scholars, adorned with tapestry, and as inaccessible as the books to any body but the Doctor. Over his head were prints, framed, and hung in a sort of order, called "the scholar's compartment." In the centre was Porson; beneath him, Twining the critic. To the right of Porson, Thomas Warton and Dr. Johnson; to the left, Gilbert Wakefield and Oliver Goldsmith. Alluding to Dr. Johnson's epitaph on Goldsmith, the Doctor observed smiling, there was "a little mistake in the Latin of that." Then turning to the portrait of Twining, "that was a clever fellow," he said, "a good scholar, but a sad ugly dog. It is not necessary for a man to be handsome, but I should be sorry to be as ugly as Twining!" Over the chimney hung a painting of Dr. Parr, in his red doctor's hood, and on his right and left — Horner, Esq. M.P., and Sir Samuel Romilly. Beside this painting, a good bust and engraving of Dr. Parr ornamented the sitting-room. Two views of Harrow (a place so intimately connected with his earlier classical recollections), two views of Salisbury, and a fine design from an antique Neapolitan vase, formed nearly all the decoration of this kind that the room exhibited. A footstool covered with *cats* in tent-stitch, the needle-work done by one of the daughters of the late Duchess of Gordon, formed an appropriate companion to the worked elbow-chair, and was carefully prized by the Doctor. The library, which was also the eating-room, was a spacious apartment, lined with books, not splendidly bound, but, as Moore delightfully said, "looking like books that could be made free with." In this, however, he would have been woefully mistaken. The roses of Azor were not more jealously guarded than the Doctor's books. No one durst touch them under pain of death, unless the master offered them: and, as a convincing reason for this prohibition, the Doctor, mentioned, when he formerly permitted his guests the unbounded use of his library, curious passages, and even engrav-

ings, had been cut out of his favourite books! a species of unprincipled depredation to which nothing but the conscience of an *amateur* could ever be reconciled. He would lend books himself, however. I once saw a singular one, which a young lady was reading at his recommendation—the life of George Psalmanzar. Not only the library, but the landing-place of the first floor, and the passages leading to the sleeping-rooms, were *tapisées de livres*. The quantity thus accumulated was sometimes mentioned as one of the reasons for the Doctor's unwillingness to quit Hatton, although a village of few resources, from the difficulty he would have found in safely removing all his books.

At dinner the Doctor talked a great deal of Homer, and the unabated "rapture with which he read him," and supported (but I think sportively) Bryant's hypothesis, that the *Iliad* was not the work of Homer, but that of several poets first collected by him; but the novelty of a first introduction,* and the variety of new objects, prevented the author from giving such undivided attention to the Doctor's conversation as in subsequent opportunities; so that we shall here put down, without farther particularizing dates, such remarks and opinions, given at different times, as may be truly termed his "table-talk."

In the opinion of Dr Parr, the five best writers of English style were: Gray, the poet; Uvedale Price, author of a Treatise upon Landscape Gardening; Dr. Shipley, Bishop of St. Asaph; Dugald Stewart, and Richard Brinsley Sheridan. Next to these, but at a long interval, he placed John Horne Tooke!

Of Gray he seemed to think it scarcely possible to speak with sufficient enthusiasm. He said that his *Elegy* would live for ever; that a great deal of his *Odes* would live; but then added, that there was a passage in one of them which was nonsense. The author of this "notice" asking him what it was? he replied "I won't tell you; most people think it very fine." He blamed him freely for that indolence which prevented Gray, with his vast powers of mind, from communicating a portion of his extensive knowledge in lectures. But it was as a scholar and a critic that, in Dr. Parr's opinion, Gray soared beyond all possibility of competition. "When I read his observations upon Plato," said the Doctor, "my first impression was to exclaim, 'Why did I not write this?'" he added, "that Gray alone possessed the merit of avoiding the error into which all the other commentators on Plato had fallen." There were no fine-spun theories, no metaphysical nonsense in Gray. He considered Mason as utterly unworthy to be his editor; that "he had not powers to comprehend the depth and extent of such a mind as Gray's,

* The author doubted whether a more distinct allusion would be consistent with delicacy towards the unobtrusive merit that never in any way courted public admiration, but it would be unpardonable here to omit to mention, that the second Mrs. Parr, who at that time did the honours of his house, was in person, manners, and conduct every thing calculated to do honour to her husband's choice, and gild the evening of his days.

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and, being no scholar himself, had suppressed, from feelings of envy, some part of Gray's various and extensive learning." But of Mr. Mathias's edition of Gray he had the highest opinion. He said "it did his subject perfect justice."

He had a high esteem for Mathias as a scholar (which name, I suspect, conveyed from his lips greater praise than that of a genius), and considered the following verses on Gray, in the "Pursuits of Literature," *very striking*.

"Go then, and view, since closed his cloistered day,

The self-supported, melancholy Gray.

Dark was his morn of life, and bleak the spring,
Without one fostering ray from Britain's king.
Granta's dull abbeys cast a sidelong glance;
And Levite gownsmen hugg'd their ignorance;
With his high spirit strove the master bard,
And was his own "exceeding great reward."

He finished by observing that, "had he known him, he should have esteemed and honoured Gray, but that he could not have liked him."

The "Pursuits of Literature" reminds me of an anecdote of the Doctor which he related of himself with great pleasure, and which exhibited him in the exercise of his magnanimity, one of his favourite virtues.

Every reader of that classic performance must remember the rather ill-natured and (I think) unfounded attack upon the Doctor's "unpresentability," which one of the notes contains. However opinions may differ upon that subject, the note was certainly one most difficult for the object of it to forgive, as directly attacking his personal peculiarities. Dr. Parr, however, with the noble liberality of genius, overlooked whatever was offensive to himself in admiration of the writer's talents. To use his own words, he wrote to him, introducing himself, and soliciting his acquaintance "as an honour to learning." "We exchanged presents," continued the Doctor; and I may conclude this anecdote with remarking, that I do not doubt that the author, after this intercourse with Dr. Parr, perceived the errors into which the most enlightened reporters may fall, who trust in their observation upon a great man to hearsay, and the exaggerated statements of others.

Another writer for whom Dr. Parr had a great esteem, was Mr. Roscoe, author of the *Life of Lorenzo de Medici*, and *Life and Pontificate of Leo the Tenth*. It was on occasion of one of those works that he said he wrote to Mr. Roscoe a letter of ten pages "full of criticism."

Another occasion of displaying his magnanimity was in the case of the late Lord Byron, whose introduction to him took place, according to the description of a celebrated living poet, in the following manner.

Dr. Parr, all heartiness and classical enthusiasm, advanced with extended hand to greet the young nobleman, whom he considered as promising to be an equal honour to the cause of literature, learning, and liberal sentiment. Lord Byron, instead of meeting his advances, drew up stiffly, *put out his foot*, as if describing an unapproachable circle, and made no

movement to receive the Doctor's proffered hand. The *bad taste* (to say no more) of this behaviour in a young man, to the venerable representative of the wit and learning of half a century, can only be defended upon the plea of that morbid eccentricity, which at moments transformed his Lordship from one of the most fascinating into one of the most repulsive of men. Such was his reception of the advances of the venerable Chancellor, when he went to take his seat in the House of Peers, as related by Mr. Dallas. Be that as it may, Dr. Parr never suffered this incident to bias his judgment in deciding upon his lordship's literary merits, to which (as far as mere genius goes) he was ever ready to pay the tribute of the most unqualified praise; and that not when he was the loadstone of popular attractions, but in his exile, in his unpopularity. The generous spirit of Parr seemed to rise at the slightest appearance of persecution: I have heard him say, "Campbell is a poet: Byron, with all his vices, is a poet; but (as if recollecting himself) *he is unamiable*." Such was the gentle censure that memory extorted from Dr. Parr!

Excepting that of Byron, Moore, and Campbell, Dr. Parr thought little of the poetry of the present day: although he was the enthusiast of that of an age gone by, that of Pope, Young, Gray, Goldsmith, Thomson, Beattie; and used to say wistfully to the ladies, "The great mischief Walter Scott does is to you women; he has destroyed your taste for poetry, exquisite, pure, moral poetry." Another time he said, turning to a lady in company, "It is you women who have spoiled him, and *made him what he is*. His poetry is already forgotten. There was that Marmion, about which such a fuss was made"—Here the lady interposed in praise of the favourite poem of her favourite bard. "Nay, nay," interrupted the Doctor, with affected ferocity, but real good-humour, "If once you begin to cant about Walter Scott, I have done." He observed that he had at once renounced the grander resources of poetic harmony, by choosing the octave measure. The purity of Dr. Parr's classical taste, too, prevented the sparkling gaiety, faithful description, and splendid imagery, that pervade the works of this admired poet, atoning for the careless versification and simple antique phraseology. From the works of Walter Scott we proceeded, by I know not what metaphysical association of ideas, to those of the Great Unknown, to which the Doctor was disposed to allow as little quarter. He called his novels all "books taken out of other books." A visitor present said, "Oh, surely, sir, you will allow him merit in dialogue?"

Dr. Parr. "No, sir: not in dialogue." Lord Byron being mentioned; he burst into the following animated apostrophe:

"Byron! the sorcerer! he can do with me according to his will. If it is to place me on the summit of a dizzy cliff; if it is to throw me headlong into the abyss; to transport me to Elysium, or to leave me alone upon a desert isle, his power is the same. I wish Lord Byron had a friend, or a servant, appointed to the office of the slave who was to knock every

morning at the chamber-door of Philip of Macedon and remind him he was mortal." In perusing these bursts, the reader must ever bear in mind the peculiar character of Dr. Parr—that classical enthusiasm and fire of sensibility and genius which nothing could tame or quench, and that boldness which, "thinking no evil," never sought safety in tame or modified expressions. The introduction to Moore, the poet, displayed in its full light this peculiarity of the Doctor's. It took place about the period of the beginning of these recollections. The poet of freedom, of course, was animated and brilliant, and Dr. Parr delighted with him. At parting, he presented him from his library with a volume of poetry of one of the Latin authors of the middle ages, on which Mr. Moore seemed to set a great value. Another time, he desired his lady to join him in expressing her sense of his merit; and, on her hesitating, resumed, in his energetic manner, "She won't speak; but I'll tell you what she is: she is *fascinated*." He was unfeignedly delighted with "The Fudge Family;" yet seemed humorously to think an apology necessary for reading it. "It is seldom," he observed (like Parson Adams,) that I read a *modern* work. No, no, I have all these in my head," pointing to his classic library.

The habits of Dr. Parr were favourable both to long life and to literary occupation. "I am a six o'clock man," he used to say, when in the 76th year of his age. The precious time thus gained in the morning was devoted to his books; and the rest of the day to social intercourse, and the various duties into which his time was divided. In his engagements he was severely punctual, and justly exacted the same punctuality in return. By this means he was enabled to transact a prodigious variety of business—to keep up a constant intercourse of good neighbourhood—and to give advice—good offices—or still more important assistance to the numbers who looked up to him as their temporal protector, or spiritual guide. He was adored by the poorer part of his parishioners: being always equally attentive to administer to their wants, and to promote their innocent pleasures.

From Watts's Literary Souvenir

THE POET'S DEN.

A Sketch on the Spot.

Thus, in this calm retreat, so richly fraught
With mental light, and luxury of thought,
His life steals on.

Rogers.

'Tis the "leafy month of June,"
And the pale and placid moon,
In the east her crescent rearing,
Tells that summer's eve is wearing;
But the sun is lingering still
O'er the old, accustom'd hill,
And condenses all his rays
In one broad, attempt'd blaze,—
Twilight's shadows deepening 'round him,
Like a king when foes surround him,
Gathering, since he scorns to fly,
Life's last energies to die!

See! the parting god of day
Leaves a trail upon his way,—

Like the memory of the dead
When the sainted soul is fled,—
And it chequers all the skies
With its bright, innumerable dyes.
Waves of clouds, all rich and glowing,
Each into the other flowing,
Pierced by many a crimson streak,
Like the blush on Beauty's cheek;
Here and there dark purple tinges
Peering through their saffron fringes,
(Amethysts of price untold,
Set in shrines of virgin gold.)
And, anon, a dewy star,
Twinkling from blue depths afar,
Bright as Woman's tearful eye
When she weeps, she scarce knows why.
Not a sound disturbs the hush,
Save the mountain-torrent's gush,
As it struggles, with a bound,
From the depth of shades profound;
Now through tangled brush-wood straying,
Now o'er velvet moss delaying,
Lapsing now in parted streams,
Like a youthful poet's dreams,
And, anon, their haven won,
Gently gliding into one!
Cooling breezes bathe the brow
With delicious fragrance now;
Incense sweet from many a bower;
Odours from each closing flower;
Swell upon the rising gale,
On the charmed sense prevail,
Till the pulse forgets to move,
And the soul is "drunk with love!"

Where yon sweet clematis flings,
Far and wide, its starry rings;
Where the graceful jasmine's braid,
Makes a green, eye-soothing shade,
And their shoots united rove
O'er the trellised roof above,—
Deep embower'd from mortal ken,
Thread we now a Poet's Den!

Bright confusion revels there,
Ne'er had she a realm more fair;
'Tis a wilderness of mind,
Redolent of tastes refined.
Tomes of wild romantic lore,
Cull'd from Fancy's brightest store,—
(Caskets full of gems sublime,
From the silent depths of Time.)
Poets, whose conceptions high
Are sparks of immortality;
Sages, Wisdom's self bath crown'd,
People all the walls around;
Or beneath the 'wilder'd eye,
In "admir'd disorder" lie
Ingots rich of Fancy's ore,
Scatter'd o'er the crowded floor.

Mystic scraps are strewn around,
Like the oracles profound
Of the Delphic prophetic;
And—as difficult to guess!—
China vases, filled with flowers,
Fresh from evening's dewy bowers;
Love-gifts from his lady fair,
Knots of ribbon, locks of hair;
Sprigs of myrtle, sent to keep
Memory from too sound a sleep;
Violets, blue as are the eyes
That awake his softest sighs,

And reward his love-sick lays
With their smiles of more than praise;
Spells of sweetness, gather'd 'round,
Make those precincts hallow'd ground!

Here a broken, stringless lute;
There a masker's antic suit;
Fencing foils; a Moorish brand;
Tokens strange from many a land,
Memory's lights to many a scene
Where his roving steps have been;
Cameos rich, from mighty Rome;
Laurel wreaths from Virgil's tomb;
Golden fruit from Scio's vine;
Views along the winding Rhine;
Wither'd shrubs from Castaly,
Spread below, or ranged on high,
Mingle there promiscuously!
And many a fair and sunny face,
Many a sculptured shape of grace,
Such as Guido's pencil warm'd,
And Canova's chisel form'd,—
Brows by deathless genius crown'd,—
Breathe their inspiration 'round;
Like the smile of primal Light,
Making even Chaos bright.

By the open lattice sitting,
Fever'd streams of beauty flitting
O'er his heart, and o'er his brain,
In one bright, unbroken chain;
Drinking deep through every sense,
Draughts of pleasure, too intense,—
Mark the poet's glistening eye
Wandering now o'er earth and sky!

'Tis a blissful hour to him,—
Slave of feeling—child of whim!—
Builder of the lofty rhyme,—
Bard,—musician,—painter,—mime;
Ever sway'd by impulse strong,
Each by turns, and nothing long:
Fickle as the changing rays
Round the sun's descending blaze;
Still in search of idle toys;
Pining after fancied joys;
All that charm'd his heart or eye,
Sought—possess'd—and then thrown by!
Doom'd on shadows thus to brood,
Whilst life's more substantial good,
All that wiser bosoms prize,
Fades like day from yonder skies!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

POSTHUMOUS LETTERS OF CHARLES EDWARDS, ESQ.

NO. VI.

London, 18—

WELL! here I am, once more, in London. You saw my name among the "arrivals."—"Charles Edwards, Esq. from a tour!" They would have said as much, although I had come from Botany Bay, so that I drove to P—'s Hotel with four horses; and I won't be positive as to the fact of coming back—but I should not be the first who had set out from that house for such a destination.

I staid one evening at Clifton, and posted

from Bath upwards—the world certainly cannot match such travelling, for people who are in haste. Marry! the same circumstances—(every thing shows as new to me here as if I were an Esquimaux, or a Kamschatcan born, instead of an Englishman)—but the same circumstances which combine to furnish the power for this rapid locomotion, make its adoption, now they exist, pretty nearly compulsory. Farewell to the last incarnation of the eccentric, and adventurous—the scenes that inspired Smollett, and Farquhar, and Fielding. It would be heavy work now to ride through England on horseback—putting up, every twelve hours, for the night, at the close of the day's stage or journey; and without even the chance of a sword drawn at the inn where you stopped, or a scuffle with a highwayman (or a brace of footpads) before you got there.

The joys which charmed the youth of our grandfathers, are departed! There are no people robbed in St. Paul's church-yard, nor in Holborn, now. The "Paddington stage" is never stopped now (unless to deliver parcels, not once a year!) instead of being plundered regularly every night, and the coachman stripped to his shirt, and so set upon his box again—sometimes without any shirt—as it used to be. There has not been a burglary, that is, not a proper burglary—the people tied back to back and put down in the coal-cellar, while the house was gutted, and so on—scarcely within my recollection. Nor a fine young thief—at least nineteen times escaped from Newgate—of "five-and-twenty, or thereabouts," taken at such a place as "Hockley in the Hole,"—indeed there is no such place—with three brace of pistols, his hair in papers, and a hundred guineas in his pocket! And, as for wild, solitary journeying, by bridle paths, over mountains and through forests, to muse along at a foot pace in; scanty luncheons by the side of a river, or under the shade of a cork tree; cottage and convent up-puttings, or any other of the casualties that to you and me, in earlier and better days, used to make travel delightful! Mail-coaches forsake us! the whole hundred and twenty miles of road from London to Bristol is but one great high street, now, almost with houses upon both sides of the way; cursed with turtle, gas-light, horse patrols, excellent inn, turnpike at every half mile, and every other nuisance of wealth and regularity.

In fact, I look at England now, something with the eye, though not at all with the heart, of a foreigner—did it never strike you, bating, of course, the loss of national strength which unfortunately would accompany such a change, that the people here would be happier if they were not quite so enlightened as they are; and still more so, if there were not quite so many of them? What say you to a good rummaging plague again—such as that treated of in the veritable and moth-eaten tome that you have sent me; and which (do me the favour to say so much, with my profound respects, to your lady sister) shall be returned, translated in the best way that I can make it out—a plague of purpose, and which, as Fletcher's grave-digger suggests it, should take the apothecaries and physicians first, that there might be no help left for money?

London alone, for a genuine stranger, the work of half a life would hardly be sufficient for him to examine it. The mere new matter which has arisen since I was here last—in six years—is such a survey to go through, that I must die very slightly informed as to three-fourths of it. "Improvement"—or, at least, increase of extent, will make it a post-stage from one end of the town to the other, very shortly. This is absolute—coming in from Axbridge, I met the place a full mile west of where I left it—a mile on the road between Tyburn turnpike and Bayswater.

Works that, but yesterday, were the business of years to think of, are projected now, and completed, almost between to-day and to-morrow. Here is a bridge built that has cost half a million! Paying about as much I understand, as may keep it in repair. And yet nobody seems to suffer; and another, a wider speculation than the first, at the east end of the town, is undertaking.

Luxury makes laudable progress too—not among the people of rank—perhaps it could not well get much farther than it has got with them—and present circumstances seem likely rather to abate it—but the second class in the metropolis, the *de facto* traders, are pressing harder than ever upon the rich, and driving them fast into projects of exclusion and barricade. Clerks now keep attresses; linen-drapers speak Italian; and tailors keep hunting horses, and go to the French play. This it is that pulls down the coffee-houses, into which all may walk, and sets up the clubs, into which even he who would eat a twenty-shilling supper cannot enter. And, for the lower ranks, as regards external appearance, literally now, you can't even guess at the condition of any female in London by her dress,—there is not a woman servant in this house where I am living, who does not go abroad, on her holiday, in her velvet and feathers; and in such attire altogether as the wife of a man of moderate income, very often, could hardly hope to compass.

So, indeed, for the gentlemen; in style and dress, no man ever looks like what he is; until at last, venture to seem any thing but a chimney-sweeper, and (in a strange neighbourhood) you run good chance to be set down for an impostor. As for "Captains," the island is peopled with them. I can find no dignitaries (except now and then a "Major") else. Public exhibitors are getting into importance too; I saw a person that keeps a show-box somewhere in the Strand, so extreme the other day, in boots and mustachoes, that I learned his quality, by asking (in admiration) to what corps of Hungarians he belonged! Here is a boot-maker, last week, has married a ward in Chancery! some ex-tailor's only joy, with fifty thousand pounds—has been in prison—"consented to make settlements"—and now backs boxers—drives tandem—and is a "character" "upon town." Another fellow, that I used to buy canes of in Oxford Street, across a counter—I saw at the Opera, dressed like a Pandour! he is a blackleg forsooth, and will be hanged, I dare say—to the emulation of every other stick-boy about St. James's!

Make allowance for the fact, that we all, at some time, come to say as much; and, even

then,—things did *not* go thus in my day. There has been an advance in the imposture, as well as in the importance, of the country: an accession to its impudence as well as to its strength; an increase of business scarcely more at the Bank than at the Old Bailey, effected within the last twenty years. The people are fonder of show than they used to be; less jealous, a great deal, of the work-house; and a spirit of thinking—acting—only with reference to the present, runs more than it did through all the arrangements of the community.

We build—to a degree perfectly ludicrous—only for the hour—neighbourhoods rise up like fairy cities, and fall down, within the time that they formerly took in being set about. Your new houses are showy; the fancy of the day calls them tasteful; and there is not much chance of their standing long enough to allow them to go out of fashion. You get everywhere a whitewashed front—plate-glass windows—folding doors, and gilded cornices—a spiral staircase, that you risk your life every time you go up—and a drawing-room, that stands in your lease, with a clause, that you shan't attempt to dance in it—but, for a single circumstance of convenience or accommodation—a closet, a recess a foot deep—there is not such a thing from the top of the building to the bottom! Your house—that is the object—must stand upon no ground; your garden—stabling—offices—there is not a stall in which a horse can turn round—are all cut, and carved, and economical to an inch; your bed-chambers will be low and inconvenient; your cellars full of water, (for they have found out that it is very sad nonsense indeed, now, the laying a "foundation"); and your back windows—at a rent that is perfectly facetious to talk about—will look upon a churchyard, a court filled with old-clothesmen, or a disreputable alley.

The same quality of spirit—careless of the future—anxious only to be great (or seem so) in the present—in an increased degree actuates the trader. A butcher, without common stock of thread and needles—six yards of sky-blue druggot only in his shop, and sixteen starving children squalling in his "back parlour"—will still be *Gros Marchand*;—take a house in the "Quadrant," or the "Arcade;" write himself up "Army Clothier" for a month, and go into the Gazette, as "Special Tailor to the King's Monkey." And such places as these "Quadrant" houses are! So very foppishly gay and pretending in their exterior; within dark, narrow, mean, and thrust (behind) upon every comfortless, and vile propinquity. Changing tenants one half of them, (not to speak of those who run away,) regularly four times a-year. Empty three months in every twelve; but producing a most disproportionate price during the other nine; for the failure of eleven speculators now-a-days—*Courage, mes amis!*—never deters him who should make up the dozen.

Then all these people deal in the vice of "Furnished Lodgings" too; making themselves, where they should (if vain and impudent) be free and independent too—wilfully servants to every coxcomb who is casting away the little subsistence he has, so that his

tawdry foppery may but contribute to the maintenance of their own. An auctioneer, or attorney in small practice, who could afford to call a reasonable dwelling his own, will let a train of insolent lacqueys into his house, a riotous lad their master, and perhaps a limited seraglio; for no bribe but that the creature may put his "name" upon a door in "George Street, Hanover Square," and give "parties" in gilded rooms to brother "beaten things," when the rightful occupant is away.

Unde habbas quarit nemo! but *have* (in London) now you must—that's absolute! No matter that you ask nothing; that's not sufficient; you must not be poor. Dedicate your whole life to the study of our pleasures; take advantage of our wants or of our vices; minister, with a large capital, to our very meanest necessities; but, some way or other, see you get country-houses, and carriages—be a sheriff or a baronet, or don't dare to show your face. Then away all start, one against the other; every body promulgates the devil's right (prescriptive) to the hindmost; the marvel to any creature, who has lived where men are contented with a little, is how so much is made, and out of such seemingly small game, and by so many!

And it is a curious picture of the condition and habits of the country—a record which, kept five hundred years ago, would be more valuable now than all the histories together that we have in print—the common newspaper which comes into the world every morning at six o'clock, and lies upon our breakfast table—and always full too, that's the strangest problem, regularly by nine. The whole world, take away alone America, possesses nothing like an approach to the same document. A foreigner finds it difficult to comprehend the daily amount of the actual domestic occurrence—the rapes, murders, forgeries, "and all other interesting intelligence," which the metropolis affords—as I saw a Sunday placard specifying the contents of a paper the other day. But the real curiosity is in the page of advertisements—the master-key which this furnishes to the state of England—of Europe—almost of the world.

The unaccountable variety of callings and speculations that appear—some so great; some so apparently contemptible; and yet all opening mines of riches to so many! One column announces the preparation of a hundred ships, all ready to sail instantly, almost for as many different ports in different quarters of the globe. The next offers—"Steam-packets to Richmond," "every Sunday morning at nine"—"Refreshments on board,"—and "Two and sixpence each passenger." A third sets out with the word "Accommodation!"—"Any sum!"—"from two hundred pounds to ten thousand!"—ready to advance for the convenience of noblemen and gentlemen at a moment's notice." And at the top of the fourth, under the same title—"Accommodation"—you find that "Ladies whose situations require a temporary retirement" may hear of "An airy situation," and "the strictest secrecy," by applying at "No. 34, next door to the grocer's, in James Street, Gray's Inn Lane." "Education" tempts you in every shape; from—"York-

shire," at "Sixteen guineas a year," where there are "no extras or vacations," and "Fare by the waggon," only £1, 12s., to—"Rus in Urbe!"—"Dr. Dolittle's establishment"—"Grosvenor Place"—and "Graduate of Cambridge," at "two hundred." And, if you turn to the next page, and have only the happiness to be insane, you will see that the "Tenderest attention" is paid to "Valetudinarians," at "Straight Waistcoat Lodge," between Somersetstown and the Dust-grounds at Battle Bridge; "References of the first respectability" to persons who have been raving; and "Private families" accommodated with "keepers" upon reasonable terms, "by the day, week, month, or year."

And all these fierce competitors for preference, in their thousand and one peculiar occupations and capacities—the projector upon India government, and the improver upon India soy—the companies in Bridge Street, who think of nothing but assuring life, and the undertakers in Fleet Market, who thrive only upon its extinction—the draper, who founds himself entirely upon "Ten thousand pair of warm Witney blankets," and the perfumer, whose hope on this side the grave is only to ensure "Universal ease and comfort in shaving"—the patent pen-maker, and the patent pin-maker—the mangle-maker, and the spangle-maker—the dealers in spring-guns, and in pop-guns—perigord pies, and artificial eyes—sell you a mango, dance you a fandango—large Twelfth cakes, nobody but Farrance makes—Paris stays—raise the high-ways. These millions are but the few who court popularity, at a peculiar expense, and through one particular medium!

They are not the same as, but over and above, the decorators of the dead walls of the town, posts, obelisks, empty houses, and scaffoldings; who address themselves to the more busy crowd who have not time to read newspapers, and who can only pursue their researches, in pursuing their daily perambulations—"Matrimonial joys"—"Suits for little boys"—"Teach the deaf and dumb"—"Great reductions in brandy and rum"—"Man taken up on suspicion of stealing!"—"Tooth pulled out by Mr Tugwell, without feeling!"—"Portable gas"—"Wild ass"—"Poison rats"—"Re-beavered hats"—"Clergyman's widow in great distress"—"New crapes and poplins, for summer dress." There is no spot on earth, I believe, certainly none that ever I have visited, where a man can get all he wants, and with so little loss of time or asking for, as in London.

For the very thirst of gain, in fact, which makes us merciless and rapacious, completely ensures every one's getting his "money's worth," and in his own way, too, for his money. If you only want a ride that costs a shilling, you have a whole "stand" of hackney coachmen, threatening each other's lives which shall sell it to you. If you have ten miles to go into the country, the vehicle that carries you for half-a-crown, is, in truth, drawn and driven in a style ten times beyond the state of an Italian marquis. Would you dine?—from fifteen pence, to two guineas—in any quarter—in five minutes you have it on the table. If

you want a coat, the fashion changes five times before you can determine which of the five hundred professors, who "unite elegance with economy" for "prompt payment," best deserves your attention. If you have a complaint, a thousand remedies—every one infallible—are published in all the shop windows—nay, on men's backs about the streets—for your particular salvation. And, after they have killed you, which every one of them can do ten times over, so it is a matter of perfect indifference which you pitch upon, there is a fight between the Wooden-coffin Company and the Iron, in which material you shall be buried.

Then come the modes in which these speculators conduct their pursuits, and which are little less miraculous, if there could be any wonder in what one sees every day, than their variety, or their numbers. One man makes himself a landed proprietor by curing corns; a second "purchases perpetually," because he grinds a thousand children annually into cotton stockings; a third only repeats a *lie*—the same lie—a given number of times, and arises a lord mayor. Falsehood, persisted in long enough—even those who know it is false cannot help dealing as if they believed it. They know it is a lie, but receive it as a metaphor, a figure, expressing not that which it outwardly purports to express, but something else: as, for a familiar instance, the cries of fishwomen, "Live cod"—"Fresh salmon," &c. are understood to imply those commodities, not "live," or "fresh," but six weeks old. Thus, "Gervais Chardin—Parfumeur—a la cloche d'argent—Rue St. Martin, a Paris"—that single individual has supplied half England with French pomatum for the last forty years—the cover never once changed—which all England all the while knows to have been manufactured in Tooley-street. Ten to one, nevertheless, if there are not many who would leave off buying that pomatum, if it were offered for sale as English, and with the real maker's name upon it.

Two other rogues, in the city, have been making a laughable experiment enough upon the force of truth, or puff, between them; and, I believe, the matter is to end in an application to the Court of Chancery; but, for the time, the impostor has carried the day. One of these people, who are both hair-dressers, and live opposite to each other, near the Exchange, is—or was lately—thriving, by selling the fat of bears as a kind of cosmetic. The other (his neighbour), knowing that it was just as good to sell any other material in pots, with "Bear's Grease" for a label, as genuine bear's grease, immediately started with the same "pots," filled with an inexpensive unguent, in opposition. The true dealer, who keeps forty live bears in his cellar, and has himself taken up once a-week before the sitting alderman, as a nuisance, by way of advertisement, killed a bear upon this, hung him up whole in full sight in his shop, and wrote in the window, "A fresh bear killed this day!" The impostor, who had but one bear in all the world, which he privately led out of his house, after dark, every night, and brought him back (to seem like a new supply going in) in the morning,

continued his sale, writing in his window, "Our fresh bear will be killed to-morrow." The original vender then—determined to cut off his rival's last shift—kept his actual bears, defunct, with the skins only half off, hanging up always at his door, proclaimed all bear's grease sold in "pots" a "vile imposture;" and desired his customers to "walk in," and see theirs, "with their own eyes, cut and weighed from the animal." This seemed conclusive for two days; but, on the third, the opponent was again in the field, with a placard, "founded on the opinion of nine doctors of physic," that bear's grease "obtained from the animal in a tamed, or domestic state," would not "make any body's hair grow at all." In consequence of which he "has formed an establishment in Russia, (where all the best bears come from), for catching them wild, cutting the fat off immediately, and potting it down for London consumption." And the rogue actually ruins his antagonist, without going to the expense of a bear's-skin, by writing all over his house, "LICENSED BY THE IMPERIAL GOVERNMENT"—"HERE AND AT ARCHANGEL."

"This is the state of man"—at least with us—or something very like it; but yet I doubt, whether such a scheme of toil and trouble is the best mode of getting through life, after all. The million born under such a system have no time to *live*; they labour for twenty-three hours in acquiring a certain quantity of wealth, which they dissipate in some folly—which perhaps, at last, they care as little as it deserves for—in the twenty-fourth.

As, to be safe, we must be great, I admire the country—am proud of it; but it is too populous—too much a town throughout—there is too much free speaking, and far too little free footing in it, for my indolent, vagabond disposition to be pleased with.

From the Land's End to John o' Groat's, every inch of ground that a man walks upon, in England, must belong to himself—or to somebody else. If you shoot, the poacher has ten times more true enjoyment of the chase than the lord can have; for what can you kill but that which is your own already, or that which your neighbour has reared, and paid for as fully as he does his turkeys? It is a poor apology for field sport, to breed pheasants, fed, and almost marked like cattle, at a cost of five guineas a-piece; and then get a party, on an appointed day, to sit in arm-chairs and slaughter them, a hundred upon an acre! There is no true hunting now in England, but the hunting of three per cents, and of men.

There is no spot where you may go and wander—I can understand, if not defend, the Conqueror's *making a forest in Hampshire!*—wander for days, and almost weeks, upon ground which is, practically, common to all; which there are not people enough in the country to infest, and which no person thinks it worth his while to enforce a title to. Which way will you turn to get out of the haunts—out of the troublesome presence—of civilization and of men; to fancy yourself, if you had a whim to do so, for one hour, really lord of the creation; and not find some "hardwareman," from Sheffield, with a steel-trap, or a spring-gun, and a board beginning, "TAKE NOTICE!"

and ending with, "THE UTMOST RIGOUR OF THE LAW"—(all the boards stuck up in the island seem to have been written by the same painter)—your rival, or more than your rival, in empire?

Where will you show your head in any corner of the kingdom, however remote, without finding some one lying in wait, open-mouthed, to devour you? I happened two days ago, upon business, into the White Horse Inn, in Friday-street, Cheapside; and, even there, I found a swindler of fashionable appearance, regularly ensconced, and living in the house—living in the atmosphere of Friday-street—should not thrive after this be blessing?—ready to catch clothiers, and other innocents, as they arrived by the "heavy coach" in town.

And the lawful dealing is not much better!—the danger of being made a prey of—tickled, unsuspectingly, by some woman—they have a fine finger at such doings—is one of the little cares that haunt me now. It is not the value of what is taken out of one's pocket, but the rage of being patted on the back while the pocket is picked. I am taking measures to have it understood here that I am poor, rather than otherwise; that the Edwards' estate was much dipped; that my father's debts are at least double what, in fact, they are; and I wish—every body knows you are rich, and so you can't be worse off—I wish you would put it about that you have won a large sum from me at play.

I shall keep a small establishment in town—that I am fixed on. The house that I have taken in Park-lane is a nutshell. One chariot—and that shall serve for travelling, and all; nothing expensive but my horses—and, of those, not one running one, believe me.

And, after all, I am not quite sure that I don't sometimes look back a little to my poor half-tumble-down Quinta at Condeixa; with the delicious weather (except the rainy season, certainly)—and the solitude—and my fine gardens—and the glorious woods and mountains which surrounded me—and, still more, the absence from observation!—that there was none to look at—none to comment on—or interfere with me. I could get on horseback with my gun, and my single servant, throw my reins on my horse's neck, as freely as though I had been a real knight-errant, roving in the desert; and it mattered not which way I went, for there was room enough to ride without harrasing any man's property; and, if I rambled to a village a dozen miles off, where a priest and a barber probably were the only trading characters, and neither of these, perhaps, had ever stirred, the one beyond his native hills, the other beyond his native province—if I came only where there was a farm-house, I was sure of a welcome—if where there was an apothecary, he was a man of science, and a traveller, especially a foreigner, was an important personage to him—I had a chat—the news of the country—a supper and a mattress if I would—and a promise to visit me, cheerfully, with all his family—half a dozen women, riding (as women should ride) upon asses—in return. And then, at home, there was my garden, my stable, and, if I made a vile noise with the guitar sometimes, no one took the

trouble to laugh at me. And there was a game at chess, and a walk, and a discussion upon faith, or miracles, or witchcraft, on the crops of the season, or the ravages of the war, with the Padre. I was a happier man, and a far more important one, with my limited income at Condeixa, (though I did now and then long for some change,) than I shall ever be again. I quitted my six years' residence with regret, and, I think, regretted, for I had the power of doing good very easily, and I did no great mischief, at least never any wantonly. If I were going back to-morrow, I would go only just as I was; no desire to return triumphant—splendour and insult, and all that detestable feeling, with which I am going to favour a few of my old acquaintances in this quarter of the world very shortly!

But this is over, and your "privacy" is but the darling nurse of false self-estimate and affectation neither. I must bustle with the crowd, and find something to do in it, though, as to what, I find it easier to question than come to any satisfactory conclusion. There is a great change, I don't know whether you observe it, in the faces upon the *parc*, since we were here together last. And, contrary to the natural progress of things, it is the young countenances chiefly that have disappeared.

Some of our coffee room acquaintance have taken up, and married. One or two—they make a sad history altogether—have been taken up; and narrowly escaped the other lot arranged for man by destiny. Several are literally beggared—starving in gaols and bridewells—whom I recollect, and you must recollect also, rioting in this very house. Some have married prostitutes, and eat the "allowances" of fools as gross, and blackguards almost as filthy, as themselves. Many rub on still, and contrive to be seen in the circle by a little game, where any body will bet, and a little swindling, where any body will trust. And some of the elder and stouter thrive by a sort of—seeing young gentlemen fairly through their property—lacqueying, bullying, and fighting, for the worst of the new beginners.

In truth, it would seem odd, I dare say, that a man should turn virtuous for such a currish reason as that other people chose to be knaves as well as himself; but I do begin to think, since I have been this time in London, that disrespectability is not so desirable as it used to be. With all the advantages which large means afford; and the greatest, as I take it, is the means they give of shutting out the world—of escaping always from the offence that a compulsory commixture with any class or portion of society reflects upon you—With all the power which they give of commanding this solitude; and, moreover, that constant leisure, which is almost worthy the privacy—it is much! and, in England, wealth only can supply it—With all the means of having no such thing as an obligation upon one for years together; of pursuing any absurdity which whim, passion—no matter what—suggests, without hinderance or impediment; of finding all the petty inconveniences of life smoothed down to your hand—every knave meeting you with a delighted smile—you know he would cut your throat, if he could—but he can't—and, in the

mean time, the dog is so silken, and so obedient—and that very same ready compliance which is intolerable in people whom one would desire to value, is so excellent in the minor ministers to comfort, from whom we only expect that they should *do*, without caring for the motive! In spite of all this inconvenience, I want something—in short, I have *earned* none of it—it does not flatter my vanity—I want a "character"—and I wish I had staid ten years ago with you in the army.

It is the very devil to be growing old as a person of no peculiarity; known only as Mr. So and So, who has an estate worth "so much." Mixed up—and no resource!—with the crowd who lose money at Newmarket—belong to the clubs—keep opera girls—drive good carriages—and might have sold soap and whipcord, instead of doing any of these things, if some one else had not acquired the means which they are worthlessly dissipating. I protest, I think there is not a footman who raises himself by his own works to any place, or estimation, who is not—in the mere scale of creation—an incomparably nobler thing than any of these drones, with whom I am in a fair way to be included.

And then, for the means of notoriety within the circle that endures us—what a circle it is, and what a notoriety when all is done! The wearing always a very particular dress—the uglier by far the better—riding in a particularly absurd vehicle; or being at play a particular dupe. Figuring in the eighteenth intrigue of a new actress—say it is the first after she becomes known in London—the former seventeen having occurred, without any figuring at all, when she travelled, by caravan, through the country, and had no more dream of "settlement," or "equipage," than of being translated to the skies; or perhaps exposing a man's own person to be laughed at, at a shilling per head, on the stage at some watering-place,—(for in town the fear of pippins is before the eyes of rogues, and they don't venture)—doing that—and as a matter to be proud of—which would not produce thirty shillings a week, if it were done as a matter of profit; and which, for fifteen, half the people at Bartlemy fair would do better, or would not be permitted to do at all!

Here's enough almost to drive a man into being "sober and honest." And I wish again, that I had staid in the army; or that there could spring up another Waterloo, which a man might thrust his head into, and so gain a little reputation within ten days after the date of his commission; for, to stand as a soldier, in the presence of men who have fought twenty campaigns—that's worse even than obscurity. Something I'll soon attempt, that's certain; but whether to become a legislator—that's not a bad pursuit for a man to take up, who knows nothing of any pursuit at all—or to commit some very unheard-of outrage, that people may say—"That's Mr. Edwards, who is suspected to have stolen Blackfriars' bridge," when I come into a room—which I have not yet determined.

Absolutely, I am tired—if I could but escape from it—of mere worthlessness and futility, and when I meet men who make brilliant

speeches---write glorious books---conduct negotiations---or have seen the Russian campaign---I envy, and, what is worse, honour the caittifs---to my own great personal disparagement and admitted disqualification.

All the feats that I ever did in my life---they are immeasurably great; but there are so very few I dare confess to: If any thing should strike you, by which a man (with an easy leap) might achieve honour or dignity, mention it when you write again; for, or else, I shall be obliged to retire, as a country gentleman. Meantime, with thanks to the Lady Susan, for so far honouring me, I believe I know sufficient of the language to return her inclosure in a practicable state. If I might "advise," however---seeing she is resolved to patronise letters---a collection kept the wrong way---noting down the absurdities of people rather than their beauties---would be far more easily maintained than that which she proposes; and, I should think, more entertaining.

From the Amulet.

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

THE rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her First-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the Temple-service. By the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God.

So pass'd they on,
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain-drops, or the olive-boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest;
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart: and where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, midst palmy shades,
Making its banks green gems along the wild,
There too she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing clear water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow.

At last the Fane was reach'd,
The earth's One Sanctuary; and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold.---But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
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Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye

Beseechingly to hers, and, half in fear,
Turn'd from the white-rob'd priest, and round her arm

Clung e'en as ivy clings; the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high; and o'er her child
Bending, her soul brake forth, in mingled sounds

Of weeping and sad song---"Alas!" she cried,

"Alas, my boy! thy gentle grasp is on me,
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes,

And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver cords again to earth have won me,
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart---
How shall I hence depart?---

How the lone paths retrace, where thou wert playing

So late along the mountains at my side?

And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wove, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair,
Beholding thee so fair!

And, oh! the home whence thy bright smile
hath parted!

Will it not seem as if the sunny day

Turn'd from its door away,
While, through its chambers wandering weary-hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still,

Went like a singing rill?

Under the palm-trees, thou no more shalt meet me,

When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn!

Nor will thy sleep's low, dove-like murmurs greet me,

As midst the silence of the stars I wake,
And watch for thy dear sake.

And thou,---will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee

Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?

Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,

To fold my neck; and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

What have I said, my child?---will He not hear thee,

Who the young ravens hearth from their nest?

Will He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill its dreams with joy?

Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy!

I give thee to thy God!---the God that gave thee,

A well-spring of deep gladness to my heart!

And precious as thou art,
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,

My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!

And thou shalt be His child!

Therefore, farewell!—I go; my soul may fail me,

As the stag panteth for the water-brooks,

Yearning for thy sweet looks!

But thou, my First-born! droop not, nor bewail me,

Thou in the shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,
The Rock of Strength—farewell!"

From Blackwood's Magazine.

THE POACHER.

A TALE, BY A COUNTRY CURATE.

Is a distant part of the parish, in one of its wildest and most uncultivated regions, stands a solitary cottage, which, not more from the absolute dreariness of its location, than from the melancholy aspect of its architecture, can hardly fail to attract the notice of any wanderer who may chance to pass that way. It stands all alone upon a desolate moor. There are not even the varieties occasioned by hill and dale, to give to the thing the least of a romantic appearance; but, as far as the eye can reach, all is one flat, dreary common, so perfectly bare of pasture that the very sheep seem to shun it, whilst one or two old withered firs give evidence that man has, at some period or another, endeavoured to turn it to use, but has abandoned the attempt, because he found it fruitless.

Almost in the centre of this moor stands the cottage above alluded to. Its walls, constructed partly of brick, partly of deals, give free passage to every blast, let it blow from what quarter it may; and its roof, originally tiled, is now covered over, where it is covered at all, in some parts by patches of miserable thatch, in others by boards nailed on, by an unskilful hand, to the rafters. The cottage is two stories high, and presents five windows, besides a door on each side of it. The windows, as may be guessed, retain but few fragments of glass within the frames, the deficiency being supplied by old hats, rags, jackets, and rabbit-skins: whilst of the doors, the front or main one hangs by a single hinge, and that behind is fastened to the sinister lintel by no fewer than five latches made of leather.

Of the grounds by which it is begirt, a few words will suffice to convey an adequate idea. In setting out from the vicarage, he who wishes to reach that cottage had better make, in the first place, for the high-road. Having traversed that for a while, he will observe a narrow foot-path on the left hand, which, after descending to the bottom of a glen, and rising again to the summit of a green hill, will bring him within view of the desolate tract already noticed, and will conduct him safely, for in truth there is no pass besides itself across the wild, to the hovel in question. There it ends. It stretches nowhere beyond; indeed, it has evidently been formed by the tread of the tenants of that lonely habitation, as they have gone to or returned from church and market; the scantiness of the soil has doubtless given a facility to its formation; for, in truth, were any human being to walk twenty

times backwards and forwards over any given spot in the moor, he would leave a trace of his journey behind him, which whole summers and winters would hardly suffice to obliterate.

Whilst the front door of the cottage opens at once upon the heath, a couple of roods of garden-ground, surrounded by a broken gorse-hedge in the rear, give proof of the industry or idleness of its tenants. Through the middle of this plot runs a straight walk, ending at a stile, or immovable gate, erected in the lower fence. The articles produced are such only, on each side of that walk, as require little or no soil to bring them to perfection. A bed of potatoes, some rows of cabbages and savoye, two apple-trees, a damson and a bush, half a dozen gooseberry-bushes, with twice as many of red-currant, constitute the sum total of the crop ever reared upon it. To make such a soil produce even these, must, I apprehend, have required some labour; and I will do its inhabitants the justice to observe, that, overgrown as it is now with nettles and rank weeds, there was a time when labour was not spared upon it.

In this miserable hovel dwelt, for many years previous to my arrival in the parish, old Simon Lee, the most skilful and the most determined poacher in all the county; he was now the father of five children, the eldest of whom when I first became acquainted with him, had attained his twenty-third year, whilst the youngest was just beginning to run alone, being as yet afraid to trust itself beyond arm's-length from the chairs or tables, or any other substance of which it could lay hold. Simon himself was turned sixty. He was a short man, measuring not more than five feet five inches from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. His make was spare, but bony and muscular; his face, seamed as it was by exposure to weather, had, on the whole, a good expression; and there was a great deal more of intelligence in his keen black eye than you will often observe in the eye of an English peasant. Simon's ordinary dress, when he went abroad, was a short brown gaberdine, which reached barely to his knees, a pair of fustian trowsers, hobnailed shoes, and thick worsted stockings. His hat was made of straw, and manufactured by his own hands; and you never failed to observe a piece of black tape or ribband bound round it, just above the brim. Simon was, or rather would have been, but for his determined predilection in favour of the primitive employment of the chase, one of the best and most trust-worthy labourers in the parish. Set him to what you would, he never failed to do you justice. I have had him, again and again, to dig in my garden, and have compared his diligence with that of other men who bore a fairer character, and I must do Simon the justice to say, that he has invariably worked harder for his day's pay than any individual among them. In the matter of honesty, again, you might trust him with untold gold. Much as he was disliked, and I know no character in a country place more universally disliked than a poacher, not a human being laid a theft or a robbery to his charge; indeed, he was so well thought of in that respect, that it was no uncommon circumstance for the persons who

blamed him most severely, to hire him, when occasion required, to watch their orchards or hop-poles: For Simon was well known to fear neither man nor devil. He really and truly was one of the few persons, among the lower orders, whom chance has thrown in my way, whose propensity for poaching I should be disposed to pronounce innate, or a thing of principle.

As a proof of this, I need only mention that Simon and I have discussed the subject repeatedly, and that he has argued in favour of his occupation as stoutly and openly as if there had been no law in existence against it. "Why, you know, it is illegal," I would say; "and you must likewise know that it is little better than stealing. What right have you to take the hares or partridges which belong to another man?" "Lord bless you, sir," was Simon's invariable reply, "if you will only tell me to whom they belong, I promise you never to kill another while I live." "They belong," said I, "to those upon whose lands they feed. Would you consider it right to take one of Sir Harry Oxendeer's sheep or turkeys; why then will you take his hares or his pheasants?" "As to the matter of that," replied Simon, "there is a mighty difference between sheep and hares. Sheep are bought for money, they remain always upon one spot, they bear the owner's mark, they are articles of barter and sale," (I profess not to give my friend's exact words, only the substance of his argument,) "and they have always been such. But the hare which is found on Sir Harry's grounds to-day, may be found on Squire Deeds's to-morrow, and mayhap Sir Edward Knatchbull's the day after; now, to which of these three gentlemen can the hare be said to belong? No, sir. God made the wild beasts of the field and the fowls of the air for the poor man as well as for the rich. I will never so far forget myself as to plunder any man's hen-roost, or take away his cattle; but as long as these old arms can wield a gun, and these old hands can set a snare, I will never be without a hare or a pheasant, if I happen to want it." There was no arguing against a man who would talk thus; so after combating the point with him for a time, I finally gave it up.

The worst of it was, however, that Simon not only poached himself, but he brought up his son to the same occupation. The Lees were notorious throughout the country. Not a gamekeeper round but knew them; nor was there one who did not, in some degree, stand in awe of them. It was suspected, too, that they had good friends somewhere behind the curtain; for though the patriarch had been convicted several times, he always managed to pay the fine, and, except once, had never suffered imprisonment.

I have said that Simon Lee was no favourite among his neighbours, and the only cause which I have as yet assigned for the fact is, that he was a poacher. Doubtless this had its weight. But the love of poaching was, unfortunately for himself, not the only disagreeable humour with which he was afflicted. There exists not within the compass of the four seas a prouder spirit than that which animated the form of Simon Lee. He never would accept

a favour from any man; he would not crouch or bend to the highest lord in the land. Yet Simon was no Jacobin; quite the reverse. This was the genuine stubbornness, the hardy independence, which was wont to render an English peasant more truly noble than the titled slave of France or Germany, but which, unfortunately, has of late years yielded to the fashionable agricultural system, and to the ruinous and demoralizing operations of the poor laws. Simon was the son of a man who had inherited a farm of some thirty or forty acres, from a long line of ancestors; who loved his landlord, as the clansmen of the Highlands were wont to love their chief, and who prided himself in bringing up his children so as that they should earn their bread in an honest way, and be beholden to no human being. Simon being the eldest of the family, succeeded, on the death of his father, to the farm. But he had hardly taken possession when the rage for large farms began to show itself; and in a few years after, he was sent adrift, in order that his fields might be added to those of a wealthy tenant, who undertook to cultivate them better, and pay some two shillings per acre more to the landlord. Whether the new tenant kept his promise in the first of these stipulations may be doubted. In the last he was very punctual, and in a short time he rode as good a horse, and kept as good a table as his landlord himself.

It was a severe wound to Simon's proud heart, his expulsion from his paternal roof. "In that house, sir," said he to me one day when we talked of the circumstance, "in that house I drew my first breath, and I hoped to draw my last. For two hundred and fifty years have the Lees inhabited it; and I will venture to say, that his honour has not upon all his lands a family who pay their rent more punctually than we did, or one more ready to serve him, either by day or night. Well, well, the landlord cares nothing for the tenant now, nor the tenant for the landlord; it was not so when I was a boy."

I have been told by those who remember his dismissal, that Simon seemed for a time, after leaving his little farm, like one who had lost every thing that was dear to him. To hire another was impossible, for small farms were not to be had, and had the contrary been the case, it was more than questioned whether he could have brought himself to bestow the labour of a good tenant upon any besides the fields which he persisted in calling his own. Under these circumstances he took the cottage on the moor, as much, it was said, because it stood far from neighbours, as on any other account, and there he remained in a state of perfect idleness, till his little stock of money was expended, and he felt that he must either work or starve.

Simon had married before the inheritance came to him; his eldest boy was able to run about when he left it. His fifth was weaned, when at length the proceeds of the sale being exhausted, and all the little capital swallowed up, he found himself under the necessity of looking out for a master. I have always been at a loss to conceive why he should have applied to the very man who displaced him, in-

preference to any of the other parishioners, but so it was. He requested, and obtained permission to cultivate as a hind, at daily wages, those very fallows which he and his ancestors had so long tilled for their own profit; and from every account, no man could be more faithfully served than his employer, nor any lands more skilfully managed than those which he ploughed. Was this the affection of a rude mind to inanimate objects, or what was it?

Time passed, and Simon's family increased upon him, year after year. Still he laboured on; and though his wages were not, perhaps, competent to support a wife and eight children in comfort, (for there were originally eight of them,) still they made their wants square with their means, and so kept above the world. But there is no struggling against sickness. It pleased God to visit him with a malignant fever, of which every individual, from the father and mother, down to the infant at the breast, partook, and from which three out of the number never recovered. Alas! the rich man knows not what the poor man suffers, when disease takes up its abode in his dwelling. It is bad enough if his children be attacked; bad, very bad, because even then there is the doctor's bill to pay, and the little comforts to procure which the doctor may recommend as necessary to their recovery; but when he himself falls a victim to the infection, when the arm upon which all depend is unnerved by sickness, and the limbs which ought to provide food for half-a-dozen hungry mouths, are chained down to a wretched pallet—God forgive the rich man who knows of this, and leaves a family so situated to its fate! Such, however, was the case with Simon Lee and his household. For a full fortnight he was himself confined to bed. His wife caught the infection from him, and communicated it to the children. The little money which they had in the house was soon exhausted; they lived for a while on the produce of their garden; but at length nature rebelled, and Simon, after many a struggle, had recourse to the parish. I shall give the particulars of this application as they were communicated to me by one of the committee.

"We were sitting," said my informant, "as usual, of a Thursday evening, in the room allotted to us in the work-house. We had a good many applications, for the typhus was prevalent at the time, and we had relieved several, when, on ringing the bell to see whether any more were waiting, to the astonishment of all present, in walked Simon Lee. At first we hardly knew him, he was so wasted and so altered. But he looked at us with the same keen glance with which he used to regard us when he was one of our number, and stood leaning upon his stick in silence. Our overseer at that time was Farmer Scratch, a man, as you know him, not remarkable for his kindness of heart, or liberality of disposition. 'What want you, Simon?' said he, 'surely you cannot be in need of relief?' 'I am in need, though,' said Simon; 'I would not have come here, were not my family starving.' 'We have no relief to give you,' answered the overseer; 'you ought to have taken better

care of your money when you had it. I wonder you are not ashamed to come here like a common pauper; you that used to grant relief, and not to ask it.' Simon's blood rushed to his cheeks as the overseer spoke. He raised himself erect upon his staff, and looking proudly at us, he turned upon his heel and walked away. 'This is the first time I have asked alms,' cried he, as he opened the door, 'and it shall be the last.' Simon has had sickness in his family repeatedly since that time. I have known him to be a full fortnight without work, yet he has never come to the parish since."

I was a good deal struck and affected by this story, so I took the first opportunity that offered of discussing the subject of it with Simon himself. "It is all quite true, sir," said he. "The overseer was harsh, and I was proud, so we parted." "And how have you done since?" asked I. "Why, bad enough sometimes," was the reply; "but poor folks, you know, sir, cannot be nice. And I will tell you. It never entered into my head till I was on my way home from the committee, that to be in want of food, whilst the hares were eating my cabbages every night, and the partridges feeding not a rod from my door, was no very wise act. I poached, as you call it, to feed my children. I have never killed game for any other purpose; and whilst there is a head of it left, and I am able to catch it, they shall not be beholden to the parish for a meal."

Having thus made my reader in some degree acquainted with Simon Lee and his family, I proceed at once to detail the circumstances which alone, when I took up the pen, I had intended to detail. Simon had been an inhabitant of his cottage on the moor upwards of twenty years before I came to the parish. The fits of sickness already hinted at had come and gone by long ago, and the habits consequent upon them were all entwined in his very nature, so as that nothing could remove them. In fact, Simon had ceased to be regarded by any of his neighbours with an eye of pity; for his misfortunes were all forgotten. Whilst his poaching propensity continuing in full vigour, all men spoke of him with abhorrence.

One of the first acts of a country clergyman, after he has settled himself in the spot where his duties lie, is, at least ought to be, to call upon the whole of his parishioners, rich and poor; and to make himself acquainted, as well as he can, with their respective characters and circumstances. In prosecuting these inquiries, he is, of course, liable to be imposed upon, according as neighbours chance to live on good or bad terms with one another; for it very seldom happens, I am sorry to say, that the poorer classes speak of their acquaintances, except from the dictates of prejudice, either for or against them. Then every prudent man will hear all that is said, and remember it; but he will use it only as the mariner uses his log-book; he will take it as a guide in the meanwhile, but make large allowances for the possibility of being deceived. In the case of Simon, I found this caution peculiarly necessary. To whomsoever I put a question respecting the inhabitant of the cot-

eye on the moor, the answer was invariably the same:—"We know but little of him, sir, for he neighbours with no one; but they say he is a desperate fellow." By the farmers again I was told of his extreme insolence, whilst Sir Harry's gamekeeper, who attended my church, assured me "that he was the most troublesome rascal in all the county." So, thought I, here is a pretty sort of a person with whom I am to come into contact. But I remembered the lesson given to me by my good father, and under the idea that he really was a very wretched character, I resolved to spare no labour to effect his reformation.

The first time I visited Simon was in the month of October. As I was anxious to see and converse with the man himself, I delayed my stroll till the sun had set, and the hours of labour were past; then, fully anticipating a disagreeable interview, I sallied forth. Half an hour's walk brought me to his hovel. I confess that the external appearance of it by no means induced me to doubt the evil rumours communicated from so many quarters; but appearances, I recollected, were often deceitful, so I determined to suspend my judgment till better grounds should be given for forming it. I accordingly knocked at the door; a rough voice called to come in; I pushed it open, and entered. Let me describe the *coup de œil* as it then fell upon me.

Stepping over a sort of oaken ledge, perhaps three or four inches in height, I found myself in a large apartment, the floor of which was earthen, and full of inequalities. The apartment in question occupied the better part of the basement of the house; that is to say, it took in the whole of the lower story, except a scullery and coal-hole, partitioned off at one of the extremities, by a few rotten boards. There was no want of light here; for though the better part of each window was stuffed, as I have already described, there being two casements, besides a door on one side, and a like number on the other, besides various fissures in the wall, the crevices capable of admitting the sun's rays were greatly more abundant than may usually be seen in the English poor man's dwelling. The room was low in the roof, in proportion to its size. The walls, originally white-washed, were of a dingy brown; on the right hand as you entered, was the fireplace—a huge orifice—in the centre of which stood a small rusty grate, having a few sticks burning in it, and a pot boiling above them. On one side of this grate, and within the cavity of the chimney, sat Simon. At his feet lay a lurcher, a spaniel, and two ragged black terriers; and he himself was busy twisting a wire, no doubt for some useful purpose. His wife, (originally, I have been told, a pretty woman, but now a hard-favoured slatternly dame) leaned over the pot, and was in the act of brushing off such particles of a handful of salt as adhered to her palm. The children, one apparently about five, the other about seven years old, were rolling in the middle of the floor, in a state but few degrees removed from nudity; whilst a taller girl, whose age I should guess about thirteen, dandled an infant in her arms beside an opposite window.

Such was the general aspect of the room.

and the disposition of the family, when I entered. With respect to furniture, I observed a small deal-table, four chairs, rush-bottomed once upon a time, but now greatly in need of repair, a stool or two, a little arm-chair, with a hole in its seat, and a long bench or form. But there were other implements to be seen more attractive than these. On the beam which ran through the middle of the ceiling, was suspended a long fowling-piece; there were cranks near it for two others, but at present they were empty. A game-bag, dyed all sorts of colours with blood and grease, hung upon a nail in the wall opposite to me; beside it were two flew-nets, such as fishermen use when they drag drains or narrow streams; and a third, of longer dimensions, fit for use in a pond or lake, was thrown across the boarding which separated the apartment from the coal-hole. Three or four shot-belts dangled over the fire-place; whilst several pairs of strong mud-boots, leathern-gaiters, hob-nailed shoes, &c. &c., were scattered at random in the different corners of the room.

The dogs, whose growling had been sufficiently audible even previous to my knock upon the door, no sooner eyed me, than with one accord they sprang to their legs, barking angrily, and showed every tooth in their heads, as if prepared to pounce upon me. They were, however, in admirable training. Simon had only to raise his finger, giving at the same time a low whistle, when they dropped down, as if they had been shot, and remained, belly to the ground, without moving limb or tail, during the whole of my visit. I could not but pity the unfortunate country gentleman, into whose presence these dogs, with their master, should make their way.

It was easy to discover from the demeanour of all present, that Simon had been little accustomed to receive visits from the minister of his parish. Both he and his wife appeared utterly confounded at the vision which now stood before them. The wire which he had been twisting was hastily dropped; he rose from his seat, and uncovering his head, stood staring as if he had seen a spirit. In like manner, the housewife seemed rooted to the spot which she occupied when I raised the latch; and the noise of the very children ceased, as if by magic. I had actually advanced as far as the chimney corner before my parishioner recovered himself, or found tongue enough to request that I would be seated.

It was not long, however, before Simon and I found ourselves mutually at ease, and the prejudices under which I laboured respecting him began to give way. He was civil, without meanness; respectful, without exhibiting the most remote approximation to cringing; and honestly, yet manfully, professed to be flattered by the marks of attention which I paid him. "You are the first minister that ever darkened these doors," said he; "and the only gentleman that has condescended to notice old Simon Lee, since he became poor and friendless. I am glad to see you, sir. I liked your discourse last Sunday much; but, thank God, want nothing from you except your good-will."

"And that you shall have, my friend," re-

plied I; "but they tell me, Simon, that you do not lead exactly the sort of life that you ought to lead. How comes it, that men's tongues seem so free, when you are the subject of their talk?"

"Indeed, sir," replied Simon, "that is more than I can tell. I know very well that I am no favourite here; and why? because I hate gossiping; because I fancy myself as good as any of them; because I sometimes speak my mind, and will not always run into the mud when a farmer or his horse chances to be in the middle of the way. But judge for yourself, sir. Try me, and if you find me a thief or a rogue, then turn your back upon me."

"But you are a poacher, Simon; and poaching, you know, is against the laws of your country."

"So it is, sir," was the reply, "and I am very sorry for it: but is it against the law of the Bible? I have read that book through more than once, and I cannot see that a poor man is there forbidden to kill the creatures which God has made wild, and given up as a sort of common possession to all. I know man's laws are against me, and I have felt their severity before now; but I go by the law of my Maker, and as long as I do that, I care for no man."

"But God's laws are against you also. We must submit to every ordinance of man, for the Lord's sake; and to the game laws among the rest."

"So I have been told," answered Simon; "yet the very persons who persecute me most severely for occasionally killing a hare or a pheasant, are continually violating the laws in matters quite as serious. Why, there is not a magistrate upon the bench against whom I could not *peach*, for purchasing India handkerchiefs for himself, and French gloves and stockings for his ladies. I do not blame them for that, not I; I see no reason why all these things should not be within the reach of every man who can afford to pay for them; only, I say, let them wash their own hands clean of breaking the laws of the land, before they are so severe upon a poor man like myself, if he catch a head of game now and then to fill his children's bellies. Besides, if they had left me to rear these young ones on my father's farm they never would have found me cross them, let them do what they would."

The conversation being continued in this strain for some time, and no effect produced upon the poacher's sentiments, I gradually changed the subject, and led him to talk of other things, such as I deemed most likely to betray him into a disclosure of his real character in the common occurrences of life. The result of the whole was, that I rose to quit his house, full rather of compassion than of any other feeling. I was conscious that he had in him, at least the elements of a good member of society; and if these were somewhat deranged by the preponderancy of an illegal habit, I could not, in my own mind, avoid blaming for it, not only the proprietor of his little farm, who had so rudely ejected him from his home, but the parishioners at large, who originally drove him to it by the

needless severity of their manner, when want and sickness first urged him to apply for relief. I learned from him, that neither he nor his son had any regular employment. "People are afraid of us," he said, "God knows why; and yet, sir, there is not one among them will deny, that both Joe and I do a good day's work when we can get it, and that we are always ready to undertake any job that may be offered." I was at the time in want of some one to assist me in laying out the grounds about the vicarage, and planting the church-yard; I engaged Simon on the moment, and I never had cause to repent of the measure during the whole time that he was in my service.

I have said, that Simon's eldest son had attained his twenty-third year at the period when our acquaintance commenced. He was a well-grown, powerful youth; not handsome, certainly, but straight, broad shouldered, full chested, and five feet ten inches high without his shoes. It was not often that Joe Lee mixed in the sports of the village youths; for, brought up as he had been, he was shy, or, as the neighbours called it, proud, like his father; but, when he did join their meetings, there was not a lad among them all that could heave the bar, bowl, bat, or run against him. In wrestling, too, he was unrivalled; and as to shooting, when Shrove Tuesday came round, Joe saved many a devoted dunghill cock, by challenging his companions to shoot at penny-pieces, or small shingle stones thrown into the air. Generally speaking, indeed, he never strove at any game without gaining the prize, for he was prudent enough never to attempt any thing of which he had not some previous knowledge.

It chanced that, about a year and a half after the interview above recorded, the young men of the parish met, as their custom was, on a certain holiday, to play their match at cricket, and to try their skill at foot-ball, racing, and other athletic sports. To these meetings, by the way, I never failed to give my countenance. For the most part I stood by till one or two contests came to a close; and by thus proving to them that religion is no enemy to mirth, as long as it exceeds not the bounds of moderation, I have good reason to believe that I put a stop to many a drunken brawl. Such meetings, at least, I was assured, had invariably ended, during my predecessor's time, in riot and intemperance; in mine, I can safely say, that the instances were rare indeed, in which the slightest deviation from strict sobriety and good fellowship occurred. As ill luck would have it, however, a violent quarrel arose this day between Joe Lee and another person: and as the quarrel ended not where it began, but led to very serious consequences, it may be proper to state how it originated, and to what height it was immediately carried.

Our Squire had lately added to his establishment a new game-keeper, a blustering, hot-headed native of Yorkshire. This person having been worsted in a variety of games, in which he appeared to consider himself an adept, finally challenged any man upon the common to shoot with him, for a wager, at a number of

sparrows which he had brought in a cage for the purpose. The challenge was accepted by Joe. The number of birds to be let loose was a dozen a-side, and the parties were to take the alternate shots, whether they chanced to be fair or cross. Both men were noted as excellent marksmen—a great degree of interest was accordingly excited on the occasion; and though the majority of those present wished well to Joe Lee, simply because he was a man of Kent, and not a Yorkshireman, there were not wanting numbers who backed the keeper to the customary extent of a pint, or a quart of ale. The preparations for the match were soon made—the umpires took their stations; and a trap being formed at the distance of thirty paces from the sportsmen, the sparrows were removed to it from the cage, one by one.

The first fire fell by lot to Joe, and it was successful, he killed his bird. The keeper was equally fortunate when his turn arrived. Thus they went on, displaying an extraordinary precision of aim, till the fifth fire came round; Joe's took effect; the bird at which the north-countryman shot, flew off untouched. A shout was of course raised by Joe's backers; whilst those of his opponent were proportionably downcast. It soon happened, however, that the rivals were again on an equal footing; Joe missing, and the other killing. And now each had but a single charge reserved; each, too, had missed but once; consequently each could count ten dead sparrows for eleven shots. This fire must therefore decide the match. You might have heard a pin drop upon the very grass, when the trap being raised the little bird rose in air, and Joe, with one leg advanced somewhat before the other, followed it with his gun. He fired. The sparrow soared up for a moment, and dropped perfectly dead, just within distance. I looked at the game keeper at this moment, and observed that his knees trembled; he was flurried beyond measure, and the consequence was, that the shot flew harmless, and the bird escaped. Instantly the shouts of the Kentish men rent the air, and I quitted them, having seen Joe, whose shyness and pride were both for the moment forgotten, elevated upon the shoulders of a couple of lusty youths, and commencing his triumphal march round the common. Perhaps it is to be regretted that I had not remained amongst them a little longer; had I done so, in all probability matters would not have taken the turn they did.

Chagrined and irritated at his defeat, the keeper mixed no more in the amusements of the day, but sitting down in a booth, swallowed large potations of ale and spirits, too often the resource of the uneducated classes against the pangs of disappointment or sorrow. As the liquor began to take effect, the man became quarrelsome. He accused Joe, who having successfully finished a foot race, rested upon a bench near, with foul play. He insisted that the eleventh bird fell out of bounds; and being corrected in that particular by a reference to his own umpire, he changed his mode of attack for another annoyance. The poaching propensity of Joe's father, his pride, and his poverty, were thrown in the son's teeth. Joe bore it; not without a struggle—but he did bear it.

Encouraged, probably, by the calmness of his rival, the keeper next began to vent his spleen upon Joe's dog. One of the ragged terriers of which I have already spoken, belonged, it appeared, to Joe, and it seldom left his heel, let him go where he would. On the present occasion it lay beneath the form on which its master sat, perfectly quiet and inoffensive. "It is a d—d shame that such fellows as you should be allowed to keep dogs," said the surly keeper, giving at the same time a violent kick to the unoffending animal. "If I was master, I would have them all shot; and by G—the first time I see that brute self-hunting on our land, he shall have the contents of this piece in his stomach." Still Joe kept his temper, and parried the attack the best way he could; but his blood was boiling, and it only wanted a little more provocation to bring matters to an issue. "Will you wrestle a fall, you —?" cried the keeper, rising and throwing off his jacket. "With all my heart," exclaimed Joe; "and don't spare me, for, by the Lord, I don't mean to spare you." To it they went; and after a few severe tugs the keeper was thrown heavily. He rose with considerable difficulty, and complained grievously of his head; staggered, and fell again to the ground. Immediately some of the lads ran to his assistance; he was black in the face. They undid his neckcloth, threw water upon him, but all to no purpose. His limbs quivered convulsively, his eyes opened and shut once or twice, a gasp, a rattle in his throat, and he was a corpse! A quantity of blood gushing from his nose and mouth, gave evidence of some severe internal injury; whilst the only word uttered by himself, namely, "My head, my head," seemed to imply, that a concussion of the brain had occasioned it. Let the injury, however, be where it might, it was a fatal one; for when the medical assistance arrived, which was promptly sent for, life was wholly extinct.

As may readily be imagined, a termination so awful to sports, begun, and heretofore carried on in the best possible humour, produced no trifling sensation among those who witnessed it. The question most keenly agitated was, how were they to dispose of the unfortunate perpetrator of the deed? That he willingly killed his antagonist not one among them supposed; but there is a propensity in human nature to regard the shedder of man's blood, whether by accident or design, with abhorrence. He who but a minute ago was a favourite with all the bystanders, became now an object of loathing to the majority. Whilst a few voices, therefore, called aloud to let the poor fellow go, hundreds were decidedly of opinion that he ought to be detained. As to Joe himself he never attempted to escape. Whilst the fate of the fallen wrestler was in doubt,—or rather as long as his hurts were considered in no degree to endanger his life, Joe kept aloof from him, and probably congratulated himself on the extent of the chastisement which he had inflicted; but when a cry was raised, "the keeper is dead," there was not an individual in the throng who appeared more anxious to falsify the rumour, by bestowing upon its object every attention in his power. Dead, however, the keeper was; and Joe readily gave himself up

to the parish constable, until the issue of the coroner's question should be ascertained.

Several hours of daylight still remaining, no time was lost in despatching a messenger for the coroner; and as the office for this part of the county happened at the time to be filled by a Folkestone attorney, that gentleman speedily arrived. A jury was summoned, witnesses examined, and the body viewed on the spot where it had ceased to breathe. There cannot be a doubt that a verdict of accidental death would have been returned, but for the unfortunate speech delivered by Joe previous to the commencement of the match—"Do not spare me, for, by the Lord, I do not mean to spare you." This sounded very like malice prepense; and the fact, that the parties were at the moment in a state of hostility towards one another, furnished strong ground of suspicion that, if there existed no design on either side positively to take away life, still each was resolved to inflict upon the other as severe a bodily punishment as it was possible to inflict. "Under these circumstances, gentlemen," said the coroner, "I see not how we can suffer this matter to end here. You must return a verdict either of murder or manslaughter, which you think proper. My own opinion is, that the latter will suit best with the state of the present affair." It is said that the coroner was the identical attorney who had conducted all the prosecutions hitherto carried on against the Lees. Whether his judgment was warped by prejudice, or whether he hoped to conciliate the good-will of the landed aristocracy by involving one member of a detested family in trouble, or whether he acted, as charity would dictate, in accordance with his own sense of duty, I cannot tell. Certain it is, that a verdict was returned according to his recommendation, and, under the coroner's warrant, Joe Lee was removed to jail.

It is needless to describe with minuteness the circumstances which attended the young man's imprisonment and trial. Neither is it necessary to observe that the misfortune in which their son was involved gave to Simon and his wife the deepest concern; more especially as they dreaded a degree of interference from certain high quarters, which they considered capable of carrying all before it, even to the conviction of an accused person, in defiance of the clearest evidence of his innocence. Simon and his wife, however, only fell, in this respect, into the double error which frequently possesses the minds of the lower orders in this country. They groundlessly imagined, first, that their betters would desire to pervert the course of justice, for the sake of furthering a selfish purpose—a crime of which some no doubt may be guilty, but from which the aristocracy of England are, as a body, entirely free; and, secondly, they erroneously conceive, that wealth and rank are able to overwhelm innocence and poverty—a calamity from which our glorious constitution effectually guards us all. Had Joe Lee been arraigned before a bench of county magistrates, it is just possible that his general character might have told against him; but he was given over to be dealt with according to the judgment of twelve plain Englishmen, in whose eyes there really are

some crimes more heinous than that of killing game without qualification, license, or permission. Nor did the jury which tried his case disappoint my expectation. In spite of the formidable sentence which, in the view of the subject taken by the coroner, rendered a verdict of manslaughter inevitable, Joe Lee was fully acquitted; and he returned home, after a sojourn of a week or two at Maidstone, to follow his former occupations.

If the Lees had formerly been objects of general dislike, they now became so in a tenfold greater degree. The game-keepers on all the neighbouring estates entered into close alliance with the tenantry, for the protection, as it was said, of their masters' property, but more justly, I believe, to revenge the death of their comrade. The farmers, again, resolved to give neither work nor relief to characters so desperate; and the very labouring classes shunned them, as if they had been polluted creatures, and a deadly infection rode upon their breaths. Simon and his family were not unaware of this. It had the effect, not of softening or reclaiming, but of rendering them more ruthless than ever; and it was now pretty generally understood, that both father and son were resolved to follow their vocation at all hazards; whilst strong, and even armed parties, were nightly abroad, for the purpose of intercepting them. It was in vain that I sought to reason with either party. The world would not give way to an individual; that individual would not give way to the world: indeed, I soon found that, by attempting to make things better, I only made them worse, and weakened my influence over each of the contending factions. Matters at length attained to such a crisis, that I anxiously desired to hear of Simon's capture and conviction; for I had little doubt that the latter event would be followed by his banishment from the country; and I was quite sure, that nothing short of his removal would prevent some act of desperate violence from being sooner or later committed. A single month had barely elapsed from the return of Joe out of prison, when, on wandering to Simon's cottage one morning, with the view of making a last effort to reclaim him, I found that my worst fears had been realized.

Having knocked at the door several times without receiving any answer, I raised the latch, for the purpose of entering. Instead of the loud barking which usually gave notice of the watchfulness of Simon's four-footed companions, a sort of broken growl, something between the sound of a bark and a howl, alone caught my ear. It was accompanied with a wailing noise—the noise of a woman weeping; but, except from these noises, there was no intimation that the house was inhabited. I stepped in. There sat Simon in his old corner, with his head bent down, and arms crossed upon his bosom; of his dogs, only one was near him, the identical black terrier which usually accompanied his son; and it lay upon the ground, with its tongue hanging out, and its limbs at full stretch, apparently in the agonies of death. Simon either did not, or would not, notice me. The wounded dog, however, for on a nearer inspection I saw a desperate wound in its flank, made an effort to raise its

head, and repeated the melancholy growl which it had given when I first stepped across the threshold; but the head dropped again to the earth, and the sound ceased. Still Simon took no notice. I went up to him, placed my hand on his shoulder, and called him by his name; he looked up, and in my life I never beheld such expression in the human countenance. Agony, grief, rage, and despair, were all depicted there. His eyes were bloodshot, his cheeks pale as ashes; there was blood upon his garments, and his whole form was defiled with mud. Without apparently knowing what he was about, he sprang to his feet. In a moment the butt-end of a gun was brandished over me; and, had I not quickly stepped back, it would have dashed my skull to pieces. As it was, the blow falling upon the unfortunate dog, put an end at once to its agonies.

"Simon," said I, "what means this? Why lift your hand against me?" The unhappy man stared at me for a moment; the savage expression gradually departed from his face, and, falling down again upon his seat, he burst into tears. I know no spectacle more harrowing than that of an old man when he is weeping. The grief must be deep-seated indeed, which wrings salt tears from the eyes of such a man as Simon Lee; and I accordingly trembled when I again requested to be made acquainted with the cause of behaviour so extraordinary, and so unlike that which I usually met at his hands.

"I thought you had been one of the blood-hounds, sir," cried he; "I thought you had tracked us to our very home; but go up stairs, go and you will see, for I cannot speak of it." I went up accordingly, and beheld, upon a miserable pallet, all that remained of the stoutest wrestler, the fastest runner, and the best shot in the parish. His mother was standing near him, wringing her hands in pitiable agony; his little brothers and sisters were clustered round him, and joining, some of them scarce knew why, in the lamentations of the parent. I was much affected. "How has this happened?" asked I, hardly able to articulate. "Oh, my boy! my boy!" exclaimed the unhappy mother, "my first born, and the dearest of my children, has it come to this? Was it for this end that I reared you with so much care, that you should die by the hands of common murderers? Look here," cried she, at the same time rolling down the bed-clothes, "look what they have done." I did look, and beheld a wide wound upon the left breast of the corpse, as if a whole charge of slugs, or swan-shot, had entered. The left arm, too, I saw was broken; it was a horrible spectacle. I covered it up again. It was plain enough that a rencounter had taken place, during the preceding night, between some of the keepers and Simon and his son; and that it had ended fatally, the proof was now before me. I could not, however, inquire into particulars just at that moment, for the parents were too much overcome by the fate of their child to repeat them; but I learned them soon after. They were as follows:—

About ten o'clock on the preceding night, the moon being in her first quarter, Simon and his son, each armed with a fowling-piece, and attended by their dogs, set out, according to

custom, in quest of game. As they had placed several snares in the woods of Denne in the course of the preceding morning, they directed their steps thither; not only because they were tolerably sure of filling their bag in a moderate space of time, but with the view of ascertaining whether or not the wires had availed them.

The distance was considerable. They walked seven good miles before they reached their ground, consequently midnight was hard at hand when they began to penetrate the preserves. Their object being to obtain as many head of game, and with as little noise as possible, they had taken care to provide themselves with brimstone matches, for the purpose of smoking such pheasants as they might happen to see at roost upon the boughs. They had succeeded in bagging a brace without the necessity of firing, when the dogs starting a couple of hares, both father and son discharged their pieces almost at the same moment. All this occurred close to a particular corner of the wood where they had placed no fewer than three wires, at short distances from one another. No doubt the wires had been observed; and the keepers, rightly judging that those who set them would return at night to take away their spoil, laid themselves up in ambush in their immediate vicinity. The report of fire-arms drew them instantly to the spot; neither Simon nor Joe considered it at all derogatory to their dignity to escape, if they could; so, seeing three men advancing towards them, they took to their heels. The keepers followed. Joe might have escaped with ease; but his father, grown stiff by years, was unable to keep up with him. The pursuers gained upon him rapidly. "Run, Joe; run, my boy," cried the old man; "never mind me. Remember your mother and sisters; run, and take care of them."—"That I will not, father," answered Joe; "where you are, I am; let them come on." Old Simon was by this time pretty well spent with running. He stopped to breathe; Joe stopped also. He endeavoured to load his gun, but had only time to ram home the powder, when the assailants came up. One of them made a blow at the old man's head with a bludgeon, which, had it taken effect, would have put him beyond the reach of surgical art; but Joe caught it ere it fell. His left arm received it, and was broken. Still the right remained to him, and with a single stroke from the butt of his gun he laid the fellow flat upon the earth. A desperate struggle now ensued between the two remaining keepers and the poachers. Though powerless of one hand, Joe was still a match for most men; and Simon, having recovered his breath, fought as if only half the load of years had been upon his back. The keepers gave ground. The sole object of the Lees being escape, they abstained from pursuing them, and made the best of their way for the high road, and along it towards their home. But they were not permitted to go unmolested. The keepers followed. By way of checking their farther advance, Joe unfortunately turned round and levelled his piece. He had hardly done so, when one of the pursuers fired, and his gun being loaded for the purpose with buck-shot, its contents made their way through the young man's clo-

thing, and entered his chest. The wound was not, however, immediately fatal. "I am hurt, father," cried he; "fly, and leave me to my fate." Another shot was fired while he was yet speaking, which took effect upon the only dog that stuck to them. Wild with rage, old Simon would have loaded his gun, and revenged his son or perished, had not the latter assured him that he was still able to proceed. By darting down a deep ravine they managed to evade the keepers; and then taking the most unfrequented ways, they made for the moor. But just as the light in their cottage window became discernible, Joe's strength forsook him; he reeled and fell; nor was it without much waste of time, and almost super-human exertions, that the old man continued to drag, rather than carry him home. Poor Joe never spoke after. He was laid upon his bed in a state of stupor, and about half an hour before daybreak breathed his last.

Such is a brief relation of the events that brought about the melancholy scene to which I was now a witness. From it I learned, that the blood upon Simon's gaberline was his son's. The state of frantic sorrow, too, in which I found him, was sufficiently explained, as well as the impulse which drove him to raise a murderous arm against any intruder; and though I could not acquit this old man of blame, though, indeed, I felt that the death of Joe was entirely owing to his lawless proceedings, I could not but pity him to a far greater degree than I condemned him. I did my best to comfort both him and the lad's mother; but my words fell upon inattentive ears, and I departed, much troubled in my own mind, and without having the consolation to reflect, that I had in any degree lightened the troubles of others.

The affair, fatal as it was, never came before a court of justice. It was not, of course, to the interest of Simon, had he been capable of attending to his interests, to stir in the matter; for he could not bring his charge home to any definite person, and the very attempt so to do must have involved him in additional trouble. The fact, however, is, that Simon was never, from the hour of his son's death, in a fit state to conduct any business, or even to take care of himself. His stubborn temper, if it could not bend, was at length broken. All his misfortunes, real and imaginary, seemed to press upon his mind with double violence, now that the child of his pride was taken away from him. I have myself seen him weep, at times, like a woman. Long after his wife had regained her composure, Simon was inconsolable; and the ravages made by sorrow upon his health and frame were many degrees more visible and more serious, than those which three score and three winters had effected. Simon was an altered man. The gun and the net were laid aside, but the spade and the hoe took not their place. At first he was deemed lazy; the parish refused to assist him; he was cited before the magistrates, and committed to gaol. Having remained there till the period of his sentence expired, he was again set at liberty. But of his liberty he made no good use. His very wife now complained of him. He would sit, she said, for hours at a time,

with folded arms, staring into the fire. He seldom spoke either to her or her young ones; and when he did, it was incoherently and wildly. At length he was missing. He wandered forth one morning, unshod and bare-headed. In this plight he was seen to pass through the church-yard, resting for a minute or two on Joe's grave. But what became of him after no one can tell. He was never heard of again. By some it was surmised, that, under the influence of a crazed brain, he had wandered into a distant part of the country; and hence that, sooner or later, tidings of him would certainly arrive. By others it was insinuated, that he must have either thrown himself from the cliffs into the sea, or fallen over and been destroyed. That the first report was groundless, an absence of five years, during which no intelligence of his destiny has reached his family, furnishes ample ground for belief; whether either of the latter surmises be correct, I am ignorant. All that I know is, that he has never been seen or heard of in these quarters since the morning above alluded to; and that his wife, and four surviving children, are now wholly supported from the poor's rates.

From the Amulet.

EMBLEMS,

BY THE REV. HENRY STEERING.

THERE is a freshness in the air,

A brightness in the sky,

As if a new-born sun was there,

Just seraph-throned on high;

And birds, and flowers, and mountain-streams,

Rejoicing in his infant beams,

Are glad as if the Winter's breath

Had never blown the blast of death.

Softly along the silent sea

The light-wing'd breezes creep,

So low, so calm, so tranquilly,

They lull the waves asleep;

And, oh! as gladly on the tide

Yon lofty vessel seems to ride,

As if the calmly-heaving sail

Had never met a sterner gale.

And in a small, sweet covert nigh,

Her own young hands have made,

A rosy girl hath laughingly

Her infant brother laid;

And made of fresh Spring flowers his bed,

And over him her veil hath spread,

With looks as if forever there

His form should bloom as young and fair.

And shall these pass away, and be

A wreck of what they were,—

Shall birds, and flowers, and earth and sea,

And yon proud ship, and boy so fair,

Be blasted with the tempest's rage,

Or worn with poverty and age,

Till all of life and hope shall seem

A heart-deceiving, feverish dream!

Yes!—and 'tis but few years we need,

With retrospective eye,

In their repeated tale to read

Our own home's history:

We know their end—to us, to all—
They are but blossoms, and they fall:
But yet young life, the sun, the flowers
Are sweet as they were always ours:
For they are emblems to the heart

Of things it cannot see,—
Emblems which have their counterpart
In heaven's eternity;
And though their life be short, or done
With our lost hours and setting sun,
They are, within their moment's flight,
What there shall be for ever bright!

From the *Forget me Not*.

THE ISLAND OF ATLANTIS.

BY THE REV. GEORGE CROLY.

On thou Atlantic, dark and deep,
Thou wilderness of waves,
Where all the tribes of earth might sleep
In their uncrowded graves!
The sunbeams on thy bosom wake,
Yet never light thy gloom;
The tempests burst, yet never shake
Thy depths, thou mighty tomb!
Thou thing of mystery, stern and drear,
Thy secrets who hath told?—
The warrior and his sword are there,
The merchant and his gold.
There lie their myriads in thy hall,
Secure from steel and storm;
And he, the feaster on them all,
The canker-worm.
Yet on this wave the mountain's brow
Once glow'd in morning beam;
And, like an arrow from the bow,
Out sprang the stream:
And on its bank the olive grove,
And the peach's luxury,
And the damask rose—the nightbird's love—
Perfumed the sky.
Where art thou, proud ATLANTIS, now?
Where are thy bright and brave?
Priest, people, warriors' living flow?
Look on that wave!
Crime deepen'd on the recreant land,
Long guilty, long forgiven;
There power uprear'd the bloody hand,
There scoff'd at Heaven.
The word went forth—the word of woe—
The judgment thunders pealed;
The fiery earthquake blaz'd below;
Its doom was seal'd.
Now on its halls of ivory
Lie giant weed and ocean slime,
Burying from man's and angel's eye
The land of crime

From the *Monthly Review*.

THE MISSION TO SIAM, AND HUE THE CAPITAL OF COCHIN CHINA,

in the Years 1821, 1822. From the *Journal of the late George Finlayson, Esq. Surgeon and Naturalist to the Mission, &c. With a Memoir of the Author, by Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, F. R. S. &c.* pp. 427. London. Murray. 1826.

It is well known that a mission was sent in 1821 by the Governor-General of Bengal to the courts of Siam and Cochin China, with the view of establishing a system of friendly intercourse between those countries and the British possessions in India, and of forming a commercial treaty with them, which would be of reciprocal advantage. It is equally well known that the mission failed in both these objects, as was to be expected from the manner in which it was constituted, and perhaps we may take leave to add, from the persons of whom it was composed. Of Mr. Crawford to whom the charge of the mission was intrusted, or the gentlemen who attended him, we know nothing more than the work before us reveals; but judging of them from the data which Mr. Finlayson furnishes, we venture to affirm that few public officers ever set out upon a mission who were less likely to accomplish their object, than those whom the Governor-General authorized to proceed to Siam and Cochin China.

To the original constitution of the mission, however, we must look for a defect, which in any hands would have ensured its frustration. The authorities in Bengal, conversant as they are with oriental customs, must have known that in no one particular of those customs is etiquette carried to so refined a degree, or watched with such lynx-eyed jealousy, as in matters of diplomacy. Such nicety may be in itself, as no doubt it is, exceedingly ridiculous. But this is not the point for consideration. The question is if it be so established, if it be rendered so sacred by long continued custom, as that the observance of it is required on all occasions with inexorable rigour? If this be the case, the foreigner who approaches an oriental court for the purpose of conciliating its friendship, certainly takes a very strange mode of attaining his object, by demanding in the first place a reform in its ceremonies, and thus wounding its pride in the most vulnerable and the most precious of its fibres. Now few persons in India can be ignorant that embassies and presents are received in the East by independent sovereigns, only from sovereigns. Persia offers some exceptions to this rule; but it is a rule inviolably adhered to by the ultra-Gangetic powers. The Governor-General, however, thought fit to violate this custom, by sending an envoy from himself to the sovereigns of Siam and Cochin China, whereas he might have easily given the mission the aspect of being nominated by His Majesty, which would have saved every difficulty of etiquette. The consequence was inevitable. The Governor's letters were not received,—his representative was treated with disrespect, almost with contumely,—and his mission wholly failed.

As to the conduct of Mr. Crawford and the gentlemen who accompanied him, though it may have been in a great measure guided by

the instructions which were given them, yet wherever the fault originated, their demeanour (and we say it without meaning any personal disrespect) seems to have been any thing but conciliatory towards the official persons whom it was their business to propitiate. A great deal was said on the failure of Lord Amherst's mission to China, concerning the propriety of Englishmen yielding to the submissive forms of homage which are practised in the court of "His celestial Highness." Our pride was appealed to, and our national dignity was boasted of when that famous embassy failed, because his lordship would not consent to perform certain prostrations, which were required of him in common with all persons who were presented at the Chinese court. But surely such matters of form go for no more than they are worth. Our civil officers in their correspondence with dependent princes in India do not hesitate to use those exaggerated and inflated expressions of compliment, to which the latter have been accustomed, and which mean no more with us, or even with them, than the common language of polite and friendly intercourse. The prostration of the person in the East, in the same way, is but an exaggeration of that simple homage which we pay our own sovereign, and nothing but the most silly vanity, and the most erroneous notions of self-respect, can prevent foreigners from complying with the observances which are demanded of them, even to the minutest point. Objections of this nature, and a reluctance in offering even the tokens of respect which they were called upon to yield at the courts of Siam and Cochin China, rendered Mr. Crawford and his companions unacceptable guests there, and hence it is not to be wondered at, that in their diplomatic capacity they were met by the subordinate authorities with coldness, and dismissed almost with disdain. Would it be believed that advantageous terms of commercial intercourse were actually agreed upon by Mr. Crawford and the proper mandarin in Cochin China, and that they were recalled in consequence of Mr. Crawford's refusal to accept for the Governor-General a present of two rhinoceros' horns, some elephants' teeth, and a few ounces of sugar-candy!! Yet this was literally the fact; and, as if this were not enough, Mr. Crawford rendered his refusal the more fatal, by permitting his temper to get the better of his judgment in a transaction, which we shall have occasion to mention in its proper order.

We must now proceed to give some account of the journal before us. And here we must premise, that whatever disappointments may have arisen with respect to the diplomatic results of the mission, none can be felt with regard to the merits of this work. It is the production of a clear and comprehensive intellect, stored with a mass of various knowledge, remarkably observant of the operations of nature, of the peculiarities of climate and country, and of human character as developed not only in general customs and outward appearance, but in that by-play of life, which betrays the real turn of an individual by a single expression, an unguarded attitude, or the style of his dress. Mr. Finlayson seems to have been a very respectable proficient in botany and ge-

ology; but though he did not neglect the application of his scientific acquirements, whenever he found occasion for them, he wisely kept his attention fixed on still higher objects, — men and their works, and the striking objects exhibited on the new lands or seas which he traversed.

It is with regret that we speak of such a traveller as among those who *have been*: he died in 1823, shortly after his return from Cochin China, on his way to England, for the recovery of his health, which was destroyed by too much exposure to the weather while prosecuting his botanical pursuits. He was a native of Thurso, in Scotland; and it is creditable to our Indian government to say, that he obtained its patronage without any other interest to sustain him than the talents which he brought to its service. He died in the prime of his years, and left his journal unfinished in the hands of his benevolent friend, Dr. Somerville, who presented it in its rough state to the Museum of the East India Company. There it would seem that Sir Stamford Raffles first met with it, and, struck by its merit, he undertook to revise and publish it with Dr. Somerville's sanction. We own we feel a strong impression that Sir Stamford did something more than merely "transcribe" the original journal. In fact, he appears to have rewritten it throughout, and, moreover, to have introduced a few political dissertations of his own, for which he derived few or no data from the labours of Mr. Finlayson. When we add, however, that these dissertations, as well as the remodelling of the style, far from diminishing, add considerably to the value of the work, we acquit ourselves of any intention to under-rate the assistance which it obtained from its distinguished editor.

Some twenty years ago Mr. Pinkerton, in his "Modern Geography," pronounced "the kingdoms of Laos, Campodia, Siampa, Cochin China, and Tonquin, countries unimportant in themselves." The scantiness of his materials might have induced him to hazard this broad assertion upon the authority of the school-maxim, that "de non apparentibus, et non existentibus, eadem est ratio." Mr. Barrow, however, in his interesting account of his voyage to Cochin China, showed, that that country at least was not quite so "unimportant" as Pinkerton imagined. Since the appearance of Mr. Barrow's work we are not aware of any other which has appeared concerning that country, except the journal of Mr. White, a lieutenant in the navy of the United States. His voyage to Cochin China was performed in 1819, but his account of it, which was noticed in the former series of this Journal,* was not published till 1824. It agrees in many respects with the description of that country given by Mr. Finlayson, but the date of its publication shows that the latter could have had no opportunity of seeing it. Indeed, the mission seem not to have even heard that such an officer as Lieutenant White had been in Cochin China two years before their arrival.

* See vol. cvi. p. 337. of the former series of the Monthly Review.

there. It may be added, that the American did not go to Siam. Mr. Finlayson's account of this country is very full and satisfactory, and its attractions are by no means diminished when we consider the proximity of Siam to the Burman empire,—with which our Indian government is at present carrying on the hazardous game of war.

The mission sailed from Calcutta on the 21st of November, 1821, and after a tedious voyage arrived at the Prince of Wales's Island on the 11th of December. Here they remained to refresh the crew which had been sickly on the passage until the 5th of January, when they resumed their voyage, but for several days they were becalmed within sight of land. During that period they had frequent occasion to observe the beautiful and singular phenomenon of the phosphorescent appearance of the sea by night, the ocean shining "like a vast lake of liquid fire." Mr. Finlayson thus explains the cause of this fine spectacle:

"In many of the bays, such as the harbour at Prince of Wales's Island, the bodies which emit this singular light exist in such vast quantity, that a boat may readily be distinguished at the distance of several miles by the brilliant light, resembling that of a torch, proceeding from the water agitated by her bow and oars. We have seen the sea rendered of a green colour and slimy appearance, by day, so that it might have been taken for the green vegetable matter common on stagnant pools. We have taken up a quantity of this green-coloured water, and by keeping it till night, have ascertained that the green colour by day, and the phosphorescent appearance by night, were occasioned by the same substance.

"The causes of this luminous appearance of the sea are doubtless various in different parts of the ocean. We know that fish, when dead, afford similar light, and experiments have shown that dead fish immersed in sea water, after a time, afford it also. The spawn of fishes is said to afford it, and putrefaction is considered as a very common cause of this appearance. In the present instance it appeared unequivocally to proceed from innumerable small granular gelatinous bodies, about the size of a pin's head. These, when taken upon the hand, moved about with great agility for a second or two, when they ceased to be luminous, and remained immovable."—p. 34.

Having proceeded through the straits of Malacca on the 26th of February, the vessel stood over for Borneo; when she arrived within sight of that island she shaped her course for Pulo Abi, an island in latitude 8 deg. 25 min. N., longitude 104 deg. 50 min. E. off the southern extremity of Cambodia, and anchored in the bay on the N. E. side of it on the 11th of March. The gentlemen of the mission on landing imagined from its general aspect that the island was uninhabited, but on proceeding a little farther they observed two huts in a plot of tall grass, overshadowed by a single cocoa-nut tree, and several persons walking about. As they advanced, a slender but active and cheerful old man, dressed like an Arabian, approached and saluted them in the most respectful manner, and invited them into his house. This they found to be a sort of tem-

ple, and on a rude wooden altar they saw earthen images, before which fruit, sugar, and sweet-meats were placed as offerings. The island in fact is looked upon as a place peculiarly sacred by the Chinese mariners. Being lofty, it affords them an admirable land-mark, and they "never pass it without offering up prayers and praises for their success in having made it. On this occasion they leave behind them a painted board, on which is written the name of their junk, (vessel,) the date of their arrival, the port they have left, &c. At this time several boards of this description were in the keeping of the old man." The classical reader cannot fail to remark the striking resemblance of this superstitious practice to that of the ancient Romans, whose custom of suspending a *tabula rotaria* in their favourite shrines is frequently mentioned by Horace and Juvenal. We may add that this strange custom is not even yet obliterated from the Continent; large tablets sometimes simply with a ship painted on them, sometimes representing also the dangers in which the grateful mariner was involved, may be seen hung in the chapels and churches in maritime towns.

On the thirteenth of March, the mission left Pulo Abi, and on the evening of the 21st, after passing through innumerable islands, they cast anchor in the bay of Siam. On the 25th the vessel with difficulty passed the bar at the mouth of the river Menam, and anchored opposite to the town of Packnam, where they waited for permission to proceed to Bangkok the capital. One of their first visitors was a person whom the author calls a Moorman,—“one of that degraded but self-important class of society well known in India under the general title of *Portuguese*, a title to which a hat and one or two other articles of clothing in the European fashion would seem to give every black man, every native, and every half-caste, an undisputed claim.” This man seems to have excited Mr. Finlayson's indignation by his repeated attempts to force himself as an interpreter on Mr. Crawford, and his officious interference in every proceeding in which the mission was concerned. In truth he was a spy of the government, and he contributed not a little to frustrate the object of the mission. It augured badly for their success that in the beginning they were visited only by persons of very low rank, and that they found themselves under the necessity of soliciting leave to call on the Governor of Packnam, who should have been the first to tender them the rites of hospitality. He however received them in a friendly manner, though his habitation was far from being a splendid one. A great proportion of the town, or rather the village of Packnam, is built over the river on elevated boards, the banks being for the most part formed of soft mud. On going on shore they found the people, who crowded familiarly round them, remarkably civil and obliging. On extending his acquaintance with the villagers, Mr. Finlayson observed that their houses were in general filthy and lumbered with wood; yet the people appeared to live in tolerable comfort. Rice seemed to be their principal food. They were generally stout, but rather below the middle stature.

"They cut the hair close to the head, leaving a short tuft on the forehead, which they comb backward. There is no difference in this respect between the men and women, both cutting the hair off short. Europeans are not more attentive to render their teeth white, than the Siamese are to make them black. Amongst them black teeth only are considered beautiful, and it must be allowed that they succeed perfectly well in this species of ornament. This, together with the coarse red painting of the mouth and lips, which they derive from the constant eating of betel, catechu, and lime together, gives them a disgusting appearance. The face of the Siamese is remarkably large, the forehead very broad, prominent on each side, and covered with the hairy scalp in greater proportion than I have observed in any other people. In some, it descends to within an inch, or even less, of the eyebrows, covers the whole of the temples, and stretches forwards to within nearly the same distance of the outer angle of the eye. The cheek-bones are large, wide, and prominent. A principal peculiarity in the configuration of their countenance is the great size of the back part of the lower jaw. The corona process here projects outwards, so as to give to this part of the face an uncommon breadth. One would imagine, on a careless inspection, that they were all affected with a slight degree of *goitre*, or swelling in the parotid gland. A similar appearance is often observable in Malays. The people generally go naked from the waist upwards, sometimes throwing a piece of cloth over the shoulders. Old women in general expose the breast; but the young, and the middle aged, wrap a short piece of cloth round the chest, of sufficient length to form a single knot in front, thus leaving the shoulders and arms bare. From the loins to the knee, they wrap a piece of blue or other coloured cloth, over which the better sort wear a piece of Chinese crape, or a shawl."—pp. 108, 109.

It is a singular fact, that almost every form of worship which was established in any part of the world previous to the Reformation had monastic institutions of some description or other. In the earliest ages of Greece the oracle of Dodona, while its responses were yet delivered from a lofty oak, was the centre of a regular college of prophets who slept always on the ground, and habituated themselves in other respects to an austere monastic discipline. Such self-denying congregations are not uncommon among the followers of Buddha. Mr. Finlayson found one of these institutions at Packnam situated on the bank of the river.

"Their houses," he observes, "are well built, spacious, and convenient. The whole is included in an extensive and open space of ground, kept clean and neat. The accommodation for the priests is excellent; the houses are well raised, the floors and walls made of boards. A neat temple occupies one extremity of the enclosure. The fraternity received us with great cheerfulness, and, at our request, readily admitted us into the interior of the temple. Here, raised to about the middle height of the edifice, on a broad platform or altar, we discovered about fifty gilded images of Buddha, all in the sitting posture. The principal image,

considerably above the human stature, was placed behind, and over him was raised a sort of arched canopy of carved and gilded wood. The others were ranged close before him. On each corner of the altar, with their faces turned towards the images, clothed in the usual costume of their order, and in the attitude of devotion, stood two priests. The general form of the figure of Buddha was not essentially different from that worshipped by the natives of Ceylon. The hair is short and curled, the head surmounted by a flame of glory, the countenance placid, benign, and contemplative. They have given somewhat of a Siamese, or rather Tartar expression to the features, by rather prolonging the eyebrows, and giving an obliquity to the eye; the nose is more sharp, and the lips very thick."—pp. 110, 111.

On the 28th of March the mission having obtained leave to proceed to Bangkok, weighed anchor and sailed up the river. On the passage they were much annoyed by that most malignant of all insects the mosquito. On the 29th, as they approached the capital, the prospect on either bank, which had been hitherto rather sterile, assumed a lively appearance. The river is here about a quarter of a mile in breadth. A considerable space at each side is occupied by *floating houses*, built in the Chinese fashion, which are bound at either end to long bamboos driven into the bed of the river. They are thus enabled to move from place to place as convenience requires. These houses generally consist only of a principal centre room in which the owners display their wares, and of one or two small ones for domestic purposes. The floor is raised about a foot above the water, and the roof is thatched with palm-leaves. Between these floating shops decked out with their showy wares, and the canoes plying about in every direction, the scene, particularly on a market-day, is gay, and to a foreigner particularly striking.

In the course of the evening the mission were visited by an elderly man, second in rank to the minister who conducts all affairs carried on between the court and Europeans of every description.

"This old gentleman conversed for some time with great ease and affability, inquired into the respective rank and occupation of the several gentlemen of the mission, and seemed to welcome us with great cordiality. He soon intimated that the object of his visit was to procure the letter from the Governor-General to the King. He had brought with him a handsome golden cup for its reception. On this, the letter, wrapped in gold tissue, was placed in his presence. On his expressing a wish to depart, Mr. Crawford took up the cup, and raising it to his head, proceeded through a double line of sepoy, with presented arms, drawn out for the occasion, to the gangway, from which he handed it down to one of the gentlemen of the mission, placed in the chief's boat to receive it. The latter delivered it to the chief, who placed it negligently on a piece of old carpet, on which he sat."—pp. 118, 119.

Another bad omen! It would seem that the Moormann had already informed himself and the government of the whole state of the mission, and of every particular connected with

it. The manner in which the old Siamese received the Governor's letter, notwithstanding the pompous, and to us, whimsical, ceremony with which it was delivered to him, seemed of itself sufficient to decide the prospects of the embassy. The next untoward circumstance which happened to them was a message from the Minister for Foreign Affairs, offering to accommodate them with a house during their stay at Bangkok. They accepted the offer, and soon found themselves established in "an *out-house* intended for a *store-room*, containing but four small, ill-ventilated apartments, the approach to which led through a *trap-door* from below, and on three sides they were almost entirely excluded from air!" It was nothing better than what we are accustomed to call a hay-loft! Here was a hotel indeed for the representative of the Governor-General of Bengal! It is hardly necessary to observe, that among the Asiatics particularly, it is the custom for the government to provide accommodation for persons sent officially to it from a foreign court. In the present instance this duty of hospitality was performed by an individual, and with the decency which we have just mentioned.

But though the Siamese court as yet paid no sort of attention to Mr. Crawford, yet it betrayed "a degree of meanness and avidity at once disgusting and disgraceful," in order to get possession of the presents which he brought from the Governor-General. Mr. Crawford was simple enough to entrust them all to the Moorman, without stipulating for any favour in return. Nay more, after the presents had been thus all parted with, the gentlemen of the mission were told that they "were to be prisoners, and restricted from intercourse with the people until the ceremony of their presentation at court should be over." This ceremony was put off from day to day upon one pretence or another. At length Suri Wong Montree, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, invited Mr. Crawford to a conference; after this breaking of the ice, he was permitted to visit the Prince Chroma-chit, an illegitimate son of the reigning king, who is a sort of Prime Minister, and is considered not to be devoid of talent for public affairs. After this visit the important discussions began, as to the nature of the ceremonies which were to be performed by the strangers in the royal presence; and the result of many grave negotiations was, that all parties agreed on the following programme:

"We were to take off our shoes at the door of the hall of audience; when we had entered, we were to take off our hats, and making a bow in the English manner, we were to advance to the seats appointed for us, and there sitting down, with the legs bent backwards and under us, but a little to one side, we were to make three salutations with the hands united before the face, touching the forehead each time. The union of the hands in this manner appearing to be expressive of supplication, and being used as the sign thereof by many Asiatics, Capt. Dangerfield proposed that in its stead we should salute in the manner done at some of the Hindu courts, by performing the salam with both hands, raising them separately to the head at the same time. It was observed that the difference was very immate-

rial, and that therefore the Siamese mode should be preferred; besides it appeared that the members of the mission might perform the salutation with more or less correctness as they judged proper, and that it would be deemed enough if they touched the forehead with the hands in any way."—pp. 133, 134.

On the day appointed they proceeded to the palace; and although the ceremonies of the audience seem not to have at all pleased Mr. Finlayson, yet he describes them with great vivacity and minuteness. The mysterious grandeur with which the King of Siam surrounds his throne is the result of a theatrical contrivance by no means ill suited to the purpose for which it is destined. The hall of the presence is a lofty and an extensive edifice, highly decorated in the fashion of the country. At the extremity of this hall "a large handsome curtain, made of cloth covered with tinsel or gold leaf, and suspended by a cord, divided the space occupied by the throne from the rest of the apartment." A space about twenty feet square, in front of the throne, was kept clear; the remainder of the hall was crowded to excess by persons of every rank, each of whom had his proper place assigned to him. The remainder of this curious scene we must give in the words of the author.

"The curtain placed before the throne was drawn aside as we entered. The whole multitude present lay prostrate on the earth, their mouths almost touching the ground; not a body or limb was observed to move, not an eye was directed towards us, not a whisper agitated the solemn and still air. It was the attitude, the silence, the solemnity of a multitude simultaneously addressing the great God of the universe, rather than the homage of even an enslaved people. Not even Rome, fertile in a race of tyrants, nor Dionysius himself, ever produced any degradation to compare with this in ignominy.

"Raised about twelve feet above the floor, and about two yards behind the curtain alluded to, there was an arched niche, on which an obscure light was cast, of sufficient size to display the human body to effect, in the sitting posture. In this niche was placed the throne, projecting from the wall a few feet. Here, on our entrance, the King sat immovable as a statue, his eyes directed forwards. He resembled, in every respect, an image of Buddha placed upon his throne; while the solemnity of the scene, and the attitude of devotion observed by the multitude, left little room to doubt that the temple had been the source from which the monarch of Siam had borrowed the display of regal pomp. He was dressed in a close jacket of gold tissue, on his left was placed what appeared to be a sceptre; but he wore neither crown nor other covering on the head, nor was the former emblem of the office of royalty displayed on the occasion. The throne was hung round with the same sort of cloth which formed the curtain in front.—A considerable degree of light was thrown laterally on the floor at the base of the throne, where large and elegant fans were waved by persons placed behind the curtain. This circumstance added considerable effect to the scene."—pp. 144, 146.

A very slight and contemptuous notice was taken at court of the presents sent to the King by the Governor-General; no mention whatever was made of the letter; and it was observed as an additional mark of indifference, if not of insult, that the King did not wear his crown on this occasion, as his custom is on receiving ambassadors from foreign sovereigns. A few general questions conveyed to the agent in whispers through a long chain of officers, composed the whole of the intercourse held between that gentleman and His Majesty at this audience. The only presents offered to the gentlemen of the mission consisted of some paltry Chinese umbrellas, and even these, perhaps, would not have been thought of, if a violent shower of rain had not commenced as soon as the ceremony was over. They were detained within the precincts of the palace for some hours in order to see the *lions* of the royal household, which consisted of some *white elephants*, *albinos* of their species. Near these were placed two white monks, whose duty it was, according to the superstitious notions of the country, "to prevent evil spirits from killing the larger animals." It is worth remarking, that the eyes of the white elephants differ in no respect from those of the common elephant, except in the iris, which is of a pure white colour, whereas in the white monkey "the lips, eyelids, and feet, are distinguished by the inanimate whiteness of the skin noticed in the human albino, while the general appearance of the iris, the eye, and even the countenance, the intolerance of light, the unsettled air they assumed, and the grimace they affected, afforded so many points of resemblance between them and that unhappy variety of our species, as rendered the sight disgusting and humiliating. One who had seen a perfect albino of the human species would find it impossible to separate the impression of his appearance from that of the animals now before us."

As to the white elephant, such is the regard in which this animal is held in Siam, that he who discovers one is rewarded by the King with "a crown of silver, and a grant of land equal in extent to the space of country at which the elephant's cry may be heard." After viewing these and other curiosities of the palace, the gentlemen of the mission returned to their "outhouse."

As if to place the character of their reception beyond all doubt, an ambassador arrived, during their stay at Bangkok, from the King of Cochin China, who was treated with all the attention which the court and the more respectable inhabitants of the capital could bestow. If Mr. Crawford failed in obtaining due honour from the King, he was equally unsuccessful in his endeavours to induce the ministers to agree to a commercial treaty, which he drew out to the extent of *thirty-nine* articles. The only answer given to his propositions was, that the existing duties, which are nearly prohibitive, could not be lessened until after the lapse of a number of years, which was not defined, and until five English ships should visit the port annually. The mission had now been foiled at all points: Mr. Crawford determined on quitting Siam, and took his departure with-

out even obtaining the common compliment of "an audience of leave."

At this part of his work the author makes a pause in his narrative, and dedicates a chapter to the physical form and character of the Siamese, their manners and customs, their laws, history, revenue, and religion, and the natural products of the country. One of their most remarkable customs is that relating to their treatment of the dead. The body, after undergoing a rude sort of preparation, is burnt; the ashes which remain are then carefully collected and reduced to a paste with water. This paste is ultimately formed into a small image of Buddha, "which being gilded, and finished by the priests, is either placed in the temple, or preserved by the friends of the deceased." This is a custom, we believe, quite peculiar to the Siamese. The population of the country is variously stated; no calculation represents it as exceeding a million. The principal object of culture is pepper. The King is the chief merchant, and exercises a monopoly in every thing which he can turn to profit.

The gentlemen of the mission, cordially tired of Bangkok, embarked in the evening of the 14th of July, and proceeded to Cochin China. As this portion of the journal has less novelty about it than that which relates to Siam, we shall reduce our notice of it to as brief a space as possible. We remark that neither Mr. Crawford, nor any one of his companions, appears to have heard the strange sub-aqueous music which astonished the ears of Lieutenant White, when he sailed up the river to Saigon, one of the principal cities of the kingdom. Upon Mr. Crawford's arrival there he found that the Governor (probably from communications sent by the Cochin-Chinese ambassador, who had been at the court of Siam,) was fully aware of the nature and objects of his mission, and that it was accredited by a letter, *not* from the King of Great Britain, but from the Governor-General of Bengal! From Saigon Mr. Crawford was referred to Hue, where the King has resided for several years, and thither the members of the mission proceeded. The journal gives a minute description of the city of Hue, which, though in itself paltry, is surrounded by some of the most beautiful scenery in Asia. The fort, which is built after the European style, and which is fully described by Mr. White, engaged a good deal of the author's attention. He is also particularly minute in his account of the equipment of the military; he seems to have examined their accoutrements with special care; and we were much amused by his inventory of what he calls the *contents* of one of the soldiers' cartouche-box, which he enumerates as follows:

"A set of men for playing at chess;

"A small bottle of scented oil;

"A small horn, with pricker, containing apparently priming powder;

"A bundle of small, hollow bamboos, each containing a charge of powder, stopped at one end with paper;

"No ball, or shot."—p. 345.

How the author and his editor could have enumerated, "no ball or shot," among the con-

tents of the cartouche-box, we are at a loss to understand. Had either of the gentlemen been from the sister-island, he might have put this *bull* down to the credit of his privilege.

All the efforts of Mr. Crawford (and they were not a few) to obtain an audience of the King were to no purpose. He had an interview with the principal mandarin on the commercial objects of the mission. At this interview

"Mr. Crawford said, that what was chiefly required was, that permission might be granted to British ships to trade to the ports of Cochin China, mentioning in particular Saigon, Turon Bay, and Tonquin; and that instructions might be delivered to him respecting the duties demanded, and the regulations by which the commerce of these places was conducted. To this the mandarin answered, that the ports of Cochin China were open to all nations; that the duties had of late been very considerably diminished, first by the late King, and latterly by the present; that he would furnish a table or scheme of the duties collected at different ports; and that he would always expedite the affairs of traders, by immediate attention to them, well knowing the importance of expedition in matters of that nature."—pp. 355, 356.

Mr. Crawford thought these regulations sufficiently liberal, and nothing now remained but the preparation of the tariff. Before he took his leave, however, he again touched on the subject of an audience with the King. To this the mandarin answered,

"That he had already communicated with the King upon the subject, and such was his determination: That had the agent to the Governor-General come on any other than commercial affairs he would have been presented to the court, but that it was altogether contrary to its customs to give audience on such occasions. That had Mr. Crawford been the envoy of the King of England, or of any king, he would have been received. That in this case it was as if the Governor of Saigon had sent an envoy to the imperial court."—p. 358.

Mr. Crawford reminded him that in 1804 Mr. Roberts, the envoy of the Governor-General of Bengal, who was sent on a mission similar to the present one, "had been received honourably at court, and had obtained two audiences of the King." For the truth of his assertion he appealed to two Frenchmen, Messrs. Vannier and Chaigneaux, who were present on that occasion, they having lived in the country for upwards of twenty years, and adopted the Cochin-Chinese manners and costume.

"The mandarin knew that nothing but the truth had been stated; yet he equivocated in the most palpable manner; saying at one time that he had not been admitted; at another that it was during war, when any one might have been admitted to the King; and that since that time the customs of the court had been altered; and that the magnificence of the court was reserved solely for the greatest occasions. It was here observed that the change which had taken place in court-etiquette was not known; and that, with respect to the manner in which the mission was to be received, it was for the King to decide whether the audience

should be public or private. On this the old gentleman drily observed, that it was indeed very natural that we should use every expedient to gain an audience of the King, having come so far for that purpose, and plainly insinuated that it was all to no purpose. The coolness of his manner, and the direct inference of the remark, were too much for us, and we could contain our gravity no longer. The Frenchmen seemed equally surprised with the mandarin at seeing us laugh so heartily. The old gentleman was in fact quite at a loss to know what to say; and at last dwelt upon the argument that the etiquette of the court had been changed."—pp. 360, 361.

Mr. Crawford suspected, probably not without reason, that the two Frenchmen were not very friendly to his objects, though, in other respects, they treated him and his companions with great kindness. We have given the whole of this negotiation as it occurred, in order to show the manner in which it was conducted on the part of the mission,—a manner certainly not distinguished for its acumen or politeness. But a more important *faux pas* remains. We have already alluded to Mr. Crawford's refusal of certain presents which were tendered on the part of the king for the Governor-General of Bengal. The mandarin, again and again, in a good-humoured way urged the acceptance of them, but, seeing that he could not prevail, he desisted, and the matter seemed amicably adjusted on both sides. The commercial regulations were also settled, giving permission to the English to trade to the ports of Saigon, Han (the Bay of Turon), and Hue, thus excepting only Tonquin. These were better terms than, under the circumstances, perhaps, could have been hoped for; at all events they were sufficient to attain one great object of the mission, the establishment of some basis of commercial intercourse between Cochin China and the dependencies of Great Britain,—a basis which might hereafter be enlarged to the utmost extent we could desire. Matters being in this situation, Mr. Crawford and his friends participated of a repast in the house of the Tacoon, or mandarin of strangers, (Minister for Foreign Affairs,) and the early part of the evening passed off very pleasantly on all sides. The remainder of this unfortunate scene must be given in the words of Mr. Finlayson.

"The table was now cleared, and the conversation that followed was of a general nature; when, to our great astonishment, the little mandarin of Han, a man who had often visited us both here and on board ship, without giving us any more favourable notion of his capacity than that of his being a poor silly creature, with scarcely two ideas in his head, got up, and, in a loud and sharp voice, exclaimed, that we had come from the governor of a province, that we had offered presents to a great king, who, not receiving them, we were now returning without the presents he had deigned to offer. Had the little man done that justice to the bottle, which he did to the fat pork and hatched eggs, one might have supposed this intemperate remark to have proceeded from inebriety. It would appear, however, to have been the result of pure folly,

for on this, though not on all the occasions we had seen him, he was apparently sober. Before he had time to proceed further, Mr. Crawford replied, that he had not called for the opinion of this mandarin, and would hear no more from him. That the matter having been fully discussed with the Tacoon, in their presence, it was now surely at rest. The little mandarin evidently felt this as a keen rebuke. Mistaking the nature of the part which I had performed in the transactions of the day, and conceiving himself to be on terms of great intimacy with Mr. Crawford, he thought that such an observation could only have come from me. So, rising again, with still more animated energy, he observed, that there was but one name in the Governor-General's letter, meaning thereby, that but one had a right to speak there. He said nothing further, and sat down, apparently much offended; the more so for that I could not help laughing at his mistake. The Tacoon also laughed very heartily at the occurrence. The observation, however, though seemingly thrown out by accident, made some impression upon the two mandarins, senior to that of Han; and the Tacoon, seeing that it was likely to lead to further discussion, terminated the affair by saying, that he would refer the matter to the king. Thus, by one unlucky, unnecessary expression of a weak and foolish man, were our plans entirely frustrated."—pp. 397, 398.

The king was, in fact, so much piqued at the refusal of his presents, that he even countermanded the letter which the Tacoon had written in his own name to the Governor-General. After this occurrence, the mission were treated with every possible degree of disrespect until they quitted the country, which they lost no time in doing. The tariff was also withdrawn. We make no further commentary upon this matter, as, indeed, it requires none to indicate the real causes of the failure of this mission, and the points which are to be guarded against, whenever new negotiators are sent to Siam or Cochin China.

From the European Magazine.

MATTHEWS' DEFENCE OF HIS TRIP TO AMERICA.

To the Editor of the European Magazine (New Series.)

SIR,—Having read in the last number of the European Magazine an article, at the head of which my name appeared in letters alarmingly large for my nerves; written with the express intention of exposing the "errors which prevail" in England respecting North America, (and into which errors I am stated to have led the public,) I feel myself called upon, avers as I am from publishing in reply to any animadversion upon me, to enter into a sort of defence of my character—not as an actor, for nothing could induce me to obtrude myself upon the public in that capacity—but as a man, charged with wilfully misrepresenting the American character. The writer of the

article professes to be a "native Yankee," and he directly accuses me of uttering, knowing to be forged, certain counterfeit portraits, and clumsy absurd caricatures of his countrymen, and thereby ridiculing the whole nation—and having the tendency of being "prejudicial to the cause of humanity." He asserts (and I fully agree with him,) that errors prevail here upon the subject—but he adds that, to me "a large part of the errors are owing." This is rather hard, and I think rather ungrateful, to a man who has taken such pains as I have to remove them both in public and in private; who has been twitted by a part of the English press with uttering whining, mawkish, sickly sentiments in favour of America merely because he intended to return to the country—(this was liberal!) The "native Yankee" asserts that my portrait of the Yankee is generally misunderstood here, and that "I know it." He says I know in my "own heart" that it is a poor and feeble counterfeit—unworthy of America,—unworthy of me," &c. He certainly has been polite enough to say that he attributes no bad intention to me. This is like saying of a man—he is a liar, he has wilfully misrepresented facts, he has uttered forged notes and counterfeit coin, but I believe he had no bad intention. However, I am not offended. When I first read the article, I am certain that the closest observer would have said, my

"Countenance was more in sorrow than in anger;"

"and notwithstanding the soreness I feel at being charged with wilfully misrepresenting, I allow the general fairness and candour of the article: and it is the temperate and conciliatory tone of the letter, and the gentlemanly spirit which it evinces, that has induced me to reply to it, and which I resolved upon for two reasons: First, to assure all those who may have been "led into error by me"—that I, generally speaking, agree with the writer in his opinions concerning the country; and, secondly, as it gives me an opportunity of replying to attacks made upon me by a portion of the American press—to which I have disdained an answer—and which I never condescended to notice on their own account. Could I have anticipated that I should ever be provoked to defend myself from the charges brought against me, I should have preserved some of these elegant morceaus—as remarkable for their truth and correctness as for the choice and beautiful language in which they are clothed. Indeed, I lament that I cannot quote them as polished specimens of the language common to both countries; but they were consigned to the flames, after they had been read to me by "a d-d good natured friend," as Sir Fretful says. "Vagabond—itinerant mimic—a silly buffoon who, in return for hospitalities and kindness received, has ridiculed the national peculiarities," &c. "This wretch who was applauded beyond his merits," &c. &c. I shall only utter three words at the conclusion of my letter to those gentlemen of the press who call names—but as there are many matter-of-fact sort of people (and Heaven defend me from all such!) who believe all they read

in print, I have no doubt there are many even of my own friends in America, (and I had many,) that may really believe in the simplicity of their hearts, that I have been as ungrateful as I am declared to be by some of these worthies. Let it be understood then, that I undertake this task for them, and that I address myself to those whose good opinion I value, wishing to set the matter right in their eyes as far as I am able: I am induced to it by an article coming in a more formidable shape in the European Magazine, which, from its very appearance of fairness, is calculated to effect the mischief which these worthies hoped to effect, but which their own vulgarity and abuse, I am confident, defeated, in the eyes of those whose good opinion I wish to retain.

Now, Mr. Editor, what I chiefly complain of is, "misrepresentation;" and, to quote the "native Yankee," I attribute no bad intention to him—but where I wish to set him right, and through him my friends in America is, that he ingeniously (perhaps by mistake) mixes up the character I represented in *Jonathan in England* with my portraits of American character in my own entertainment called *The Trip to America*; and though it may be understood here clearly, that they are perfectly distinct, yet from the way in which they are jumbled together by him, those who read the errors in America will believe that all "the errors into which I have led" the English; all the wilful misrepresentations, all the clumsy caricature—"for such proceedings I am charged withal"—form a part of what I must be allowed to call my Entertainment. I do not mean that he absolutely asserts it—but he has not explicitly distinguished them. Now I beg it may be distinctly understood that I held myself personally responsible for all I uttered as an individual exhibitor in the Trip to America; but I am no more responsible for the tendency of the character of *Jonathan W. Doubikins* in the farce, or the effects, or the errors it may produce, than Mr. Cooke was responsible for the sentiments uttered by him in *Sir Pertinax M'Sycophant* to the Scotch nation, or my friend LISTON for his droll delineation of *Lubin Log* to the citizens of London and Southwark. With as much propriety might a native Scotchman have written against the former, charging him with having led the English into their errors against his countrymen, or a "native" Cockney have taken up the cudgels for all the inhabitants of Tooley-street in the Borough for the ridicule brought upon them (and ALL ENGLAND) by his faithful portrait of a vulgar Cockney. I have no doubt there are many of my ever-to-be-dreaded matter-of-fact people who say really LISTON should not insinuate that all the people in London pronounce the v for the w, and leave out the h before the vowels.*

* I must relate one little anecdote here to illustrate this observation, and to prove how blind a person may become for want of ear, (a defect I suspect my Native of, from his assertion that enquiry is not the common pronunciation, and raised for born, confined to one

The Americans laughed at *Lubin Log*—am I to infer that they took that for a portrait of all Englishmen. Cooke's *Sir Pertinax* was enthusiastically applauded there. They were pleased to approve of my *Morbleu*, and be amused with my ridicule of Cockney slang, Scotch and Welsh dialects, and Irish brogues. Are the North Americans, or the Yankees of the East, to be the only people in the world that are to be exempt from such representations? must they exclusively be secure from "shewing up?" Your correspondent, after pronouncing my portraits to be counterfeit, allows that a part of the language, a part of the character, and "all" the tone—"if we look upon the sketch as a sort of individual, not a national, portrait, are very good and very true." Why who in the name of common sense (excepting your correspondent) ever even insinuated that Jonathan (for to this one character he sticks like a rusty weathercock) was a national portrait. I do not inform you, Mr. E., nor my accuser, for he knows better, as he says of me, "in his heart"—but my friends across the Atlantic, that I asserted the contrary in my own account of my visit to the country. "He knows," and he ought to have quoted me fair if he will write from memory, that my explanation of a real Yankee was a counterpart of my own description. Do I not make Mr. Pennington (whom I have contrasted with Jack Topham, as a "sensible, gentlemanly, well informed American," defeating in argument a silly impertinent English cockcomb,) set him right when he calls all Americans Yankees? Do I not put in his mouth the information that the people of New York and Philadelphia, and others more south, themselves call those of the eastern states Yankees? Do I not "show up" Topham and Bray as much more ridiculous personages than any American in my Trip, excepting Doubikins. I give him as a specimen of a real Yankee, and if the "native" means to assert that the squirrel story is not genuine, and that the phraseology is not pure and correct, I assert it is. I say boldly and without vanity, if he believes it to be incorrect, I will back my ear and observation of peculiarities of pronunciation against his. But here he would insinuate that I make Jonathan Doubikins out a "negro-dealer, and a slave-holder, raised in Vermont, born all along shore there," &c. &c. &c. I have one short answer to this. IT IS FALSE! I did nothing of the kind—not one of the charges are true. I will not retort and say "he knows it"—but he has a bad memory, or he has not the disposition to do me justice. I introduce Jona-

state). A lovely elderly female, a "native" Cockney, said in my presence that Liston went too far in his pronunciation, in saying *hoax* for *oax*, (she meant the reverse;) and added that she never heard any body speak so bad as he:—a few minutes after she called the servant, and said, John, this { *ash* } is cold—take it down, and tell the cook to { *eat* } it, and bring it up again. How { *heat* } could this lady be a judge of Liston's portrait?

than W. Doubikins for the purpose of telling the story of the squirrel, which was furnished by Americans as an eastern story—knowing full well that I intended to make use of it in England. I do not mention or hint at the words—slave, or negro-dealer—during the whole description of his character. I never say one syllable about Varnount, or all along shore there. The words are these—“When I lived to Boston.”*

“When my uncle Ben lived to Boston he called on me one day, and he says, says he, Jonathan, says he—for he always called me Jonathan, though I was baptized Jonathan W.—down to Newhaven I believe.” Not one other syllable, upon my most sacred word of honour, my dear Editor,—not one monosyllable, my dear friends in New York, Philadelphia, &c. on my oath, is ever uttered about his residence or birth-place either in my own entertainment—where I only am responsible—or in the farce called Jonathan in England, (observe this, I pray, I entreat,) where I never will allow I am responsible. I do not say where he was born, but where he was baptized; he might have been born, or raised—(for they do say raised in every part of the country I have visited, be assured, Mr. Editor) —he might have been born at Newington Butts near London, and still christened at Newhaven. In the afterpiece—the third, or personation act—I introduced a poor persecuted runaway Negro, for I took a fancy to the race; I could not help thinking with Uncle Toby a negro has a soul—God’s image, though carved in ebony. This character I called Agamemnon, the scene Natchitoches; fifty dollars reward are offered for his apprehension by Doubikins, who goes on a visit to that place, and says he is in search of his *help*, (observe this.) He says he purchased him of Uncle Ben—and when uncle told him, he had a Nigger to sell—and says, do you want one? Jonathan replies, “Oh yes! for I have more than the other helps can do.” Does this prove him a dealer or driver? The dealer is his Uncle Ben. “This is the head and front of my offending.” Where I was accountable, have I not made out my case so far? Now for the farce, the great bone of contention, the sore place. Mr. Arnold engaged me at the English Opera House as an actor, on the most liberal terms, such terms, that I could not conscientiously decline performing any character he wished. I was engaged for a few nights only. The only new character prepared for me was Jonathan W. Doubikins, with whom my visitors at home were so amused, that Mr. Peake thought he would tell well as the hero of a farce. If I had refused to act the part from any such delicate feelings as actuate your correspondent, Mr. Arnold must have lost considerably by my engagement. I will not enter into what scruples I *did* feel about it. My first consideration was to act justly by my employer. I thought

I had said and done enough to satisfy the most fastidious American in my compliments to them “at home.” I was informed all those who had heard my Trip were satisfied, and I was weak enough to believe and hope that after I had paid my just tributes to their good qualities, that we might in the drama be allowed to indulge in a little harmless laugh at the peculiarities of some of the natives, as we have done with those of other nations, without offence. I am quite sure none was ever contemplated by me. The author constructed a most ingenious plot, and applied to me to furnish him with some phraseology, peculiarities of pronunciation, &c. I was at a great distance from London, and preferred furnishing him with materials ready prepared than be at the trouble of copying from my own memoranda. A vocabulary published in America, and a comedy written by General Humphries, an *American*! called The Yankee in England, and from this Mr. Peake copied many of the oddly-turned phrases and sentences that I had not already uttered in the character. Mr. Peake has given me permission to make this known, but I must in justice to him say that the whole of the plot, and every sentence in the other characters, were from his own original invention—and a most ingenious and amusing farce I shall always think it. But whatever offensive matter my native Yankee can discover in this, he must not attribute to us. The onus must remain with General Humphries. Wicked man to caricature your countrymen in such a wretched style and clumsy fashion, and lead the English into error! Fie, fie, Humphries! He says that the farce was produced after a year’s consideration, “got up and brought forth deliberately.” Mark how plain a tale shall set down this “native.”—I arrived in town one day before I commenced my engagement on the 2d of September, the farce was read on the 3d, and acted in four or five days afterwards. So that, instead of twelve months’ thought and preparation, I had not more than one week; and the author did not hit upon the thought above a month before it was acted. Now I have already stated I could not refuse to act in this piece. I thought it capital fun—I pity those who do not think so sincerely. The public certainly agreed with me, and, as he allows, it was acted to overflowing houses. But if my friend—(I wish he had signed his name, or initials, or X. Y. Z. for I don’t like to be calling him *Yankee* so often, though he calls me *Counterfeit*)—but if he imagines the people of England are so besotted, so ignorant, as to believe that I ever intended Jonathan as “a fair specimen of the North American character,” or that they believe him to be so, I must assure him that they are not such idiots. Such matter-of-fact, melancholy, moping, inquiring fellows, who think it a matter of importance whether a straw hat was born in New York, or a man raised in Virginia or not, or whether an ugly Hardham thirty-seven-coloured coat is worn by a slave-holder, driver, dealer, or a real Yankee, are not the people, thank Heaven! or what would become of me? No, believe me, there is no such mischief done as you suppose, and those “who meet me on the great tho-

* Will he have the impudence to tell me they do not say lived to Boston? If the “native” thinks this disgraceful, I can inform him that the people in the West of England have the same peculiarity.

roughfares of sea and earth" will only laugh at Jonathan's oddities, be assured.

I have made use of a strong phrase, I find, in looking over my letter—but I will not retract. I will prove, that even in this farce, the assertion is not true respecting negro-dealers. I am afraid his ear is incorrect, or his memory treacherous—but he really should have had a certificate of their correctness before he brought such grave accusations against me.

Mr. Ledger, the Liverpool merchant to whom Doubikins brings a letter of introduction, inquires where he was born—His reply is—Do you know where Newhaven is? well it wasn't there. Why did you ask then, says Ledger? Jonathan answers, Because Uncle Ben was born there, though I wasn't—I was born, as I have heard, in Varmount State, or thereabouts—just as the Indian said, he was born at Nantucket, Cape Cod, and all along shore there. There is not one sentence in the whole piece that alludes either to his being a negro-dealer, or slave-holder. The first time the negro is mentioned is thus. I have brought Aggy to look after my turtle. He then says to the waiter, "Do you want to buy a nigger? my Uncle Ben told me I could dispose of him in England." After this he feels compunction, and says, "I do not much like to part with the nigger, he is a spry active help, but I want the dollars; perhaps though he'll meet with a Boss that won't larrup him." Would a "dealer" be so ignorant as to suppose that he could sell slaves in England; and if he were, would he provide himself with only one for such a purpose? The fact is, nobody but my sensitive native Yankee ever believed him to be a dealer. There is not a word throughout the piece on the subject after the first scene, excepting in the second act, where once he repeats, Will you buy a nigger? and Jonathan informs the waiter that he could not dispose of him in New York, Philadelphia, &c. as there is no slave-dealing there. I am gravely told that there are no slaves, or slave holders in Vermont—why I know it as well as the Yankee; and I have never hinted at it. But having proved, I trust satisfactorily and positively, that I did not locate the character there, or all along shore; what becomes of all his criticisms upon my blunders and misrepresentations? Have I not proved I am the "better counterfeit?" The fact is, that I was prepared for these splitters of hairs, these breakers of small flies on large wheels, these matter-of-fact folks, who make trifles light as air of importance, that I cautiously avoided "locating" Jonathan at all, and left the matter in doubt. But, dear editor, (for I love you for calling me your favourite droll) is it not hard to be thus misquoted and garbled? Now, how would he like it if I gave a garbled extract from his account of his own country, and cautiously left out all that qualified his satire. Egad I will too—he has acted so by me.

Read, my American friends, what he says of you in order to remove the errors into which I have led the English. "In New England," he says, "you will one day encounter a personage half hypocrite, half puritan; praying and cheating in the same breath—puffing his wares and praising his Maker to the very

same tune—with a broad-brimmed quaker hat, &c.—two or three watches forever in sight—and a flashy waistcoat for sale over a coarse every-day one. Always ready to preach or pray—to sell or swap—or truck or trade—to pitch a hymn in the street, or pitch a copper in church. Another day you will fall in with a huge brown white-headed fellow, who under a simple speech, and a look of stupid, foolish, good-natured curiosity, would conceal a temper so sharp, so inquisitive, so watchful, that before you well knew what he was about, you would find that he had over-reached you while you were most upon your guard, or as they have it in their country when they have outwitted a very cautious traveller, "that he had guessed you up a tree." After leaving Connecticut, you encounter the clumsy ostentation, the fuss and uproar of the wealthy New-Yorkers—then the staid cold impudence, the sober vanity, the singular good sense, the insupportable method of the Pennsylvanians—the nothingness of the Delaware men—the self-satisfied supercilious Marylander—the hot and peremptory Virginian, ready, like the Irishmen, to quarrel or drink, fight or laugh, a prodigal in every thing—life, talent, money and character. The dark, sallow, showy, talkative, riotous, North Carolinian—the more fervid, rash, and haughty South Carolinian—the indulgent, imperious, declamatory, absolute Georgian—the half-built, half-naturalized, half-educated Louisianian, all of the southern race, and the greater part chuck full of impertinent valour, and boyish headlong precipitation." My friends in America will surely exclaim—"Defend us from our friends!" Now if I had uttered any of these "varieties of the American character," what would have been said of me? I have left out all the qualifying sentences of the sketches of character, designedly; all that he has written in praise of his countrymen I have expunged. Am I not justified in this? He cautiously conceals what I have uttered that is complimentary to the American character.

Now to the minor points. I shall give an unqualified contradiction to several broad assertions, hazarding boldly my perception and close observation against even a Native. He says, "The straw hat was never worn in America (I dare say) with such a garb as Mr. M. wears it with." I dare swear it has been. I will swear I took a sketch of my dress to the minutest point, from a native with whom I travelled in a steam boat from New York to Albany. "The seal-skin, or fur waistcoat, (I don't wear either, but that is nothing with my critic,) is no more a part of the New Englander's dress, &c." Now mark, he says—"the colour, fashion, &c. of the dress is true, very true, for one species of the New England farmer, but are quite absurd for a slave-holder." Again and again, I say he never was a slave-holder, but in the distempered imagination of my friend with the bad memory—and how does he know he is not a farmer? I have never asserted that he is not. I have not designated him at all in my Trip; but I declare solemly, that whenever I have been asked if the dress I wear in Jonathan was common in America, I have replied, "No—the man from

whom I copied the dress was a farmer; but the fact is, the Americans in the great cities dress so exactly like ourselves, that I was puzzled to find any characteristic dress that would be effective for the stage; and I knew that when "at home" something would be expected from me. I have seen many such dresses even in New York; but, I grant, they had the same effect that a smock-frock has in the streets of London. But was it not fair for me to copy such dresses as I really saw worn? Nay, if I had seen but one specimen in the country, I contend it was allowable. (Did my native Yankee ever see a man in blue breeches in Tooley-street? Perhaps not; but LISTON has, I have authority to say.) Is it to be supposed that the English cared a rush, whether it was the dress of a farmer, or a slave-holder, or whether the wearer was raised in Vermont, or Kentucky, or Tennessee, or Pocatigo, or Communipaw, or Hgqlmnpf, and would they have known the difference if they had been informed? It is splitting hairs—from the straw hat—to the nonsense about shaking hands—it is silly—quibbling—and the native might have written an article in the European Magazine every month during the next year, if he had not placed my name in such capital letters, and formidable shape, and, by absolute untruths, endeavoured to confirm the Americans in the "errors into which they have been led" about me. Now, on the same principle that his argument respecting the dress becomes futile, my simple assertion, which I defy him to controvert, that Jonathan is never designated by any body but himself as a "slave-holder," "raised all along shore there," totally destroys—completely dissipates—every tittle of his strictures upon me. Having raised all his charges on a false foundation, they must necessarily fall to the ground.

Now, Mr. Editor, though I feel that "I am bestowing all my tediousness upon your worship," pray allow me a page or so, in order to afford me an opportunity of quoting a few passages from the Trip, for the information of my American friends, who have not witnessed the representation. They have only read garbled extracts—nay, more, they have read matter which they may have believed was uttered by me, which I never saw till put forth in those catch-sixpenny publications, which are imposed upon the public as mine, and some of which do not contain one regular sentence as uttered by me.†

* A matter-of-fact friend of mine said, Love, Fun, and Fire, is a droll farce. (Love, Law, and Physic, you mean, said I.)—Yes; but really Liston goes too far in Lubin Log—Really, I think him indecent. Indecent! you astonish me. How? where? Oh, those blue breeches!!

† These gentry are quite aware of the injunction I obtained in the Court of Chancery, to prevent their frauds. They dare not publish what I really recite, therefore employ Grub-street authors to fabricate. I saw comments upon one of the songs, which they put forth as sung by me, copied into the British Press from a Boston Paper, in which I was severely handled for singing trash, that con-

They are to hear then—and my Native opponent should have informed them that, in allusion to the FAWKES'S, FEARONS, and other tourists, I observe, "I cannot, as far as my observation extended, compliment the majority of them on the justness of their strictures—they seemed to me to have left England with visionary views and soured prospects, to hunt a runaway clerk—to get in a desperate debt—to build a brewery at Boston, &c. &c. Disappointment has generated disgust—all seems yellow to the jaundiced eye—and they have cast their own packet of pique on the backs of the inhabitants."—Mr. Pennington observes, "it is much to be lamented that the poor, the busy, and the speculative, but visit our shores—the baffled trader, who expects to find a palace of liberty in the back settlements—the jaundiced politician, who looks for perfection in a young country. Sir, we are but an infant state, and, of course, we have the errors of infancy, but we have our virtues too. An enemy looks only for the former. Ah! Sir, when will a traveller come from your country who is inclined to speak us fair—who will tell of our kindness and hospitality, as well as of our pride and our prejudice? The pen stabs deeper than the stiletto, and severs friendship more surely than the sword. Oh! golden would that pen be, and plucked from the wing of peace, that would tell how dearly, how truly beat our hearts towards England, how ardently we long to be leagued in generous brotherhood." "I had been but a few hours in Baltimore before I found on my table half a pack of cards, from Mr. This, and Dr. That, Counsellor W. &c. &c., though I had not as yet delivered one letter of introduction. This surely speaks volumes to those who doubt American politeness and hospitality, and needs no comment from me, I am sure." I could quote many others, but I shall only now instance the concluding sentiment, spoken above forty nights in one season, invariably applauded by Americans and English, whom I have led into "error."—Mr. Pennington: "Remember to speak us fair, Mr. Matthews—have your joke, enjoy your mirth, laugh at our faults and our foibles, as you have at those of other countries, but let your ridicule be tempered by good-nature; and, in representing one country to the other, do not forget that we ought to be cherished to mutual love." I will treasure what you have said, Sir, in my heart of hearts. England and America are now friends—nay, brothers—and perish the man, say I, that would embitter their affections. Even I, much as I love mirth, and lightly as pass my volatile hours, should prize

vayed no notion of real American manners, &c. I had never seen or heard the song until it had returned from Boston. Now, though I know it is not necessary for those sagacious critics and kind-hearted men, Messrs. Buckingham, of Boston, and Coleman, of New York, to witness a performance that they intend to abuse, yet, for the information of the liberal part of the Press, who are inclined to "speak fair," I have thought it necessary to assure them that all the publications, purporting to be my Trip to America, are spurious.

no fame, no achievement, so dearly as that of being the humble instrument of furthering the friendship between the two countries, and standing, as it were, a comma 'tween their amities. May the two lands have but one heart, and nothing but the billows of the Atlantic divide England from America." These sentiments I did not utter coldly; and, I believe, that those who witnessed the representation will do me the justice to say, that they were spoken by one who evidently appeared to feel sincerely upon the subject. I was sincere. I defy the malice of my bitterest enemy to say, that I have ever uttered one sentiment in private that was not consistent with my public declaration: knowing, then, the sincerity of my feeling towards the country—the gratitude I have ever felt for my reception in public as well as private, which I shall always remember, and of which I have never failed to express my warmest sense in every society that I have mingled in, the *mens conscia recti* will support me against any attacks that may be made upon me by the American press, or by misrepresentations at home. I can refer to some of the most respectable inhabitants, merchants, &c. &c. of Liverpool, Dublin, Bristol, Manchester, Glasgow, &c. &c., that I have confirmed by my private testimony what I have publicly said in praise of the virtues of the country. I had the honour of sitting at the same table with two of his Majesty's Ministers: I stated how much pleasure it gave me to inform them, that I had scarcely ever departed from a dinner table in America, where Englishmen were present, that the health of the King of England was not drunk in a bumper. I have flattered myself that I have been the means of reconciling, rather than fomenting differences. Is it not hard, then, that it should be said, that to me a large portion of the errors that exist here are to be attributed? (I really was not aware that I was a man of such consequence before.) It is easy and safe to assert such things in print; but whenever a man is bold enough to make such an assertion to my face, I shall reply simply thus—it is false! I have invariably and consistently spoken in praise of the country. I have never deviated from this direct, open, honest, and conscientious course. This is the first opportunity I have had of replying to calumny: and if, after this declaration, the Americans will not allow me to take the same liberty with their peculiarities (and which have literally not exceeded the ridicule of mere intonation and pronunciation) that I have with French, Irish, Scotch, Welsh, and, above all, the English (who are, I think, the most ridiculous persons in my Trip), I say, if they cannot afford to be laughed at a little, after all I have said in their praise, why, really, I cannot help it, and I do not care one cent whether they are offended or not. But I hope some one on their side of the water will assure the Native who defames them here that they are not so weak. Having thus published my defence, I promise you, Mr. Editor, I never will do so any more, and I hope this will induce you to insert all I have written, and forgive me this once. I am most anxious that all those, in whose good opinion I wish to live,

should be acquainted with my real motives—my genuine sentiments. As to the venial scribblers, who have defamed me from my first arrival in the country up to the present time, from Buckingham, of Boston, down to Dr. Coleman, of New York, I answer them in the emphatic, expressive words of George Coleman the younger, in his Preface to the Iron Chest—Gentlemen—Pooh!—Pish!—Pshaw!!!

I am, dear Editor,

Your obedient servant,

C. MATTHEWS.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

THE SWITZER'S WIFE.*

Nor look nor tone revealeth aught
Save woman's quietness of thought;
And yet around her is a light
Of inward majesty and night. *Arris, by M. J. J.*

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,

And when the herd's returning bells are sweet
In the Swiss valleys, and the Lakes grow still,

And the last note of that wild horn swells by,
Which haunts the Exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,
And pierced its lattice through the vine-

hung bower;
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden-tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,

Ev'n as man sits whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus could find no more

The accustom'd joy in all which Evening brings,
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him—sad, yet mild

In her beseeching mien;—he mark'd it not—

The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot,

But seem'd unheard;—until at last the boy
Raised from his heap'd up flowers a glance of joy,

* Werner Stauffacher, one of the three confederates of the field of Grütli, had been alarmed by the envy with which the Austrian bailiff, Landenburg, had noticed the appearance of wealth and comfort which distinguished his dwelling. It was not, however, until roused by the entreaties of his wife, a woman who seems to have been of an heroic spirit, that he was induced to deliberate with his friends upon the measures by which Switzerland was finally delivered.

And met his father's face:—but then a change
 Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
 And a quick sense of something dimly strange
 Brought him from play to stand beside the

knee
 So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
 That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man
 shook;

—But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
 Her hand on his, and with a pleading look
 Through tears half quivering,—o'er him
 bent, and said,

"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart
 its prey?"

That thou shouldst turn thee from our love
 away?

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
 Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair
 brow

Missing the smile from thine?—Oh cheer
 thee! bend

To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en
 now!

Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
 Of tried affection in thy secret care."

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,

But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
 Was loosen'd from his soul; its inmost place
 Nor yet unveil'd by Love's o'ermastering
 hand.

"Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where
 on high

The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn
 sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
 And their free torrents; for the days are
 come

When Tyranny lies couch'd by forest-rills,
 And meets the shepherd in his mountain-
 home.

Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
 Keep silence by the hearth!—its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
 Upon my heritage: I sit to-night

Under my household-tree!—if not serene,
 Yet with the faces best-beloved in sight;

To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and
 thee—

—How can I bear the boy's young smiles to
 see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's
 cheek—

Back on the linden-stem she lean'd her form,
 And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,

Like a wild harp-string shaken by the storm.
 —'Twas but a moment, and the faintness
 pass'd,

And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had
 moved

With the meek thoughtfulness and quiet
 smile

Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
 And timid in her happiness the while,
 Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
 Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.

Ay, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
 And took her fair child to her holy breast,
 And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
 As it found language:—"Are we thus op-
 press'd?"

Then must we rise upon our mountain sod,
 And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do;—and be it
 done!

Thy soul is darkened with its fears for me—
 Trust me to Heaven, my husband!—this, thy
 son,

The babe whom I have borne thee, must be
 free!

And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
 May well give strength—if aught be strong on
 earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
 Of my desponding tears;—now lift once
 more,

My Hunter of the Hills, thy stately head,
 And let thine eagle-glance my joy restore!

I can bear all, but seeing thee subdued:—
 Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood!

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
 The chamois-paths, and through the forests
 go!

And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
 To the brave hearts that midst the hamlets
 glow.

God shall be with thee, my beloved—away!
 Bless out thy child, and leave me—I can
 pray."

He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
 To clarion sounds upon the ringing air;

He caught her to his breast, while proud tears,
 breaking

From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided
 hair;

And "Worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
 "That man for thee should gird himself to
 die!"

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
 Now shall thy name be armour to my heart;

And this our land, by chains no more defiled,
 Be taught of thee to choose the better part!

I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
 Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—fare-
 well!"

And thus they parted—by the quiet lake,
 In the clear starlight: he, the strength to
 rouse

Of the deep hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
 To rock her child beneath the whispering

boughs,
 Singing its blue, half-curtain'd eyes to sleep,

With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep.

F. H.

From *Blackwood's Magazine*.

MODERN COMIC DRAMA.

FEW things connected with the public taste
 are so remarkable as the change which has

* See the beautiful scene between Stauffacher and his wife in Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*—
 "So ernst, mein freund? Ich kenne dich nicht
 mehr," &c.

taken place in late years, both as to audiences, actors, and writers, in the comic drama. There seems to be a gradual decay in the relish for pure comedy; in lieu of which the public are regaled with five-act farces, and two-act prodigies, which are neither Farce, Comedy, nor Tragedy. Even when Comedy presents her decent person, she is so distorted from her natural orderly shape, and made to cut such antic capers, that her most faithful lovers can scarcely recognise her. Life and Nature are no longer the staple subjects of imitation on the stage. The drama has so far advanced in invention, that its persons are not the representatives of any thing which the living world holds, but the genuine and undisputed offspring of the authors' brains. In short, the Comic Muse, and her friends the players, have entered into a grand confederacy against the shaking sides and aching jaws of the whole play-going public; and provided shouts of laughter attest their triumph, care nothing for the still small voice of reflecting criticism.

Our most popular comic performers (with, doubtless, two or three most respectable exceptions) are those who excel in broad farce, and who carry the largest share of its rant, grimace, and buffoonery into the higher department of the comic drama. The well-bred gentlemen and graceful ladies, who were deemed by our fathers and mothers such good company, as to give to the pieces in which they bore a part, the name of genteel comedy, appear, indeed, under the same appellations, and speak the same language; but they have forgotten their old-fashioned good manners, and seem only to remember that it is easier to provoke laughter, than to excite interest or admiration.

A good comedy, well acted, is perhaps as great a treat as can be presented to a cultivated mind. Indeed, if we consider the true objects of the imitative arts, it will appear that the drama approaches nearer to perfection than any of the others. The purpose common to them all is, to place before the senses or the imagination copies or combinations of originals which exist in the works of nature or of art; and that imitation is productive of the largest share of pleasure, which gives the most faithful copy of such originals as possess, in themselves, most dignity or interest. Sculpture and painting are restricted, the one to a single posture, usually of a single person—the other to a single point of action where several are grouped. When they furnish copies merely of the lower animals, or of inanimate things, they effect all that art can accomplish in that kind of imitation; but when they rise to the representation of man, his passions, his sympathies, or his actions, so far are they from succeeding in the attempt, that our pleasure in witnessing the result of it arises in a great degree from a sense of wonder, that even a little has been done, where it seems so difficult to perform any thing. When we gaze with admiration, mixed with astonishment, at the Magdalen of Canova, or at Raphael's Cartoon of Paul preaching at Athens, we see Penitence personified in the worn figure of a beautiful woman, emaciated by long cherished sorrows,

or we witness the triumphs of eloquence more than human, attested by the looks of a various, ignorant, and impassioned crowd; but in both, it is a glance at only one moment of existence, giving, indeed, from that very narrowness of representation, an impulse to the fancy, but yet being, as a representation, for the same reason, unsatisfactory and imperfect.

But to poetry, all that man can do, or feel, or suffer, is but one wide and flowery field, in which subjects of representation may be culled and combined; and of all kinds of poetry, the dramatic possesses the largest means of presenting faithful copies from real existence. In other works of invention, the reader has to fashion out, in his own imagination, the forms and the situations which are not exhibited, but described, and is left to make such suppositions as he may, of the looks and gestures and tones of those whom the poet makes to act and to suffer. But that mysterious and impressive language which nature addresses, not to the ear, but the eye, is spoken in the drama alone. Nothing nearer to reality can be conceived in imitation; and, accordingly, that imitative quality which is found in man at every period of society, and at every stage of his existence, from his cradle to his grave, has made dramatic representations, in almost every nation, one of the earliest contrivances for public entertainment.

Of the two grand divisions of the drama, Comedy is undoubtedly best calculated to afford that species of pleasure which arises from successful imitation. In Tragedy, the characters are taken chiefly from a class of which the individuals are imperfectly and indistinctly known to us. How lively soever are the sympathies they excite, these sympathies are for ever checked by the consciousness, that as they belong to a state of existence which can never be ours, their joys or their sorrows are such that we can scarcely ever hope or fear to share them. But in Comedy, the persons are taken, as it were, from among ourselves. We see upon the stage, if it be true and genuine Comedy, the virtues and the vices, the follies, levities, and humours, the littlenesses and intricacies, that engage, and interest, and engross us in real life; our sympathies are roused in proportion to the closeness of the copy—and in that proportion we are pleased. It is a pleasure which, in common with that afforded by all the elegant arts, is of a quiet and gentle kind,—not leading to boisterous mirth,—but mixing smiles with reflection. What it wants, however, in intensity, is made up in duration. The plays of Sheridan, Farquhar, Vanburgh, Goldsmith, and Coleman, never tire us in repetition. The copy is as delightful at its tenth, as at its first presentation. It is like those wonders of the painter and the statuary above noticed, on which we can gaze again and again, not finding out new beauties, as some pedants say they can, but feasting still with undiminished appetite on those which we have often relished.

But it is most true, that a taste for this kind of gratification, though it is deeply seated in our nature, is susceptible of various changes, and as it may be cultivated and improved, so it may be not only rendered dull and languid, but

made almost wholly to yield to a relish for meaner pleasures. Numerous are the instances of a total revolution wrought in the course of a few generations, in the taste of a whole people. Shakspeare was in England once banished from the stage; and there was a period when Lucan was at Rome as popular as Virgil. The time seems fast approaching with us, when the imitation of ordinary life in legitimate comedy, will yield its place upon the stage to exhibitions which gratify, not by the fidelity with which they copy life, but by exciting astonishment and laughter at the ingenious and successful efforts they display, in the invention of beings and incidents which could be furnished by no conceivable state of human existence. The fondness for excitement is so much stronger than a love of the more refined and placid pleasures derived from the elegant arts, that novelties and wonders will, with the crowd, be always more popular on the stage, than representations of life, manners, and nature. The popularity will indeed be transient, for the same thing cannot be twice the subject of wonder, and but seldom even of laughter; but while a farce or a melo-drama is new, and is capable of exciting mirth or astonishment, it will continue to be attractive to the multitude.

The frequent gratification of this propensity, not only tends to confirm and enhance it, but is sure to diminish the desire for those less boisterous pleasures to which it is in its nature so opposite: It is in this way that as Farce advances, Comedy retires; writers and players create and increase a power to which they in turn must yield; and in the framing of new plays, and in the acting of old ones, the caterers for public amusement regulate their talents and exertions according to the inclinations of an audience, who yawn and grow dull when they are not kept in successive roars of laughter. It is in the very nature of performances of this kind to be fraught with puerilities and absurdities, which produce in cultivated minds not amusement, but contempt; and which among the luxurious classes of society, whose temper and habits unfit or disincline them for strong excitement, afford little or no entertainment. Hence, when such exhibitions prevail, though the higher classes do not desert the theatres—and though they may occasionally even encourage these extravagancies, yet they gradually, and perhaps unconsciously, fall off in their attendance at places of public entertainment, where they find the representations adapted for the noisy mirth of the multitude, in which they cannot sympathize.

Such seems to be at present, with us, the condition of the comic drama. Most of our late comedies have been written upon the plan of those compositions which O'Keefe and the artists of his school invented, or improved in extravagance, to destroy the illusions which Siddons and Kemble had raised, and enable the audience to take vengeance for the distresses they had been made to endure, by laughing Tragedy out of countenance. Had Farce remained confined within its proper province, whatever critics may say of it, it would have had its claims to a respectable place in the li-

terature of Britain. It is certainly a plant of indigenous growth, and though wild, is not without its virtue. It may be, and it has been, made the medium of keen and effective satire, and in the hands of a writer of genius, though it may want the truth, may yet serve many of the purposes of Comedy. A folly or a foible is often best corrected by showing it in its most ludicrous and extravagant excesses, and if the characters are only well marked as individuals, though they be such as could never have had a real existence, they may combine a moral with amusement. Whoever has seen Munden, (shall we ever see any thing like him?) in that most genuine of farces, *Modern Antiques*, must have borne in his recollections, for one year at least, a complete antidote against the infectious bite of an antiquary.

The ascendancy, however, which Farce has gained, and which is strengthening daily, seems likely to lead at last to the total expulsion of legitimate Comedy from the stage. But this is not the only symptom which seems to mark the decline and fall of the once brilliant empire of Comedy in England. Authors appear to have for some time past abandoned all thoughts of working with British materials. The scene and the characters are from Spain, or Italy, or Sicily; and real life at home seems too dull or too difficult for imitation. "Why the old staple of the British drama,—the humours, the passions, and the foibles of British originals, has been thrown aside, we have not just now space to inquire; but it would be easy to show, that this has not happened from the cause which some have chosen to assign—progress of refinement, and the general assimilation of manners. There is not yet, and there probably never will be with us, such sameness of characters as existed in France, when Moliere carried Comedy to a pitch of excellence never rivalled but in England. We have amongst us at this day, a fund of peculiar and strongly marked character, which it is needless to say exceeds, both in its variety and in its capability of being copied for the stage, all that our next neighbours on the Continent have had for ages. There is stamped upon the very nature of an Englishman an individuality, which is unknown in the country where, even at this day, Comedy flourishes in fertility and vigour. The humours of the French, whether on or off the stage, are the humours of classes, not of individuals. They have not, and they never had, their Sir Peter Teazles, their Lord Oglebys, or their Job Thornberrys. These are the genuine growth of Great Britain, and they still exist amongst us in rich abundance, requiring but the eye and the touch of genius to select and combine them for the drama. Passion has indeed retired as civilization has gone forward. Tragedy, and the more sober kinds of poetry which delight by the excitement of strong emotion, are in these quieter and happier times losing the materials which were furnished when society was ruder. But the peculiarities which amuse and instruct by ridicule, and from which Comedy draws all its choicest stores, whether for mirth or for moral, are with us nearly as various and as fresh as ever.

Miscellaneous Selections.

"In the month of January, 1604, Sir John Harrington, in a letter to Sir Amyas Paulet, thus describes an interview with which he had been honoured by the King:

"My lovinge Cousene; It behoveth me now to recite my journal, respectinge my gracious commande of my Sovereigne Prince, to come to his closet; which matter, as you so well and urgentlie desyer to heare of, I shall, in suchwyse as suiteth myne beste abilitie, relate unto you, and it is as followeth. When I came to the presence-chamber, and had gotten goode place to see the lordlie attendants, and bowede my knee to the Prince; I was ordeerde by a special messenger, and that in secrete sorte, to waite a while in an outward chamber, whence, in near an houre waitinge, the same knave ledde me up a passage and so to a smale room, where was good order of paper, inke, and pens, put on a boarde for the Prince's use. Soon upon this, the Prince his Highnesse did enter, and in muche goode humour askede, 'If I was cosen to Lorde Haryngton of Exton?' I humblye repliende, 'His Majestie did me some honour in enquiringe my kin to one whome he had so late honourede and made a Barone,' and moreover did adde, 'Wee were bothe branches of the same tree.' Then he enquirede muche of lernynge, and showed me his vane in suche sorte, as made me remember my examier at Cambridge aforetyme. He soughte muche to knowe my advances in Philosophie, and utterede profound sentences of Aristotle, and suche lyke wryters, which I had never reade, and which some are bolde enoughe to saye, others do not understand; but this I must passe by. The Prince did nowe presse my readinge to him parte of a canto in Ariosto; praysede my utterance, and said he had been informed of manie, as to my lernynge, in the tyme of the Queene. He asked me, 'What I thoughte pure witte was made of; and whom it did best become? Whether a kynge shoulde not be the best clerke in his owne countrie; and, if this lande did not entertayne good opinion of his lernynge and good wisdom?' His Majestie did much presse for my opinion touchinge the power of Satane in matter of witchcraft; and asked me, with muche gravitie, 'If I did trulie understande, why the devil did worke more with anciente women than others?' I did not refrain from a scurvy jeste, and even saide (notwithstanding to whome it was saide) that, 'We were taught hereof in Scripture, where it is tolde, that the devil walketh in dry places.' His Majestie, moreover, was pleased to saie much, and favouredlye, of my good report for merth and good conceits; to which I did covertlye answer, as not willinge a subjecte shoulde be wiser than his Prince, nor even appeare so. More serious discourse did next ensue, wherein I wandede room to continue, and sometimee room to escape; for the Queene his mother was not forgotten, nor Davison neither. His Highness tolde me her death was visible in Scotlande before it did really happen, being, as he said, 'Spoken of in secrete by

those whose power of sighte presented to them a bloodie heade dancinge in the aire.' He then did remarke muche on this gifte, and saide he had soughte out of certaine bookes a sure waie to attaine knowledge of future channes. Hereat he namede many bookes, which I did not knowe, nor by whom written; but advised me not to consult some authors which would leade me to evile consultations. I told his Majestie, 'the power of Satan had, I much fearde, danagaged my bodilie frame; but I had not farther will to cownte his friendship, for my soules hurte.' We next discoursed somewhat on religion, when at length he saide, 'Now, Sir, you have seene my wisdom in some sorte, and I have prided into yours. I praye you do me justice in your reporte; and in good season I will not fail to add to your understandinge in suche pointes as I maye finde you lacke amende.' I made courtesie hereat, and withdrewed downe the passage and out at the gate, amidst the manie varlets and lordlie servantes who stode around. Thus you have the historie of your neighbour's highe chauce and entertainmente at Cowrte; more of whiche matter when I come home to my owne dwellynge, and talke these affaires in a corner. I muste presse to *silence* heron, as otherwyse all is undone. I did forget to tell, that his Majestie muche askede concerninge my opinion of the new weede tobacco, and saide, 'It would, by its use, infuse ill-qualities on the braine, and that no learned men ought to taste it, and wishede it forbidden.' I will nowe forbear further exercise of your tyme," &c.

Royal Academy.—At the usual yearly meeting, the following re-elections and elections took place. Sir T. Lawrence, who came expressly from Paris on the occasion, President; Henry Thomson, Esq. Keeper; H. Howard, Esq. Secretary. Professors—of Painting, T. Philips; of Sculpture, J. Flaxman; of Architecture, J. Soane; of Perspective, J. M. W. Turner; and of Anatomy, J. H. Green, Esqrs.

The Prizes for the year were then adjudged. The ceremony of the distribution took place in the Great Room, which was brilliantly lighted. The Students having assembled, Sir Thomas Lawrence took his seat, surrounded by the members, when the under-mentioned gentlemen had the honour of receiving from the hands of the President, the several rewards, which their successful efforts, in the various departments of painting, sculpture, and architecture, had merited. In Historical Painting, for the best Picture of Joseph Interpreting the Dreams of Pharaoh's Butler and Baker, the Gold Medal and Books, to Mr. Wood. In Historical Sculpture, the subject, David slaying Goliath, the Gold Medal, &c. to Mr. Deare. In Architecture, the Gold Medal, &c. to Mr. Baset, for the best original Design for a Building to contain the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, and the Society of Antiquarians. Painting School: for copies in Oil, of a Madonna, by Vandyke, Silver Medals to Mr. Webster and Mr. E. Fancourt. Model Academy: for Drawings from the living Figure, Silver Medals, &c. to Mr. John Wood and

Mr. Slous: the same for Architectural Drawing, to Mr. S. Loat: the same for Drawings from the Antique, to Mr. Even Williams, Mr. S. C. Smith, and Mr. G. Presbury: the same for Models from the Life, to Mr. Joseph Deare; and the same for Models from the Antique, to Messrs. Gallagher and C. Parnormo.

Sir Thomas Lawrence then addressed the Students; he apologised for not giving the customary discourse, but his engagements on the Continent by command of his sovereign, had prevented him from paying that attention to the subject which he otherwise should have done. He congratulated them on the display of talent exhibited round the room that evening, which he said he considered to be an honour to the Academy. He expressed the highest approbation felt by himself, and the members of the Academy, on their progress; and, wishing them continued success in their advancement, bade them adieu.

Amongst the recesses of the Cottian Alps, to the south-west of Turin, and between the Clusone and Pelice, two mountain torrents which empty themselves into the Po, lives a race of men who, in the heart of a Catholic country, and oppressed by Catholic persecutions, have held the essential articles of the reformed faith from a period the most remote, probably from the times when Christianity was first planted amongst men.

Inhabitants of the valleys of the Alps, these primitive people have been long known by the name of Vaudois, Vallenses, or Waldenses, a term which, though in its origin simply denoting the region where they dwell, has since, like that of Albigenes and Romanists, been commonly used in reference to the religious opinions they professed.

The parishes of the Vaudois vary in population from about 2000 to 700, but the labours of the pastors are greatly augmented by the extent of wild and difficult country over which their flocks are scattered. The proportion of Protestants to Catholics is in one parish as forty to one, and in another only as two and two-thirds to one, which are the two extremes; on the whole, the former amount to 15,600, the latter to 1700. Superior, however, as the Protestants are to the Catholics in numbers, and, what is of more consequence, in intelligence and acquirements, they are made to labour under some humiliating privations: they are not permitted to practice as physicians, apothecaries, attorneys, or advocates, except amongst their own community, and within the limits of the Clusone and Pelice; within the same limits only can they buy or inherit estates, and on these they have to pay a land tax of 20 1-2 per cent. whilst the Catholics pay but 13. Their title to such purchases as were made beyond the boundary, under Buonaparte, by whom they were placed upon a level with the other subjects of the empire, though not annulled, has not been hitherto acknowledged by law. No books of instruction or devotion are allowed to be printed for their use in Piedmont; a regulation the more oppressive from the duty on the importation of such books being extravagant, and the more keenly felt from their anxiety to procure them. In the syndi-

cates of the commune of the three valleys, there cannot be a majority of Protestants; a restriction, of which the natural consequence is, that the municipal officers are often men who can neither read nor write, and who are actually clothed at the expense of the commune. "At this moment," says Mr. Lowther, in 1820, "the syndic, of Bobi, is both an apostate and pauper, and one of the two counselors who assist him is a foreigner." Finally, the Protestants are compelled to observe the popish festivals, with a strictness which is the more intolerable from their immoderate number. "In 1814," says the same gentleman, "some Waldenses were obliged to pay a fine for being caught watering their ground at a great distance from any village, on a fête." If the Catholics choose to retain these heathen holidays, (for such they doubtless were in their origin,) they should at least retain also the heathen rules for keeping them; now we know from the best authority—

*Festis quædam exercere diebus
Fas et jura sinunt—rivos deducere nulla
Religio vetuit.*—

Steel Gravers.—The gravers to be employed on steel plates in the art of engraving, require a greater degree of strength and hardness than was necessary for copper plates. When steel is hardened by quenching the hot metal in water, the parts are condensed, while the aggregate is expanded, and the texture becomes porous; the solid matter between the pores being of greater density than before the operation, and therefore harder. Mr. Turrell has discovered, that when the temper of hard steel is reduced till its colour is a straw yellow, it may be condensed, so as to be less porous by a repetition of gentle blows with a hard hammer; and of course being rendered more compact, it becomes less brittle, and consequently better adapted for gravers. Mr. Turrell's discovery has also been effectively applied to improve lathe tools, by Mr. Kier of Kentish town; and, undoubtedly, may be generally applied to improve edge tools, and every species of cutlery. Mr. Turrell finds that a certain degree of hammering makes his gravers yield a sharp ringing sound, and when the degree of elasticity, indicated by this sound, is communicated, he does not find that the hammer has any further effect in condensing the steel. These circumstances tend to illustrate the general theory of the relation between the elasticity of bodies and their propagation of sound.

In Weber's Northern Antiquities is to be found the following instance of literary application, which, taking all the circumstances into consideration, is perhaps without parallel. Hans Sacks was born in Nuremberg, in the year 1494; he was taught the trade of a shoemaker, and acquired a bare rudimental education, reading and writing; but being instructed by the master singers of those days in the praise-worthy art of poetry, he at fourteen began the practice, and continued to make verses and shoes, plays and pumps, boots and books, until the 77th year of his age. At this time he took an inventory of his poetical stock in trade, and found, according to his own narra-

tive, that his works filled thirty-two folio volumes, all written with his own hand; and consisted of 4200 mastership songs, 208 comedies, tragedies, and farces, some of which extended to seven acts; 1700 fables, tales, and miscellaneous poems; and 73 devotional, military, and love songs; making a total of 6048 pieces great and small. Out of these, we are informed, he culled as many as filled three massy folios, which were published in the years 1558-61; and, another edition being called for, he increased this to six volumes folio, by an abridgment of his other works.

Discovery of Queen Elizabeth's MS.—About six months since, the son of Mr. Lemon, the indefatigable keeper of the State Papers, discovered, on examining some of the papers of the reign of Elizabeth, a paper in the handwriting of the Queen, and marked "The Third Booke." Conceiving this to belong to something of importance, he placed it carefully aside, and by a diligent search has at length obtained the papers of four other books, which turn out to be an entire translation of "Boetius de Consolatione Philosophiæ." In Walpole's Royal and Noble Authors, it is mentioned that Queen Elizabeth had translated this work, but no vestige of it was known to exist. Nearly the whole of the work is in her Majesty's own hand-writing, but there are parts evidently written by her private secretary, and by the Secretary of State of the time. All the difficult passages and all the poetical portions are in the Queen's own hand, and it is not a little curious that in the translation of the latter she had imitated all the variety of metre which is found in the work. It is therefore a literal rather than a poetical translation. There are letters also discovered, which identify this translation to have been made by the Queen, and it is to be hoped that the public will soon be gratified with the publication of this literary curiosity. From a document accompanying this translation, it appears that her Majesty composed the work at Windsor, during five weeks of the winter season; and, from rather a courtly computation made by the Queen's secretary, we collect the information, that less than twenty-four hours of labour were actually bestowed upon this manuscript of many pages!

Raphael.—Spain was in possession of five pictures by Raphael, executed by that great painter in his best period, and they were scarcely known to any one. Vasari, who mentions the "Virgin with the Fish," and the "Bearing the Cross," has not noticed the "Visitation," or the "Holy Family," surnamed the "Pearl;" or the other "Holy Family," surnamed the "Agnus Dei," which is evidently the joint production of Raphael and Julio Romano. These chefs-d'œuvre were in a state of complete obscurity when they were brought to France in 1813. The first impression which they produced was universal admiration; the second, a feeling that they required to be restored. This operation was performed with the greatest care; and when they returned to Spain they had received new life. Before they went, however, the Duke of Wellington wished to have copies of them. It was with the

greatest difficulty that the General, who had assisted Spain to recover her independence, could obtain this favour. It became quite a matter of diplomatic negotiation. At last, permission was granted, and the work was confided to M. Bonnemaïson, assisted by several very skilful artists. Profiting by the opportunity, M. Bonnemaïson caused the most important passages of the various pictures to be traced and drawn, and afterwards engraved by the most able engravers in the chalk manner. M. Eméric-David undertook to write the explanations, which are full of taste and information. The publication consists of five Numbers, each containing an outline, slightly shaded, of the whole of the picture to which it refers, and several parts, as large as in the original, admirably executed.—*Revue Encyclopedique.*

Siamese Preparations previous to Burying the Dead.—After washing the body with water, the first step is to pour a large quantity of crude mercury into the mouth. If mercury cannot be procured honey is used, but not so beneficially. The body is placed in a kneeling position, and the hands brought together before the face in an attitude of devotion. The body and extremities are then bound tightly with narrow strips of cloth, in order to press out the moisture. In this posture the corpse is next placed in an air-tight vessel of wood, brass, silver, or gold, according to the rank of the deceased. A tube or hollow bamboo inserted into the mouth of the deceased, passes through the upper part of the box, and is conducted through the roof of the house to a considerable height. A similar bamboo is placed in the bottom, and terminates in a vessel placed under it to receive the draining off from the body. If the deceased is of the rank of a prince, the sordes thus collected is conveyed with great formality and state in a royal barge, highly ornamented, to be deposited at a particular part of the river below the city. That collected from the body of the King is put into a vessel and boiled, until an oil separates, which oil is carefully collected, and with this they, on certain occasions, anoint the singular image, called Sema, usually placed in the temple after his death. The body is afterwards burnt with great ceremony.

History of Coffee in Europe.—Hitherto, coffee-houses were confined to the east, and it is not easy to determine, exactly, when its use was introduced into Europe. Pietro de la Valle, writing from Constantinople in 1615, says, that when he returns to Italy, he will bring some coffee with him; whether he did or not, cannot be ascertained; but in 1644, it was certainly introduced into Marseilles; in 1660, a considerable quantity was imported from Egypt into that city; and in 1671, a coffee-house was opened in it. In 1657, Thevenot brought a small quantity to Paris; its use, however, was confined to those persons who had been in the Levant, and their friends.

Its general introduction and firm establishment in France, were brought about in a manner truly characteristic of the inhabitants of that country. In 1669, an ambassador from

the Porte, arrived at Paris, who rendered himself very fashionable, as well as a great favourite by his politeness, gallantry, and wit; persons of rank, especially ladies, visited him: to them he gave coffee; and thus a bitter and black beverage, which, prescribed by a Frenchman, would have been rejected with disgust, became a favourite and fashionable *liqueur*, simply from the circumstance that it was presented by a Turk of wit and gallantry. The rage for coffee having been thus spread, an Armenian of the name of Pascal, took advantage of it, and in 1672, opened a coffee-house in Paris; but in consequence of the very inferior manner in which it was fitted up, and the low company admitted, his scheme did not succeed. Procopius, a Florentine, perceiving the error, fitted up a fine apartment, and having already acquired a reputation among the epicures by the introduction of ices into Paris, his coffee-house met with great encouragement.

One very beneficial consequence resulted from the general and fashionable use of coffee in Paris: in the seventeenth century, habits of intoxication prevailed, even among the highest classes, who were not ashamed to frequent the *cabarets* in parties, for the purpose of this degrading debauch. Louis XIV. in vain had exerted his influence, directed his indignation, and appealed to the love and respect of his subjects for their grand monarch, to put down this practice: what he could not do, Procopius and the other coffee-house keepers accomplished. The *cabarets* were deserted by men of rank and of letters: the coffee-houses became the places of their resort, and at this period, Saurin, La Mothe, Dauchet, Boindin, J. B. Rousseau, &c. met there, and planned or composed their most celebrated pieces.

In the village of Newnton, about three miles from Malmesbury, a singular ceremony prevailed until of late years, the origin and nature of which are described as follows:

"The Custom here on Trinity Sunday.—King Athelstan having obtained a victory over the Danes, by the assistance of the inhabitants of this place, riding to recreate himself, found a woman baiting of her cove upon the way called the *Fosse* (which runs through this parish, and is a famous Roman way, that goes from Cornwall to Scotland). This woman sat on a stool, with the cow fastened by a rope to the legges of the stoole. The manner of it occasioned the King to ask why she did so. She answered the King that they had no common belonging to the town. The Queen being then in his company, by their consents it was granted that the town should have so much ground in common, next adjoining to this way, as the woman would ride round upon a bare-ridged horse. She undertakes it, and for ascertaining the ground, the King appointed Sir Walter, a knight that waited on him, to follow the woman, or goe with her. Which being done, and made known to the monks at Malmesbury, they (to show their liberality upon the extent of the King's charity) gave a piece of ground, parcell of their inheritance, and adjoining to the church-yard, to build a house upon for the Hayward to live in, to

look after the beasts that fed upon this common. And for to perpetuate the memory of it, appointed prayers to be said upon every Trinity-Sunday in that house, with the ceremony ensuing. And, because a monk of that time, out of his devotion, gave a bell to be rung here at this house before prayers began, his name was inserted in the petitions, for that gift."

"The Ceremony.—The parishioners being come to the door of the Hayward's house, the door was struck thrice, in honour of the Holy Trinity: then they entered, the bell was rung, after which, silence being imposed, they read their prayers aforesaid. Then was a ghirland of flowers, made upon a hoop, brought forth by a mayd of the town upon her neck; and a young man (a bachelor) of another parish first saluted her three times in honour of the Trinity, in respect of God the Father. Then she puts the ghirland upon his neck, and kisses him three times in honour of the Trinity, particularly God the Son. Then he puts the ghirland upon her neck again, and kisses her three times in respect to the Holy Trinity, and particularly the Holy Ghost. Then he takes the ghirland from her neck, and, by custom, must give her a penny at least, which, as fancy leads, is now exceeded, as 2s. 6d., or," &c.

"The same antiquary further informs us, that the festival was concluded by a social supper, the remains of which, together with ale, brewed for the occasion, were given to the poor. The Hayward's house being burnt down during the Civil War, the custom of supping had, in 1670, been discontinued, but the remaining ceremonies were still observed."

The most popular employment of the learned in France at present seems to be history. It is the mine in which almost every man of talent hath set himself to work. M. De Barent's excellent and picturesque History of the Duke of Burgundy you have heard of at least, and Mignet's celebrated abridgment of Revolutionary Effects and Causes. These, however, have been some time published. And in the historic mine, to continue my metaphor, revolution is the vein of metal most prized and followed. Vertot seems to reanimate each pen. Mazure has written our Revolution of 1688, and Guigot is busy upon our anterior one; whilst Thierry has attained the highest success, by his History of the Conquest of England by the Normans, to compose which, he is said to have secluded himself from all society for ten years. What he found so pecuniary to interest him in the period he has chosen, is quite beyond my conceptions. With us, who have been now a long time wearied with the middle ages, and all that relates to them, such a work would not have the smallest chance of being read. But in France, where the mania of research and historic retrospect is altogether new, not long since, indeed, awakened, for the first time, by the volumes of Sismondi, works on this subject and era are most greedily perused and spoken of. The exhaustion, too, of memoirs, which have of late been rare of appearance, and scant in information, has necessitated this zeal for more elabo-

borate and more finished narration. Not only has this general propensity towards history been productive of the many works of the first class I have enumerated, but its influence has been felt in the very lowest department of historic writing. Abridgment upon abridgment of the histories of all nations under the sun issue in duodecimo from the press. They are called *Resumés*, and have been multiplied beyond number.

Literary Intelligence.

It is not generally known that, independently of the prose romance left by Mrs. Radcliffe for the press, there is a poetical story, called *St. Alban's Abbey*, for the publication of which some arrangements had been commenced during her life, but which were suspended by accidental circumstances. To this Gothic tale (which is to appear along with the prose romance) Sir Walter Scott has alluded in his preface to one of the volumes of "Ballantyne's Novelist."

One of the Authors of the "Rejected Addresses" has been some time engaged in an historical novel of the time of Cromwell and Charles II. It is to be called "Brambletye House." Report states that it will exhibit a striking proof that the talents of the writer are not confined to burlesque and jeu-d'esprit.

The author of "Don Esteban" (a Spaniard who several years since took refuge with his family in England, from the persecutions of his own country) is about to produce another work, which may be expected to excite considerable interest. It is to be called *Sandoval*, or the Freemason. Notwithstanding the assertions of the Quarterly Review, we are assured that in this work, as well as the former, all the incidents are founded on facts of which the author himself, or his Spanish friends, were eye-witnesses.

In a few days will appear in two vols. the *Naval Sketch-Book*, or the Service afloat and ashore; with characteristic reminiscences, fragments, and opinions on professional subjects, with copious illustrative notes. By an Officer of Rank.

Also in the press, and nearly ready for publication, *The Adventures of a Young Rifleman*, in the French and English Services, during the War in Spain and Portugal, from 1806 to 1816; written by himself. The career of this young man is said to be simply and pleasantly narrated. There is something peculiarly interesting in the adventures of a soldier wandering, without any will or purpose of his own, wherever he may be ordered by his superiors, or by stern necessity. We see the desperate gain of one moment, as madly lost in the next; and in the back ground, opposed to very trifling advantages, labour, wounds, sickness, imprisonment, starvation, and death!

Sir Jonah Barrington's *Historic Memoirs of Ireland*, during his own times, with secret memoirs of the Union, have been delayed by unforeseen circumstances. The work, however, will certainly appear about the time of the forthcoming meeting of Parliament.

A novel, to be entitled the *Story of Isabel*, by the author of "the Favourite of Nature," is announced.

Two volumes of the *History of Painting in Italy*, from the period of the revival of the Fine Arts to the end of the Eighteenth Century, translated from the original of Luigi Lanzi, by T. Roscoe, Esq. will speedily be published; and five volumes, demy octavo, will complete the work.

Dr. John Baron has in the press, *Delineations of the Origin and Progress of various Changes of Structure which occur in Man*, and some of the inferior Animals; being the continuation of works already published on this subject by the author.

Mr. Mawe has recently returned from a geological tour in Italy, where, we understand, he has visited the finest collections, and particularly the Vesuvian productions at Naples.

In the press, and immediately will be published, in 3 volumes 8vo. illustrated by maps, plates, &c. &c. *Travels of the Russian Mission*, through Mongolia to China, and Residence in Peking, in the years 1820 and 1821. By G. Timkowski.

A new historical Novel is nearly ready for publication, entitled *Henry the Fourth*; being a specimen of Shakspeare's Plays, furnished, in imitation of the Waverley Novels, with the manners and customs of the age in which each drama's plot is laid.

In the press, *Sketches selected from the Note Book of the late Charles Hamilton*, Esq. By T. K. Hervey, author of *Australia*.

The Travellers; or, *Adventures on the Continent*, in 3 vols. post 8vo. are announced.

A work entitled the *Spanish Anthology*, is announced; being a translation of the choicest specimens of the Spanish Poets, with their Biographical Notices, by J. H. Wiffen. In 1 vol. 8vo. uniform with the works of Garcilasso.

Mr. Walter, one of the Librarians of the British Museum, is preparing for publication, a Translation of B. G. Niebuhr's *History of Rome*.

We are glad to announce nearly ready for publication, a work on a subject either very ill understood, or to which the understanding is very seldom practically applied—*Domestic Architecture*. It is modestly entitled *Half a Dozen Hints on the Picturesque*, in that class of buildings, and consists of nine Designs for Gate Lodges, Gamekeepers' Cottages, &c. with brief letter-press descriptions.

The Rev. T. Morell, President of Wymondley College, is preparing for the press a continuation of his *Studies in History*, in 1 vol. 8vo. which will contain the Elements of Philosophy and Science, from the earliest authentic records to the commencement of the eighteenth century. In this work it is attempted to trace the progress of general knowledge, through all its successive stages of discovery and gradual improvement, arranged in chronological order, and under the distinct heads of Physical, Intellectual, and Moral Science.

The Domestic Preacher; or *Short Dis-*

courses from the MSS. of some eminent Ministers, is announced for publication.

The author of "Lasting Impressions" announces the Peerless Pear, or the Fortunes of Orlando.

Woodstock: a Tale of the Long Parliament; by the author of "Waverley," "Tales of the Crusaders," &c., will be published on the 25th of January.

The Memoirs of the Margravine of Anspach will be ready in a few days.

Early in February will be published, Part I. of a Catalogue of Old Books for 1826, comprising various collections recently purchased in Spain, Italy, France, Germany, and Holland; combining numerous specimens of the early printers, among which are many lexicons, grammars, bibles, and singular works, with copper and wood engravings, not hitherto described by bibliographers; a few early books printed on vellum, some rich illuminated missals, valuable historical works in various languages, including many on Northern literature; a fine collection of books of prints, useful and rare classics; as also Editio Principes, works from the Aldine and Elzevir presses, and a valuable collection of works in the English language.

A Digest of the Evidence taken before the Select Committees of the two Houses of Parliament appointed to inquire into the State of Ireland, is preparing for the press, in two volumes 8vo., accompanied by historical and explanatory notes.

We understand that the author of "Tales of the O'Hara Family" is engaged on a historical novel.

A Quarterly Journal will shortly be commenced at Chepstow, entitled "Oes Llyfr Cymreig," the Welsh Chronicle, and Archaeological and Bibliographical Journal: forming a museum of rare, valuable, and interesting tracts, MSS. and other communications and papers which are not generally known, illustrative of the early history, antiquities, and bardism of Wales and the Marches; interspersed with critical and glossarial notes and inquiries. The first number will appear in March.

The Rev. Alfred Bishop, of Ringwood, will shortly publish "Christian Memorials of the Nineteenth Century; or, Select Evangelical Biography for the last twenty-five years."

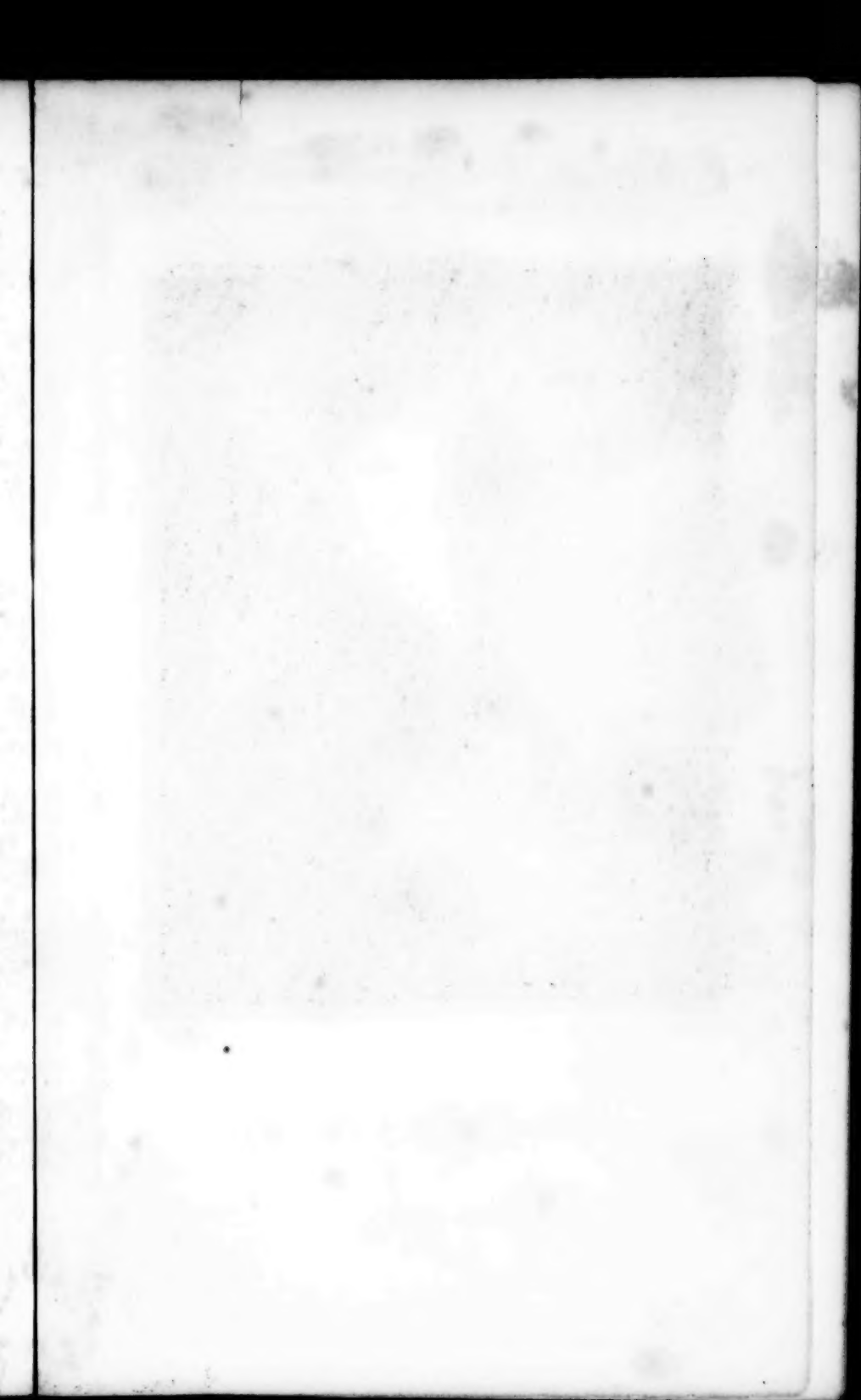
The Rev. T. H. Horne is preparing for publication, a new edition of his manual, entitled "Deism refuted, or, plain Reasons for being a Christian," being an analysis of the first volume of his "Introduction to the Critical Study of the Scriptures."

The Rev. R. Hoblyn will shortly publish a Translation of the first Georgic of Virgil, with notes and explanations.

NEW BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

Tales of the Wild and the Wonderful, post 8vo. 10s. 6d. boards. Old English Drama, 3 vols. post 8vo. 1l. large paper, 1l. 12s. boards. Shakspeare, 9 vols. 48vo. 2l. 17s. boards. Illustrations of ditto, 38 plates, 1l. 18s. Lardner's Differential and Integral Calculus, 8vo. 1l. 1s.

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